



March

34

The American **Mercury**

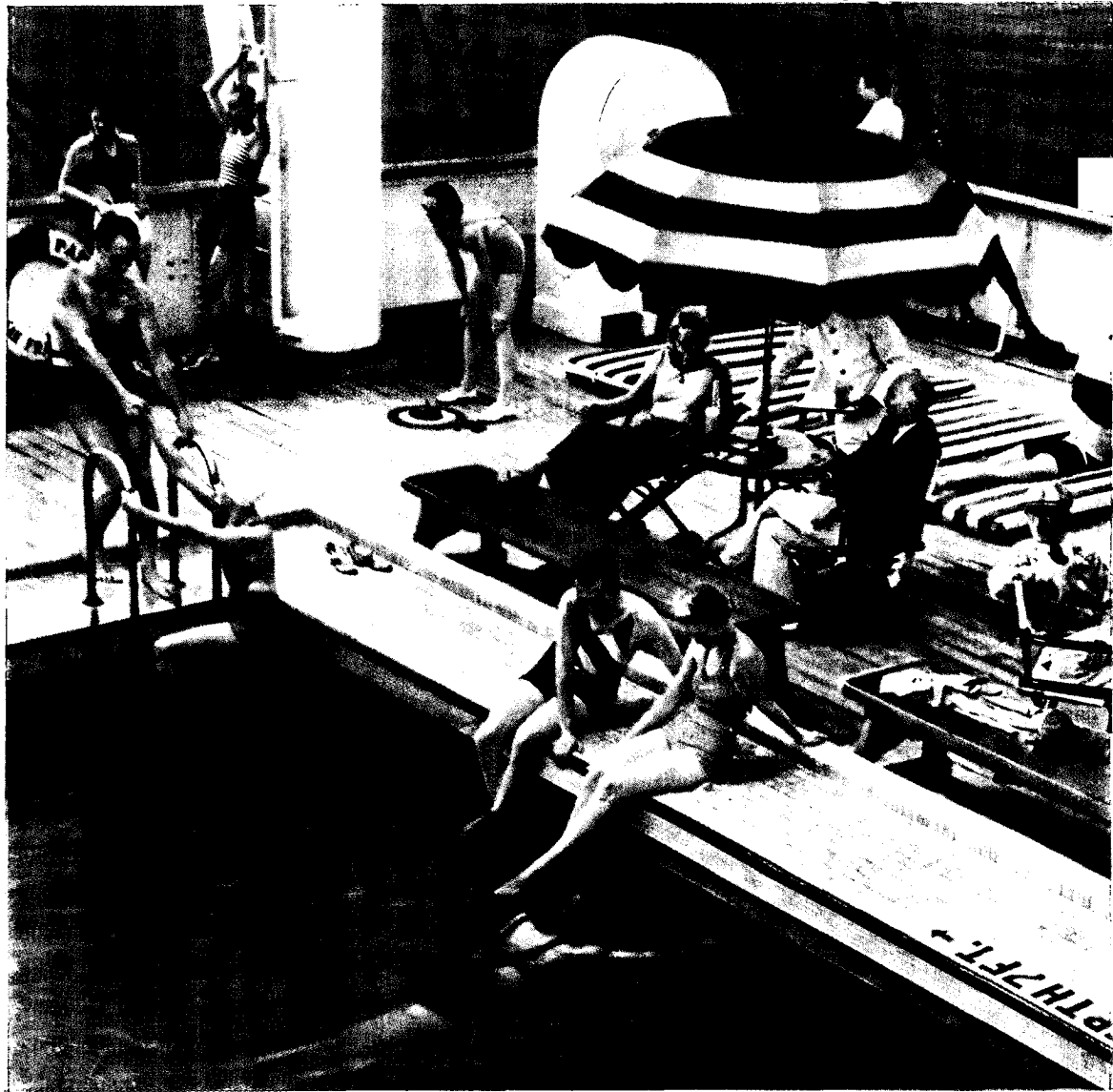
CENSORSHIP ON THE AIR

by Mitchell Dawson

Collapse of American Imperialism	<i>Julius W. Pratt</i>
Women are Hungry	<i>Meridel Le Sueur</i>
Spain Gets Her New Deal	<i>John Dos Passos</i>
Slums Aren't Necessary	<i>Catherine Bauer</i>
The Myth of Individuality	<i>Theodore Dreiser</i>
Mrs. Stephen Crane	<i>Thomas Beer</i>
The Passing of a Gigolo	<i>Eleanor R. Wembridge</i>
Natives Don't Cry	<i>Kay Boyle</i>
Looking into Luther	<i>Rollin Lynde Hartt</i>
Black Briars	<i>Alice Mulhern</i>
Living Blood from the Dead	<i>John R. MacMahon</i>

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The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XXXI

March 1934

NUMBER 123

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Lawrence E. Spivak, *Business Manager*

CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

HISTORY

THE EDWARDIAN ERA.

By *André Maurois.*

*The D. Appleton-Century Company
New York*

\$3

The present volume, as its title implies, covers principally the period from the accession of Edward VII to the British throne in 1901 to his death in 1910, but the first two chapters describe the last years of Queen Victoria and the career of Edward as the Prince of Wales. M. Maurois, as readers of his previous volumes do not need to be told, is much the ablest biographer and historian of what may be called the Lytton Strachey school: he has learned from Strachey the art of selection and juxtaposition; of apt, economical, and malicious quotation; as well as the art of getting rid of the scaffolding of scholarship before presenting his finished work to the public. Like Strachey, and unlike nearly all of the other disciples, he is willing to put real research into a book; he has a wit of his own and a gift for aphorism; and even in translation his prose, partly, no doubt, through the skill of Hamish Miles, is remarkably close to that of the author of "Queen Victoria." The present book is filled with admirable character sketches, and the narrative moves rapidly.

THE EXPLORERS OF NORTH AMERICA. 1492-1806.

By *John Bartlet Brebner.* *The Macmillan Company*
\$3.50 5 7/8 x 8 7/8; 502 pp. *New York*

Dr. Brebner, who is assistant professor of history at Columbia, here attempts "to draw together as a related whole the explorations which first revealed the general character of the North American continent. . . . I have been interested chiefly in showing why men explored, where and when they went, and who promoted and supported the expeditions." He has carried out his task most admirably, and all students of American history will be grateful to him. His is the first one-volume history of the early explorations to appear anywhere. He quotes heavily but judiciously from original documents, and his fugitive biographical comments leave nothing to be desired. His scholarship is sound, and at least one reader was unable to find a single major error. The brief bibliographical notes at the ends of the chapters are well selected, and the four maps are really useful. Altogether, a highly valuable book.

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WORLD PANORAMA. 1918-1933.

By *George Seldes.*

Little, Brown & Company

\$3

5 7/8 x 8 7/8; 392 pp.

Boston

This is what might be called a headline history of the world in the last fifteen years. A sample paragraph: "Al Capone nabbed as killer in Cicero; America's rôle in world affairs transformed from savior to scapegoat; Mexico mobilizes troops to close Catholic churches; Mrs. Hall, widow of pastor, held for murder; France will tax aliens; Zinoviev ousted from Politburo." It is hard to imagine any utility in such historical writing. It is all very jerky and confusing. There are several pretty good illustrations, and also an index.

RELIGION

THE DAWN OF CONSCIENCE.

By *James Henry Breasted.* *Charles Scribner's Sons*
\$3 5 1/2 x 8 1/4; 420 pp. *New York*

Mr. Breasted here deals with the growth and development of moral ideas among the ancient Egyptians, and quotes voluminously from the records of such ideas preserved to us on monuments and in papyri. He traces the evolution of religious ideas, the emergence of a moral order, "the collapse of materialism", the appearance of the earliest disillusionment and of the social prophets, the dawn of messianism, the earliest crusade for social justice, the attempt of the pharaoh Ikhnaton to establish monotheism, and the final rise of personal piety. Our moral heritage, he insists, derives from a wider human past enormously older than the Hebrews, and has come to us rather *through* the Hebrews than *from* them. A whole section of the Book of Proverbs, for example, containing such famous texts as "Seest thou a man diligent in business, he shall stand before kings", is taken from the much older Egyptian Wisdom of Amenemope. Mr. Breasted uses his material as support for some homiletics in favor of moral conservatism.

IMMORTALITY AND THE COSMIC PROCESS.

By *Shailer Mathews.* *The Harvard University Press*
\$1 4 1/2 x 7 1/8; 51 pp. *Cambridge, Mass.*

This book formed the Ingersoll Lecture on Immortality at Harvard for 1933. Dean Mathews, the Chicago theologian, thinks that the new physics and the new biology add a certain mystical credence to

Continued on page vi

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page iv

the old belief in immortality. "The argument from the history of evolution of humanity would suggest . . . that in its personal stage it may still further develop its implicit potentialities into the more completely personal." Anyway, the belief in immortality is a good thing morally. "A civilization which has been exposed to the atmosphere of the Christian belief in human salvability from death as well as sin can hardly deny the pragmatic worth of such belief." In other words, Dean Mathews leaves the problem of immortality precisely where Kant left it one hundred and fifty years ago. What he tries to add amounts to nothing.

THE ARTS

ARCHEOLOGICAL MONUMENTS OF MEXICO.

The D. Appleton-Century Company
\$3 7 x 9½; 150 pp. *New York*

THREE CENTURIES OF MEXICAN COLONIAL ARCHITECTURE.

The D. Appleton-Century Company
\$3 7 x 9½; 150 pp. *New York*

MEXICAN PAINTING. 1800-1860.

By Roberto Montenegro.

The D. Appleton-Century Company
\$3.50 8 x 10½; 62 pp. *New York*

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By M. Ilin. *The J. B. Lippincott Company*
\$1.50 5½ x 7¾; 138 pp. *Philadelphia*

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*Continued in back advertising section,
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The American MERCURY

March 1934

CENSORSHIP ON THE AIR

BY MITCHELL DAWSON

RADIO is dedicated to God, the howling demons of static notwithstanding. When you switch on your receiving set, you may sit back in perfect confidence that no manner of diabolic doctrine, from atheism to zymology, will afflict your ears.

The devil in all his more obvious manifestations is banned from the air by a combined official and commercial censorship which begins with the outlawing of obscenity, indecency and profanity, and ends only with the moral, economic, social, religious, political and sex taboos of the persons who are licensed to use the broadcasting channels.

Congress in its wisdom gave the Federal Radio Commission control over radio transmission, but denied it the power of censorship and forbade it to make any regulations interfering with the right of free speech. Yet for fear that the commissioners might surrender the air to the bawdy and irreverent, Congress further provided that "No person within the jurisdiction of the United States shall utter any obscene, indecent or profane language by means of radio communication."

General Smedley D. Butler ran up

against this clause a few years ago when he was cut off in the midst of a broadcast for saying "Hell!" If "Hell!" is legally profane, which some jurists may dispute, the general might have been fined as much as \$5,000 and sent to jail for as long as five years under the Federal Radio Act. Perhaps he still can be, for quite recently KOIL of Omaha took a chance and booked him for fifteen minutes, during which he ran true to form and let loose "more cusswords than have been heard over the air here in three years," according to a correspondent of *Variety*.

Robert Gordon Duncan, the Oregon Wildcat, did not get off so lightly. He detested chain stores, monopolies, venal newspapers and political and business grafters of all sorts, and he said so over the radio in crude but racy terms. The persons whom he attacked might have sued him for libel or slander but that would have put in issue the truth of his remarks. They apparently preferred to have him prosecuted for using bad language in violation of the Radio Act. It appeared that he had called one man

a doggoned thieving, lying, plundering, doggoned corrupt crook, that goes out

there and rams a [naming a well known brand] milk contract through the schools, and has the little children of this town a-drinking putrid milk . . . Doggone his lousy picture. He's not fit for the penitentiary . . . He is the lowest of the low, the vilest of the vile, the dirtiest thievin' grafter that ever disgraced the school board in any county.

He referred to another person as "the lowest, dirtiest, vilest grave robber on the Pacific Coast," and he accused a newspaper of protecting "Sodomites and concealing murder, arson and burglary and waxing rich from the wages of thieves." But instead of stopping there, he foolishly went on and used the words "damn scoundrel" and "by God!" and threatened to "put on the mantle of the Lord and call down the curse of God" on certain fellow-citizens.

Observe then how Brother Duncan was roped and thrown. He was tried and convicted of broadcasting "obscene, indecent and profane language," and when he appealed, his conviction was sustained—on the profanity count alone, however, the court pointing out that his language had been neither obscene nor indecent. If he had left out the "damn," "by God!" and "curse of God," he would have been let off. Up to this point there had been no censorship. Duncan was merely paying the penalty for violating the law. But note how this decision was used as a basis for muzzling the Wildcat completely. The broadcasting station which had been his mouthpiece could not get its license renewed because of its past conduct in permitting a man like Duncan to use the air, which clearly showed, according to the FRC, that the station's future use of radio channels would not be in the public interest. To the layman this would look like censorship, but the courts have held that it is not—at least within the meaning of the Radio Act.

Some sort of censorship is really implicit in the situation. Complete freedom of the air, in any sense parallel to freedom of speech or freedom of the press, is at present impossible because of the physical limitations upon the number of wave lengths or broadcasting channels which can be used simultaneously without interference. Almost all of the difficulties that bedevil the members of the FRC arise out of this basic fact.

II

Actually, the commission has found it practical to distribute broadcasting licenses only to a little more than six hundred stations throughout the entire nation. Nor can all of them be on an equal footing. Some have been more restricted than others as to the amount of power they may use, and others as to the hours when they may go on the air, depending on the type of service offered. There is no doubt that by extending the legally authorized broadcasting "band" above and below its present range of 550 to 1500 kilocycles (which corresponds to the dial on your receiving set) more stations could be permitted to use the air. It is also likely that the repeal of existing statutory provisions, which require the commission as nearly as possible to allocate licenses equally among five geographical zones and to make a similar distribution to each State within each zone, according to population, might enable the commission to assign the air channels more satisfactorily. But such changes would not alter the fundamental problem of choosing fairly and for the best advantage of the listening public among the numerous applicants for the right to use the air.

Under the terms of the Radio Act this problem must be solved through a con-

sideration of "the public interest, convenience and necessity," a rule of reason so broad that it has forced the FRC to formulate certain practical criteria for determining whether or not broadcasting licenses should be issued or renewed. Every applicant must first convince the commission that he has the use of adequate physical equipment for satisfactory service from the point of view of the listener and that he has sufficient financial resources to continue such service during the period of licensing. Secondly, the commission will consider the type of programs which the prospective licensee is likely to broadcast and the size and character of the audience to which they will appeal.

These tests on their face may seem reasonable. But the first has played directly into the hands of the two great broadcasting chains and their associated stations which have preëmpted almost all of the more desirable channels, and the second has established the radio commissioners as supreme censors of the air with the power of reviewing the past conduct of all stations when they apply for the renewal of their licenses, as they must at intervals of six months. "By their fruits ye shall know them" has become the slogan of the FRC, and if those fruits are distasteful to the commissioners, a trifle sour, off-color or odoriferous perhaps, they may swing the big stick and ordain that the license of the offender be not renewed.

In performing this divine function of deciding what is good for the public, the commissioners have worked out certain general rules. They hold, for instance, that it is not in the public interest to have the air channels used for personal controversy, attacks on individuals or the exploitation of the personal views and business of the licensee. It was on this

ground that Jacob Conn of Providence, Rhode Island, lost his license and that certain stations in Pennsylvania were placed on probation for carrying on a back-fence squabble over the air. W. K. Henderson of Shreveport, Louisiana, also ran afoul of this rule. You will perhaps remember his Hello World programs in which he gave picturesque hell to the chain stores. When he applied for a renewal of his license about two years ago, he was turned down on the ground that he had used his station primarily as a personal mouth-piece and that his derisive and abusive language was inimical to the moral and æsthetic development of the youth of America.

In the spring of 1931 the American Newspaper Publishers Association asked the FRC, among other things, to promulgate an order banning the broadcasting of lottery and gift enterprises. The commission declined on the ground that such an order would violate the statutory provision against censorship. But shortly afterward the commission authorized a press release to the effect that complaints from a substantial number of listeners against any station permitting the broadcasting of lotteries would result in causing that station's application for a license to be set for hearing, a threat sufficient to keep most stations in line. This interdiction has since been written into the code of the radio industry under the N. R. A.

The Radio Commission has also disapproved of fortune-telling programs. It denied the application of KFWI of San Francisco for the renewal of its license partly because of broadcasts by one Al-burtus, an astrologer; and the activities of two other star-readers, Zoro and Kobar (the latter now broadcasting "character analysis" in Chicago), were among the reasons for refusing a license to KTAB.

The rôle of protecting the public against the devil, once assumed, involves ever-widening responsibilities. Having taken a stand against lotteries and fortune-telling, the FRC had to make up its mind about fake medical broadcasts.

III

A few years ago an army of *spielers* familiar with the methods of the street corner Indian medicine man was exploiting the gullibility of the radio audience through the sale of stomach and kidney remedies, hair growers, cancer cures, and devices similar to "Wilshire's magic horse collar," which were widely offered to the ill and hypochondriac at a "nominal" price. Dr. J. R. Brinkley of Milford, Kansas, was one of the first of this enterprising gentry. He had acquired notoriety through his goat-gland operation which he advertised as a cure for "High Blood Pressure, Hard Arteries and *Impotency*. Ah, that last one is the big factor!"

The money was, in fact, already rolling in from the goat-gland business, when Doc Brinkley conceived the notion of starting radio station KFKB at Milford, over which he conducted a "medical question box." The bleats of the mutilated tribe of capricorn were not put on the air, but the good doctor, without charge, daily diagnosed the ailments of radio listeners who had described their symptoms to him by letter. On one occasion he prescribed for forty-four patients, and in all but ten cases he advised them to procure from one to four of his patent remedies which were sold by the Brinkley Pharmaceutical Association. His line ran like this:

Here's one from Tillie. She says she had an operation, had some trouble ten years ago. I think the operation was unnecessary, and it wasn't good sense to have an

ovary removed with the expectation of motherhood resulting therefrom. My advice to you is to use Women's Tonic No. 50, 67 and 61. This combination will do for you what you desire, if any combination will, after three months' persistent use.

Sunflower State, from Dresden, Kansas. Probably he has gall stones. No, I don't mean that. I mean kidney stones. My advice to you is to put him on Prescriptions No. 80 and 50 for men, also 64. I think that he will be a whole lot better.

The American Medical Association soon brought its guns to bear upon Brinkley and induced the FRC to cancel his broadcasting license because his activities had been "inimical to the public health and safety." He appealed from this ruling on the ground that the commission had violated the constitutional and statutory guaranties of free speech, but the court again upheld the commission's right to consider the character of programs previously broadcast by a station in determining whether the renewal of its license would serve the public interest.

Pressed hard by the medical profession, the FRC mowed down another prairie flower, Norman Baker, who operated KTNT at Muscatine, Iowa, over which he sold a cancer cure, characterized by the American Medical Association as the "old Hoxsey fake." In refusing to renew his license the commission said:

This commission holds no brief for the medical associations and other parties whom Mr. Baker does not like. Their alleged sins may at times be of public importance, to be called to the attention of the public over the air in the right way. But this record discloses that Mr. Baker does not do so in any high-minded way. It shows that he continually and erratically over the air rides a personal hobby, his cancer cure ideas and his likes and dislikes of certain persons and things. Surely his infliction of all this on the listeners is not the proper use of a broadcasting license.

Many of his utterances are vulgar, if not indeed indecent. Assuredly they are not uplifting or entertaining.

Though we may not censor, it is our duty to see that broadcasting licenses do not afford mere personal organs, and also to see that a standard of refinement fitting our day and generation is maintained.

It might be well to bear this pronouncement in mind as you listen from day to day to some of the patent medicine quackery and other guff that pours in from stations whose conduct is apparently approved by the commission. No intelligent person will waste tears over the exclusion of charlatans from the air. But in joining the medical profession in condemning men like Brinkley and Baker, there is serious danger that we may lose sight of the main question, which is whether the responsibility of determining what is or is not high-minded, uplifting, entertaining and refined should be entrusted to the FRC or any other official group.

This question emerges more clearly (and perhaps with less embarrassment to the proponents of free speech) in the case of "Fighting Bob" Shuler of Los Angeles. As pastor of the Trinity Methodist Church, South, the Rev. Dr. Shuler discharged over radio station KGEF, which was operated by the church, a barrage of invective against bootleggers, gamblers, politicians, the local board of health, Jews, Catholics, newspapers, the Governor, bankers, brokers, usurers, but most indiscreetly of all against the local bar association, the sheriff and certain judges. He warned his listeners to watch the lawyers and the courts "for fear they play crooked and contemptible games in which criminals, big and vicious, are released and let to prey upon the public," and he purported to expose certain political machinations which were intended to aid defendants in criminal cases then pend-

ing in court. This last indulgence was foolhardy, for it provoked the majesty of the law to swing into action against him. Shuler was cited into court and fined and sentenced to jail for trying to influence and intimidate judges in pending proceedings.

There is no doubt that Shuler had been carried away to an intemperate extent by his penchant for excoriation and that he was guilty of contempt of court. But here, as in the Duncan case, his enemies avoided any procedure which would give him a chance to prove his charges. The Supreme Court of California, in fact, held that even if Shuler's comments had been true, such truth would not have been a defense against the contempt charges, the offense consisting in the attempt to obstruct justice—which is good law as well as a useful technique for suppressing obstreperous critics.

The next step (again paralleling the Duncan case) was to see that Trinity Church's application for the renewal of its license to broadcast should be denied. It was; the FRC, of course, resorting to that gloriously broad rule of reason—"the public interest, convenience and necessity." The commissioners stressed Dr. Shuler's conviction for contempt of court and said that his broadcasts had been "sensational rather than instructive."

"Fighting Bob" carried his case to the Circuit Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia, but the judges coldly disapproved his plea for freedom of the air, holding, in effect, that the guarantees of freedom of speech and of the press do not apply to radio:

Appellant may continue to indulge his strictures upon the characters of men in public office. He may just as freely as ever criticize religious practices of which he does not approve. He may even indulge

private malice or personal slander—subject, of course, to be required to answer for the abuse thereof—but he may not, as we think, demand, of right, the continued use of an instrumentality of interstate commerce for such purposes, or any other, except in subordination to all reasonable rules and regulations Congress, acting through the Commission, may prescribe.

As the Supreme Court of the United States declined to review this decision, *it is apparently the law of the land that radio, like the movies and talkies, is not a medium for the free expression of opinion.* The provisions of the Radio Act enjoining the FRC from interfering with the right of free speech would therefore seem to be just one more of the numerous abortions spawned by a trusting but unsophisticated Congress.

IV

Like the Radio Commission, the commercial broadcasters also feel themselves constantly beleaguered by the devil “armed and accoutred, horns and hoofs and tail.” At one whiff of his sulphurous breath they hastily disconnect the sacred mike. The fear of the devil and all his works compels them to a most rigid censorship.

You can’t really blame them. They are running the show for profit, and in pursuit of that profit they must walk the chalk-line of righteousness drawn by the FRC, for their entire investment rests precariously on the power of the commission to grant or refuse the renewal of licenses. The stations must also guard against the broadcasting of any sort of defamatory comment which might subject them to damage suits. KFAB of Lincoln, Nebraska, learned this lesson when it was held liable for libellous statements sent out through its microphone in a political

campaign. The broadcasters must further remember their heterogeneous audience with its innumerable minority groups, ready to rise up and howl at the least offense.

A stammering character will draw the wrath of thousands of stammerers, although a tongue twister who talks like no one on God’s earth can get by. The magicians were sore when Thurston gave away trade secrets with his bag of tricks. Taxi drivers objected to the FRC against being portrayed as hand in glove with gangsters and crooks, and when an act trotted out a Joe Miller about laundries pulling buttons off shirts, the laundrymen kept the wires hot bawling out the station for slandering them. Congressman Celler of Brooklyn got in bad for mentioning George Washington’s wine drinking habits, and a skit prepared by a comedy team for Washington’s birthday was barred because it treated the father of our country too facetiously. The lines were saved, however, and used later with the protagonist changed to Joan of Arc, which was worse, for hundreds of thousands of listeners have never forgiven those actors for taking liberties with the name of a saint.

No commercial station can afford to alienate any part of the public, as its profits depend upon showing a favorable response from as large an audience as possible. The effect is naturally stultifying. The continuity editor’s pencil swings into action at the least glow of red, and the announcer stands ready to switch off a speaker instantly if he departs dangerously from his approved script.

The hypothetical listener whom they fear to offend is twelve years old and bristles with prejudices. Sex is absolutely taboo—or rather, the word “sex” and any honest reference to the reproductive func-

tion. Thus an entire series of talks on child welfare was rejected by one station because it included a discussion of legislation on illegitimacy under the title, "Children Born Out of Wedlock." The objection, of course, is to the direct approach. Innuendo and double entendre (often not so double) usually get by unscathed. To call a person a "pansy" might be considered indecent, but to include a pansy character in an advertising act seems to be all right. So also the May Westian invitation, "Come up and see me some time, if you can take it!" is apparently approved as meaning nothing except to the sophisticated. Suggestive songs now and then enter the best regulated households *via* the radio in spite of Ring Lardner's crusade against them, which only served to tone them down for awhile; but nothing heartily bawdy, like the parody of history privately recorded for a wealthy gum manufacturer, ever has a chance.

Pacifism is on the index of almost all stations. The radio production of the anti-war play "Spread Eagle" over WEAJ was cancelled upon objection by the American Legion; and Norman Thomas, Kirby Page and others have been barred from broadcasting similar matter. On the other hand, a station "which devoted itself very liberally to the national preparedness movement" and at all times extended its facilities to the American Legion and the National Security League was highly commended by the FRC. That pacifism continues to be anathema was indicated last November when KDKA refused the Rev. Hubert Beecher Hudnut time for a talk on international relations and world peace. He wasn't kept off the air altogether, however, for a competing station took him on.

Unorthodox economic or political views

have little or no chance to reach the "great radio audience" over the big networks, unless they creep in under the cloak of the New Deal. A speech by Devere Allen on behalf of the League for Industrial Democracy, scheduled early in March, 1933, over WGY at Schenectady, was called off after the station editor had taken one look at the manuscript which dealt a little roughly with public utilities, banking interests and the Buy American movement. The only explanation offered by NBC was that its rules did not permit anything to go on the air which might undermine "public confidence and faith." In whom or in what was not revealed.

Until last summer, at least, any comment even slightly favorable to the Bolsheviks threw studio censors into a cold sweat. When Glenn E. Hoover of Mills College, California, submitted for station approval the text of a talk on Russia that a woman's organization had invited him to broadcast, he got it back with a lot of cuts, among which was the following:

The frequency of bedbugs has been grossly exaggerated.

After stating that in Russia everyone must perform socially useful work in order to get a food card, Mr. Hoover's manuscript read:

No cards are given to salesmen, criminals, advertising men, prostitutes, realtors, financial counselors, racketeers, priests, Christian Science practitioners, chiropractors, solicitors, osteopaths, herb doctors or night club hostesses. After formulating this list I am again impressed with the profound character of the Russian Revolution.

This, of course, was deleted. It would probably be objectionable even now after the recognition of the U. S. S. R., because it brackets some respectable trades with the disreputable.

Sometimes panic seizes a station management at the last moment, as in the case of Professor William Z. Ripley of Harvard, whose address at a meeting in New York in 1932, scheduled to be broadcast, was switched off the air when it was discovered that he intended to criticize abuses in the issuing of public utility securities and to demand government supervision. Victor Berger had a similar experience when he was cut off right after he had said that capitalism controlled the radio and the schools. In both cases the stations had devious alibis.

Morris L. Ernst, the American Civil Liberties Union and others have from time to time reported similar instances of station censorship. Many of them are now ancient history, but they serve to reveal the general broadcasting bias which has not materially changed. The Rev. Herman J. Hahn, who had been a trifle radical, was told by WGR to confine his remarks to conventional religion. KOA ruled out Eamon de Valera because of anti-British propaganda. Mrs. Mary H. Ford was cut off by WGL in the midst of mildly pacifistic remarks. Patrick J. Fagan, district organizer of the United Mine Workers, was refused time by KQV, because he intended to denounce the killing of a miner by company police.

A debate over American intervention in Nicaragua, scheduled over the Oregon State College Station, was banned at the last minute. John Nevin Sayre of the Fellowship of Reconciliation asked WHAP for an opportunity to reply to attacks made upon socialists and pacifists, but was refused. The same station rebuffed Norman Thomas, as did also WEA and WNYC and other stations. Professor Harlow of Smith College was censored for criticizing our government's foreign policy. Two New York stations declined to

let Norman Hapgood defend the American Civil Liberties Union against attacks by the great detective, William J. Burns. Miss Esther Ogden was warned not to criticize Calvin Coolidge during his presidential régime. Carroll L. Beedy, in an address before the Maine Society in New York, got so warmed up against the venality and pruriency of the newspaper press that WNYC shut him off the air. No station in Los Angeles would sell time to John R. Haynes for a speech in favor of municipal ownership of public utilities, although he was able and willing to pay for it.

And among others who have at various times been forced by radio stations to shut up or pipe down are Hudson Maxim, Senator James E. Reed, William G. McAdoo, H. V. Kaltenborn, Sir Henry Japp, Aimée McPherson, Mrs. Charles H. Sabin, ex-Senator James W. Wadsworth and the famous Father Coughlin himself, who has not always been immune to censorship. He has had some trouble with the Columbia network in the past and his future is not absolutely secure. He is going strong now because of his tremendous following and his attacks on the enemies of the New Deal. But he is about the only big bad wolf who has been permitted week after week to snap at the little pigs of privilege over the air.

V

In defense of their intolerance, the broadcasting stations say that they should have the same right as the editors of magazines and newspapers to control the character of the material they present to the public. This point has some validity, but the attempted analogy between publication over the radio and publication by printing is unconvincing. The air has been monopo-

lized for commercial purpose so that it is now impossible for anyone to create his own outlet as he can through printed matter. Those who have been favored with licenses to broadcast ought therefore to be compelled to yield some time to the expression of minority opinions.

Many stations will protest that this is exactly what they do, and they will point with pride to the fact that the air has been open (not always, however) to Father Coughlin, to representatives of the U. S. S. R., to every variety of political candidate and even to those enemies of true Americanism, the professors, some of whom have been permitted to criticize over the air the present system of radio control in the United States. It is quite true that the grand satraps of radio are smart enough not to tie the muzzle on too close, but actual instances of real tolerance are extremely rare.

That apparently liberal clause of the Radio Act which specifies that if any candidate for public office is permitted to use a broadcasting station, all other candidates for the same office shall have equal opportunities to use the same station, was nothing more than a specious sop thrown to minority parties. Before the act was passed Morris L. Ernst pointed out that a candidate might have a hundred friends broadcasting for him, yet there would be no obligation upon the station under this clause to permit his opponents to be heard, as the "equal opportunities" are limited to instances where a candidate speaks personally.

Another—and the biggest—laugh on the public lies in the anti-monopoly clauses of the Radio Act. When those provisions were debated before Congress, minority critics predicted the inevitable—which has since happened—namely, that the Act as written would not be effective in prevent-

ing the rapid growth of the Radio Trust and its control of the air. During Mr. Hoover's administration a consent decree was entered under which General Electric and Westinghouse agreed to divest themselves of half their holdings in the stock of the Radio Corporation of America. But RCA still controls the most important patents in the radio field, and two great chains, as everyone knows, dominate the business of broadcasting.

Although the NBC and Columbia networks include less than one-third of the total number of stations, they and their associated stations actually control 75% of the nation's broadcasting facilities on the unit basis of values given to stations by the FRC, according to their assigned power and hours of operation. This monopoly of the air channels has been fostered and defended by the commission on the theory of first come first served. The big chains became entrenched through the process of squatters' sovereignty and they have held on by reason of their superior financial backing. Although the courts have ruled that there is no vested right in a wave length, the fact that a station has established prior use of a channel and has laid out large sums of money for transmitting equipment, gives it preference before the FRC.

VI

There are more than four hundred so-called independent stations. Only a few, however, are allowed sufficient power to give them any great broadcasting range. And most of the independents are dominated by the same sort of commercial considerations and under the same compulsions of censorship as the big chains. The only really independent stations are some of those operated by educational in-

stitutions and State governments. A speaker banned from the commercial stations for views which are considered dangerous might conceivably find an outlet for a limited audience over such a station or through the Debs Memorial Station in New York or WCFL, the labor station in Chicago. But for a "radical" speaker to reach a national audience is obviously impossible.

The air is not free. It never will be unless we discover some way of using an infinite number of wave lengths simultaneously without interference. The very existence of broadcasting at present depends on some form of regulation and control. The proponents of free speech over the radio start under a handicap which does not exist in connection with any other medium of expression.

But this does not alter one whit the validity of the fundamental social reasons against every form of censorship expounded in that gospel of free speech, Milton's "Areopagitica," and brought down to date by the American Civil Liberties Union in its booklet on movie censorship in New York, entitled "What Shocked the Censors!," which stresses the following: (1) that explicit standards with respect to obscenity, indecency, immorality, inhumanity and religion, cannot be arrived at, because of diversity of opinion between individuals and constantly changing social standards; (2) that censorship can never improve our moral standards, because it represents an external, fractional, and negative attack upon mere items in the total equation, our sense of right and wrong deriving as it must from the kind of society in which we live; and (3) that when public agencies assume to formulate and enforce rules of censorship they invariably supply a cure that is worse than the disease by providing a

weapon by which those in power may close the channels of criticism. Censorship, in short, is the favorite resort of the despots, oppressors and inquisitors of mankind and is certain to be used as much for suppressing truth as it is for preserving the innocent from the knowledge of evil.

The *Aero-pagitica* of radio has yet to be written. It will unfortunately have to concede the physical limitation upon the number of voices the air can carry—short of Babel. The outlook is therefore depressing for those who believe that prior restraints upon utterances are socially undesirable. The best they can hope is that some method of control may be devised which will assure a wider, freer and more justly distributed access to the air, even though it cannot be altogether free.

From this point of view little can be said in favor of our present system as it has so far been administered. The radio commissioners have woefully failed to conceive of their job in any constructive fashion. We may with poetic justice turn upon them their own rule of thumb: By their fruits ye shall know them.

The fruits of the FRC are gnarled and fantastic. Its record has been consistently arbitrary and illogical. The commissioners' conception of "the public interest, convenience and necessity" derives principally from a narrow expediency, which has betrayed them into extraordinary contradictions. While ruling Henderson, Duncan and Shuler off the air for personal attacks and controversy, they permit Father Coughlin, who invites as much controversy per sentence as the most bumptious lawyer.

While banning Brinkley and Baker for quackery, they continually permit products to be advertised for medicinal use that are positively harmful and poisonous (see the reports of Consumers' Re-

search). While outlawing fortune-tellers and astrologers, they permitted that arch-fortune-teller of Halsey-Stuart—the Old Counsellor—to advise people to invest in Insull stocks, with more disastrous consequences than ever followed the suggestion of any star-gazer.

Perhaps a majority of the public finds no fault with the present set-up. Very few certainly have ever protested against the denial of opportunities for free speech. Complaints are increasing, however, against advertising interruptions, program duplication and the inability of the listener to get the kind of program he wants when he wants it. These drawbacks seem to be inherent in any system of broadcasting controlled primarily by the profit motive.

Shall we then swing over to the much urged alternative of government operation typified by the British Broadcasting Company, supported by a tax on the ownership of receiving sets? The answer is "Go slow." The European situation requires a much stricter government control than ours because of the danger of international complications. From the listener's point of view—especially the high-brow—the British system offers the advantages of eliminating advertising and of giving a greater quantity of classical music. But Sir John Reith, who is the dictator of British radio, is determined to give the audience what it ought to have. Try that on the American public and you will invite revolution. Moreover, government operation leads to greater political censorship by the party in power. In England David Lloyd George, Sir Austen Chamberlain and Winston Churchill have all been barred from the air.

We had a hint of the same sort of thing in this country last August when one of the commissioners stubbed his toe trying to do his bit for the New Deal by send-

ing out a letter to all stations, urging them "as their patriotic, if not bounden and legal duty" to refuse their facilities to advertisers who are "disposed to defy, ignore or modify the codes established by the N. R. A." Reminding them that their continued existence depended on the good will of the FRC, the encyclical said:

It is to be hoped that radio stations, using valuable facilities loaned to them temporarily by the government, will not unwittingly be placed in an embarrassing position because of the greed or lack of patriotism on the part of a few unscrupulous advertisers.

This warning was taken so seriously by the Columbia network that it cancelled the broadcasting of a speech by Fred J. Schlink scheduled early in January for a nation-wide hook-up when it discovered that the text submitted criticized the N. R. A. The network permitted the broadcast later, but not until after Senators Dill and White had promised to make the drift toward official censorship an outstanding issue before the present Congress. That they have plenty of reason to do so is apparent from the report of the special committee which recommended to the President a merger of all radio, telephone and telegraph facilities under close government supervision. For that matter, the air channels could be taken over at any time by the government under the emergency clause of the Radio Act; and if that should happen, the Brain Trust might be tempted to try its hand at directing programs.

But we do not necessarily have to choose between commercial control and government operation. A compromise is possible, and no matter how much one may dislike compromise, the radio situation calls for just that. One of the most interesting plans so far made public is that of Harris K. Randall, director of the American

Radio Audience League, who proposes to entrust "the financially valuable broadcast channels to competent agents representing the audience, rather than to sellers of transmission." The transmission service would "continue to be sold by private producers in all cases, while the rights to occupy dial space [licenses] on the more important broadcast channels should be held instead by agencies of the audience." These agencies would supposedly be non-profit organizations representing every type of public interest. They would apply for licenses to certain air channels, or perhaps for all channels in their particular area to be administered through a central bureau, with the idea of renting out part of the time over such channels to advertisers in order to provide revenue to cover the cost of broadcasting non-commercial programs of all sorts. The agencies controlling the licenses would not have to build broadcasting apparatus but would arrange for transmission service from the owners of existing plants.

This brief outline does not do justice to Mr. Randall's plan, but it is sufficient to emphasize his underlying idea of turning the control of program traffic over to agencies of the audience and divorcing such control from the ownership and operation of stations as electrical properties.

At present, broadcasting licenses are assigned for the most part to the owners of transmitting equipment. They pay the government nothing, however, for their licenses and cannot therefore complain that property has been taken from them without due process of law if their licenses are not renewed. No one can acquire a vested right in a wave length no matter how much he has put into broadcasting apparatus. But even on a comparative investment basis the owners of receiving sets should be given preference in deter-

mining the distribution of broadcasting licenses, for it has been estimated that they spend annually for power, new tubes, repairs and replacements approximately six times the cost of program production and transmission.

The practical problem of finding out what the radio audience wants will never be solved through preconceived rules as to what is good for it. Whatever restraints upon program material may seem to be necessary should come through the enactment and enforcement of legal penalties for broadcasting fraudulent, prurient and scandalous matter and through the operation of public opinion. Such restraints will not be wholly satisfactory, as the character of our newspapers attests. But they will be better than the alternative of control by an oligarchy of censors.

We need, of course, more than anything else, a constructive social policy on the part of the licensing authority, which might be developed by the appointment to the Radio Commission of men distinguished for their integrity, open-mindedness and independence from the pressure of special interests. Such a body could and should experiment with the distribution of radio licenses to applicants representing the numerous and diverse interests of the entire public. They might ultimately establish a tradition of liberal administration of the radio channels which would have a chance of standing firmly against the assaults of particular political or economic groups.

The real devil we have to contend with is not the devil of indecency, profanity and radicalism, so ardently feared by the FRC and the studios, but the devil of despotic control of the radio channels. Rather than succumb to such domination, it would be better to hurl all of our broadcasting apparatus into the deep blue sea.

COLLAPSE OF AMERICAN IMPERIALISM

BY JULIUS W. PRATT

A CERTAIN member of Congress, best known for his extreme nervousness over the "Red Menace," recently uttered some harsh criticism of President Roosevelt's non-intervention policy in Cuba. His has been a voice crying in the wilderness, for however American owners of Cuban property may have gnashed their teeth in private, it is evident that the American people have been with the President. They have no stomach for further colonial ventures. Neither has Congress; neither has the present administration, nor had its predecessor.

The anti-imperialist trend of public and official opinion is apparent in the record. The last American marines in Nicaragua sailed for home in January, 1933. The program recently announced for the evacuation of Haiti will soon rid the Black Republic of similar unwelcome guests. The Dominican Republic, since 1924, has been permitted to indulge in revolution unmolested. A limited supervision over finance continues in Haiti and Santo Domingo, though in the case of Haiti President Roosevelt has indicated a desire to terminate that responsibility at the earliest possible date. In his recent address at the dinner of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation, the President announced unequivocally that "the definite policy of the United States from now on is one opposed to armed intervention." Even the Platt Amendment, which has held Cuba in leading strings for a third of a century, seems

clearly destined for the discard. When this happy event takes place, the United States will be left virtually without a Caribbean protectorate save for its god-child, Panama—a ward since the hour of its birth thirty years ago.

Nor is the enthusiasm for over-seas colonies much greater than that for protectorates. The last Congress stopped just short of forcing independence upon the Philippine Islands. President Hoover wounded the feelings of the Virgin Islanders by telling them and the world that their fair islands were an "effective poor-house," a burden to the United States, whose only value lay in their very problematical utility to the Navy in some undefined future contingency. Puerto Rico and American Samoa have given more worry than satisfaction to their adoptive parent. Only the Canal Zone and Hawaii, because of their undoubted strategic value, can show a balance on the credit side of the ledger. A proposal to divest the United States of its colonial responsibilities would be almost as popular today as the Twenty-first Amendment.

II

So much can opinion change in the space of a generation. Thirty-five years ago last December was signed the treaty with Spain, which brought us the Philippines, Guam and Puerto Rico. The Hawaiian Islands had been annexed during the previous summer. Next year a treaty with

Great Britain and Germany gave us a portion of the Samoan Islands, in which we had taken a neurotic interest for a quarter-century; the lion's share of territory, trade, rival "kings," and tribal feuds going to Germany, but the United States drawing the prize of land-locked Pago-Pago harbor. The craze for expansion was at its height. McKinley bowed to the storm of public opinion. His successor, Roosevelt, rode it, conniving at the revolution which gave him the Canal Zone, taking the fledgling Panama under the eagle's protecting wing, putting the Dominican Republic in financial receivership, and announcing to the world that Caribbean republics must keep order and pay their debts or reckon with an "international police power" wielded by the United States. Hand-in-hand with the development of these policies went the building of a navy adequate to their enforcement.

If the tide ran high under Roosevelt, it ebbed but slowly under his successors. Taft sent marines to Nicaragua to bolster up a respectable but weak government. Wilson, though an avowed anti-imperialist, inaugurated the policy of enforced moral regeneration for the domestic politics of Caribbean countries, which in practice meant continual interference in Cuban elections, naval dictatorship in the Dominican Republic, and the forcing upon Haiti, under shotted cannon, of a treaty which made her a vassal state. Wilson, too, finally consummated the long-dreamed-of purchase from Denmark of the Virgin Islands, where the fine harbor of St. Thomas might, it was feared, become a naval base for some unfriendly power if we did not ourselves possess it. In fact, Secretary Lansing warned the Danish minister that if his government refused the \$25,000,000 which was generously offered, the United States might find itself

compelled to take the islands anyway. With this transaction American colonial expansion had run its course, but much had been achieved in nineteen years. A veritable American empire had been created, stretching half-way around the world, from the environs of China to the outposts of the Caribbean.

Such a series of great events could not have occurred wholly by accident. Historians, searching for a motive, have been wont to find it in the economic necessities of an expanding industrialism and to set down these ventures far afield in the convenient category of "economic imperialism." Something is, indeed, to be said for this view. American business men hailed the retention of the Philippines as a key to much desired Asiatic markets. But the business man did not see the opportunity till it was thrust under his nose. Hostility or indifference to talk of "imperialism" had marked his attitude, and he was awakened from lethargy only by the thundering of Dewey's guns at Manila Bay. The credit, if any credit be due, for formulating a philosophy of expansion and impressing it upon the popular consciousness, must go not to the business man but to the intellectuals—to a group among whom were represented historians, political scientists, sociologists, clergymen, and philosophers—who had been urging their ideas upon the public for years before the business man clambered on the band-wagon.

Easily chief among these propagandists for expansion was Alfred Thayer Mahan, at the time a captain in the United States Navy. He had discovered his rôle almost by accident. His authorship of a small volume on certain naval campaigns of the Civil War led to his selection to give a series of lectures on naval history at the new Naval War College at Newport, Rhode Island. Taking his duties seriously,

Mahan set out to discover the part played by naval power in world history, with the result that he, like his younger contemporary, Frederick Jackson Turner, developed one of the very few philosophies of history contributed by American scholars. But while the Turner thesis was to influence deeply the writing of history, the Mahan thesis was to influence the making of it.

In 1890 Mahan published his "Influence of Sea Power upon History," the first of a notable series of books, none of which, however, added anything but detail and new illustrations to the thesis set forth in the first. That thesis, briefly stated, was that no nation had realized, or could realize, its full possibilities without "sea power," under which term Mahan included navies, merchant marine, harbors, naval bases, and distant colonies—"all that tends to make a people great upon the sea or by the sea." His doctrine was essentially economic; it was sea-borne commerce that made a nation prosperous and great. The rôle of the navy was to give security to commerce; that of naval bases and distant stations, to give effectiveness to the navy. But his ideals were not narrowly economic. A young nation must "look outward," must be ready to play a man's part in world affairs; otherwise it would invite stagnation and decay.

A religious man, with a firm belief in the blessings and the divine destiny of Christian civilization, Mahan foresaw a great struggle in the Pacific between the civilization of Europe and America and that of the Orient—a struggle in which the United States was cast for a leading rôle. Let her be ready for that contest—build up her navy, dig an isthmian canal, acquire colonies wherever she might do so by righteous means; let her, especially, neglect no opportunity to obtain outposts

in the Pacific or on the approaches to the future canal. These were the duties Mahan preached to his countrymen, not only in his books but in frequent magazine articles throughout the nineties. His teaching bore fruit in the work of his enthusiastic devotees, Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge. The trio constituted, perhaps, the first "brain trust" in our history.

If these three could claim to be practical men first and scholars afterwards, the same could not be said of John W. Burgess, professor of history, political science, and constitutional law at Columbia University. Trained largely in German universities, Burgess had been appointed in 1876 to the Columbia chair, where he was to take a leading position in his field. In the introduction to the treatise which he probably regarded as his *magnum opus*—his "Political Science and Comparative Constitutional Law," published in 1890—he surveyed the history of political institutions through the ages and concluded that only the Germanic peoples were capable of building structures that would endure. Greek, Roman, Celt, and Slav had exercised their respective talents; none had achieved lasting success.

It had remained for Germans and Anglo-Saxons to find the secret of political permanence in the national state—the organism to which belonged the future. They were the "political nations *par excellence*," gifted with a genius for organization which gave them the right, nay, imposed upon them the duty, of giving government and order to regions still in the reign of barbarism. "There is no human right to the status of barbarism," Burgess proclaimed. The interests of the backward peoples and of the world at large demanded "that law and order and the true liberty consistent therewith shall reign everywhere upon the globe," and

upon the Teutonic nations had fallen the duty "of organizing the world politically; . . . if true to their mission, they must follow the line of this duty as one of their chief practical policies." And lest the meaning be missed, he put it in a pithy sentence: "They must have a colonial policy." Thus the white man was told of his burden several years before Kipling's famous poem, though Burgess added the caution, "Only Nordics need apply."

III

It is not difficult to see in Burgess's ideas the influence of the Darwinian dogma. The national state was the fittest form, destined to survive, and destiny smiled too upon its Teutonic founders. It is not surprising, therefore, to find in one of Darwin's chief disciples and popularizers in the United States a prophet of American expansion quite as enthusiastic as Professor Burgess. John Fiske, whose liking for Darwin and Herbert Spencer had endangered his graduation from Harvard and long excluded him from the Harvard faculty, had frankly applied his master's teaching to political science. To him, the ultimate had been attained in the American Federal system, which must, through its superiority to other forms, become world-wide. Not only this, but the English race had shown itself so plainly the fittest to survive that beyond a doubt its expansion was destined to go on "until every land on the earth's surface that is not already the seat of an old civilization shall become English in its language, in its religion, in its political habits and traditions, and to a predominant extent in the blood of its people." The essay in which these thoughts occur Fiske published in 1885. Fourteen years earlier, the great Darwin himself, in his "Descent of Man,"

had explained American progress and American character as products of natural selection and had intimated plainly that the future belonged to the United States.

American clergymen, in the nineties, were not as a rule friendly to Darwinism. It is interesting, therefore, to find an influential member of that brotherhood joining with Darwin and his following in their forecast of American destiny. The Reverend Josiah Strong, a Congregational clergyman, who in 1886 became general secretary of the Evangelical Alliance for the United States, published in 1885, and republished with addenda in 1891, a little book entitled "Our Country: Its Possible Future and Its Present Crisis," which attained a circulation of 170,000 copies in English, besides being translated into several foreign tongues.

In a chapter called "The Anglo-Saxon and the World's Future" he argued that this race, because of its energy and vitality, but above all because it was the representative of two great ideas—civil liberty and "a pure spiritual Christianity"—was bound to dominate, almost to populate the world. "It seems to me," he wrote, "that God, with infinite wisdom and skill, is training the Anglo-Saxon race for an hour sure to come in the world's future . . . *the final competition of races, for which the Anglo-Saxon is being schooled.* . . . If I read not amiss, this powerful race will move down upon Mexico, down upon Central and South America, out upon the islands of the sea, over upon Africa and beyond. . . . Is there room for reasonable doubt," he asked, in a question that pointed a moral, "that this race, unless devitalized by alcohol and tobacco, is destined to dispossess many weaker races, assimilate others, and mold the remainder, until, in a very true and important sense, it has Anglo-Saxonized mankind?"

Thus history, political science, biology, and religion were invoked to awake the slumbering giant to his imperial destiny. Journalists took up the cry. Albert Shaw, Whitelaw Reid, Horatio Bridge, and many another editor, helped spread the gospel from coast to coast. Roosevelt and Lodge—expansionist politicians strategically placed—saw to it that the war with Spain was not fought solely for *Cuba Libre*. And Rudyard Kipling brought the enchantment of a poem to crown the good work, welcoming us to man's estate, bidding us

Take up the white man's burden—
Have done with childish days.

"A phrase that the world *cannot do without*," commented one expansionist editor. "Rather poor poetry, but good sense from the expansion standpoint," wrote Roosevelt, now Governor in Albany, to co-worker Henry Cabot Lodge in the United States Senate.

The business man had now caught the fever, too. For several years he had been complacently regarding his future in Chinese markets, when sixty million Chinese families should wear American clothes, stitch on American sewing-machines, harvest with McCormick reapers, ride on Pittsburgh steel rails. Rudely awakened in 1898, he suddenly beheld Germany in Kiao-Chau, Russia in Port Arthur, England in Wei-hai-wei, France in Kwang-chau-wan. Those markets might not be for Americans after all. Dewey's guns at Manila seemed to settle that question.

Now we should see who would partition China. Manila would be a second Hong-Kong—gateway to markets of seven hundred million Orientals—Chinese, Japanese, Hindus, Filipinos. That we should have suddenly been launched into the

Orient at a moment like this seemed, to the unemotional *American Banker* of New York, "a coincidence which has a providential air."

A minority, it is true, fought valiantly against this departure from traditional American ways. But the new gospel had been effectively preached, and the election of McKinley and Roosevelt in 1900 after a campaign in which they had stood squarely for the retention of our new possessions, for exploiting their commercial possibilities and blessing them with our civilization, indicated plainly the conversion of a majority of the American people. And no doubt it was honestly believed by men in high and low station that the new policy would prove at once righteous, beneficent, and profitable. One need not question McKinley's sincerity when he told his Methodist brethren of his agonizing prayer over the Philippine question, to which the swift and consoling answer had come that to surrender the islands to a rival would be "bad business" and that there was "nothing left for us to do but to take them all, and educate the Filipinos, and uplift and civilize and Christianize them, and by God's grace do the very best we could by them as our fellow-men for whom Christ also died."

IV

These were our aims as we embarked upon untried seas: to improve our business—by finding new fields for capital investment, and developing new markets for our exports, especially in the Far East by way of Manila; to strengthen our military and naval position and hence our influence in the world; but at the same time to educate and uplift and civilize and Christianize "the silent, sullen peoples" who had come under our flag. And if, after

thirty-five years, the American people are ready to abandon the course then adopted, it must be because the hopes of 1898 have not been realized.

We may well ask, then, whether imperialism has paid in cold dollars and cents. Have capital and trade "followed the flag," as the expansionists of 1898 anticipated?

What of our investments in our insular possessions and the republics under our so-called protection? Figures are not wholly reliable, but the best estimates give us the following results:

<i>Country</i>	<i>Investments of American private capital (approximate)</i>
Philippine Islands	\$ 154,000,000
Puerto Rico	176,000,000 ¹
Haiti and the Dominican Republic	126,000,000
Nicaragua	17,000,000
Panama	40,000,000
Cuba	1,360,000,000
Hawaii	216,000,000 ²

At first sight these figures appear impressive. They lose much of that impressiveness, however, when compared with investments in countries independent of our control. Estimates for a few of these follow:

Colombia	\$ 305,000,000
Venezuela	190,000,000
Mexico	1,280,000,000
Canada ³	2,425,000,000

It will be seen that of all our possessions

¹ As a maximum—probably much less.

² It is doubtful how much of the capital invested in Hawaii came from the mainland. Much of it is the product of Hawaiian industry, reinvested in the islands.

³ If we were measuring only the effect of political sovereignty or control upon the flow of capital, it would be misleading to compare tropical islands of low culture with a country of high culture, such as Canada; but in attempting to estimate the part played by our tropical possessions and protectorates in the whole picture of our foreign investments, it is proper to consider Canada as an important part of that picture. This remark applies also to the trade figures which follow.

and protectorates Cuba alone has received any really great amount of American capital, and that the amount in Cuba is almost equalled by that in independent Mexico and almost doubled by that in independent Canada. But still more is to be said about this great Cuban investment. American investments in Cuba were considerable while the island was still under the Spanish flag, being estimated at \$50,000,000 in 1898—a large sum for those days. Had Cuba become wholly independent—had it even remained Spanish—American capital there would, without much doubt, have increased rapidly, as it has done in Mexico, Colombia, and Venezuela.

The security afforded by the Platt Amendment has no doubt been an encouraging factor, but to attribute to it all, or even the major amount, of our investments in the island would be hazardous. The chief result of the Platt Amendment, as far as American investments are concerned, has probably been to pour American millions into Cuba to be squandered in what is discreetly termed the "extravagance" of the Machado régime. Will the famous Amendment be equally successful in protecting the holders of those investments?

Up to December, 1933, the Cuban Government had scrupulously maintained service on its foreign debt. From September, 1929, to October, 1933, while Brazilian, Colombian, and Peruvian government securities lost, respectively, more than 70%, 55%, and 90% of their market value, different Cuban issues lost variously only from 18% to 28%. But on December 31, the Cuban treasury defaulted on public works obligations of the Machado régime amounting to nearly \$5,000,000. This may be but a foretaste of what is to befall other items in the Cuban public debt. That the

debt service can continue, or the present level of Cuban securities be maintained, seems improbable to any one acquainted with the ruined condition of the sugar industry, the chief source of Cuba's wealth. It seems a safe guess that in the long run government securities must follow investments in sugar properties down the toboggan slide. What that ride will be like may be inferred from the estimate made two years ago by Mr. T. L. Chadbourne that an investment of \$750,000,000 in Cuban sugar properties had dwindled to a market value of \$37,000,000—one-twentieth of the original amount. This may be an exaggeration, but there can be no doubt that the brave American dollars of the second invasion of Cuba have suffered, and will yet suffer, casualties at a rate undreamed of by Teddy's Rough Riders at San Juan Hill.

Capital may follow the flag, but it shows no special preference for doing so, and neither flag nor Platt Amendment means full security.

The figures of our commerce with possessions and protectorates are little more gratifying to the imperialist than those of investments. Similarly, they look large when taken alone but not very significant when compared with the growth of our trade with independent countries. The following figures are arrived at by comparing the trade of a normal year as near as possible to 1898 with that of the pre-depression year 1929. By a normal year is meant one unmarked by such revolutionary disturbances as those which reduced the trade of Cuba and the Philippines in the years just before 1898. By this method we find the following rates of increase in the trade of the United States with the countries listed from the closing years of the Nineteenth Century to 1929:

<i>Possessions</i>	<i>Rate of increase</i>	
Puerto Rico	39	fold from 1897
Philippines	30	" " 1894
Hawaii	7.3	" " 1898
<i>Protectorates</i>		
Cuba	3.5	fold from 1894
Nicaragua	3.8	" " 1900
Dominican Republic..	4.6	" " 1900
Haiti	2.4	" " 1900
Panama	34	" " 1904
<i>Independent countries</i> <i>(and colonies of other nations)</i>		
Canada and Newfound-		
land	13.8	fold from 1897
Mexico	6	" " 1897
Colombia	17.9	" " 1897
Venezuela	7.5	" " 1897
Japan	18.5	" " 1897
China	9	" " 1897
British East Indies...	15.4	" " 1898
Dutch East Indies ...	8.1	" " 1898

Trade with the Philippines and with Puerto Rico increased rapidly, unquestionably because of the free-trade relations obtaining throughout the greater part of the period and of the inclusion of Puerto Rico within the tariff wall of the United States—policies out of harmony with our professed devotion to the "open door" principle for China and with McKinley's express statement that that principle should govern our relations with the Philippines. Trade with the protectorates, with the exception of Panama, grew less rapidly than that with the independent countries listed. The increase in the trade with Panama, the bulk of which is in exports, is obviously due to activity connected with the construction and operation of the canal.

These figures of increase, moreover, give an exaggerated impression of the importance of trade with the possessions, for while the rate of growth was rapid, the actual amount has always been relatively small.

This is shown in the following figures for the year 1929:

*Total trade with
U.S., 1929*

Puerto Rico	\$ 154,000,000
Philippines	216,900,000
Hawaii	189,260,000
Cuba	336,300,000
Mexico	251,600,000
Canada and Newfoundland	1,474,800,000
Japan	690,300,000
British East Indies	493,780,000
Dutch East Indies	127,950,000

Trade with protectorates other than Cuba is negligible, ranging in 1929 from ten millions with Haiti to forty-six millions with Panama. For the five years 1926-1930 all the insular possessions together took but 5.4% of our exports and furnished but 8.7% of our imports, accounting for but 6.9% of our total foreign trade. Our trade with Canada and Newfoundland in 1929 was greater than the entire trade with all our possessions and protectorates.⁴

As for the belief, so widely and enthusiastically voiced in 1898, that Manila would be a gateway to the Chinese trade, its fatuity today hardly needs to be demonstrated. In 1929, less than 3% of our exports went to China, and practically none of this by way of Manila. Manila has never become the emporium for the Eastern trade so confidently foreseen by the imperialists. The argument sometimes advanced that the presence of our flag in Manila helps salesmen to take orders in Shantung strikes one as a bit too metaphysical.

Almost equally sad is the story of the naval dominance, the world prestige, which colonies were to bring us. No one doubts that the Philippine Islands are, and

⁴ It is true that during the depression trade with the island possessions has been better maintained than that with independent countries. Figures for 1931 show the possessions accounting for 8.2% of the exports, 13.9% of the imports, or 10.9% of the total external commerce of the continental United States.

will be as long as we hold them, our most serious military liability. Pago-Pago harbor has been almost forgotten, even by the navy. It is best known today as the scene of Somerset Maugham's "Rain." Guam has no value except in connection with the Philippines. The Five-Power treaty, concluded in Washington in 1922, estops us for the present from further fortifying either Pago-Pago, Guam, or the Philippines, and to attempt such fortification after that treaty expires would be the surest way of provoking war in the Far East. St. Thomas, in the Virgin Islands, so far as its utility to us is concerned, might as well be sunk in the deepest part of the Caribbean.

There remain Guantanamo Bay, our important naval base in Cuba, the Panama Canal, and Pearl Harbor in the Hawaiian Islands. Guantanamo guards the eastern approaches to the canal—against whom? And as a skeptic in the nineties predicted, the canal helps us defend the Hawaiian Islands, and the Hawaiian Islands help us defend the canal. No doubt both would prove useful to us in a war in the Pacific, at least until the marksmanship of enemy airplanes became disastrously accurate.

V

When we take into account the cost of winning and holding them, which has been considerable, and the serious loss of good will in Latin America occasioned by our "imperialism," it can be said without much fear of contradiction that most of our possessions and protectorates have become today liabilities, economic or military or both. There are some Americans, at that—though probably not many in the Senate or House of Representatives—who would hold them at a sacrifice if convinced that we were thereby continuing

to perform a high-minded civilizing mission—carrying onward the white man's burden.

Probably no group of men in history ever took so seriously the task of administering colonies in the interest of their inhabitants as the best of the American officials in our island possessions. Particularly in the Philippines, where the largest opportunities offered, American governors-general and lesser officials have done work of which every American may feel justly proud. One thinks of Taft, of Forbes, of Harrison and Wood and Stimson—high-principled men, who, according to their several lights, worked to bring the Filipinos to a higher level of health, prosperity, education, and political capacity. The excellence of their achievements, in some respects at least, is as unquestionable as the nobility of their purposes. The great improvements in sanitation, the stamping out of the more easily combated epidemics, the rise of a well organized school system (however one may question the attempt to make English the language of the people), the eradication of civil war and savage practices among the "wild tribes" of the mountains, the rise of a group of native leaders who in forensic oratory, parliamentary skill, and the arts of political management, at least equal their counterparts in this country—all bear witness to the success of the various aspects of the American program.

But with each step upward along the ladder of Occidental civilization has come an increasing insistence from the Filipino leaders that they have earned independence by demonstrated capacity. In view of express or implied assurances of eventual independence given by President McKinley and most of his successors, this has been a plea which the United States must one day heed. That day came last winter,

when Congress, pressed by farmers and Pacific coast working-men anxious to be rid of Filipino competition, offered independence to the islanders, subject to certain unequal and burdensome restrictions. That offer the Philippines legislature has now rejected, and there is reason to think that the rejection is not due wholly to the restrictions in the offer.

For several years there have been indications that as the prospects for independence improved, Filipino enthusiasm for it cooled. Probably the wiser heads have seen the economic disaster which must result from sudden loss of the duty-free market of the United States and pondered the relation of a free Filipino state to the growingly aggressive Japan. If this is true—if the abler leaders have really ceased to desire independence—the United States will face a difficult dilemma. To abandon an unprofitable possession which wishes our protection would be little short of immoral. To hold and defend it in the new Far Eastern situation might well prove impossible.

The Philippines constitute Exhibit A among projects of benevolent imperialism. Elsewhere there is less to be proud of and more to deplore. It is true that in American Samoa tolerant naval governors have permitted native life to go on with no great amount of interference, so that a Congressional commission discovered in 1930 the surprising fact that under the native communal organization there was "no poverty in Samoa"—a situation which apparently struck the commissioners as an unfortunate anomaly, for they recommended that the Samoans be encouraged to develop a system "more completely in tune with American civilization." But such tolerance toward native customs, however fortunate, is a negative kind of beneficence, not the strenuous bearing of

the burden sung by Kipling. And anyway, the inhabitants of American Samoa number only ten thousand souls.

Everywhere else, except in Hawaii, whose civilization was formed by Americans long before annexation, the good work frequently accomplished in sanitation, health, education, and efficient administration has been over-shadowed by the disastrous results of the entry of American capital. While there is nothing consciously or purposely diabolical about American capital or capitalists, it is yet true that social and economic health in the tropical islands under our rule or direction varies inversely as the amount of American capital there invested. In the Philippines and Haiti, American investments have been small, and there we still find a wholesome amount of peasant proprietorship on a small scale. In Samoa, where there is "no poverty," American investments are nil. In Cuba and Puerto Rico, where there is much American money, the small farm has rapidly yielded to the great plantation, and peasant proprietors have joined a miserable proletariat, eking out a scanty existence in good years, driven to the verge of starvation in bad, and always suffering those accompaniments of poverty in the tropics—hookworm, intestinal diseases, and tuberculosis.

The secret of this situation lies in what might well be called the modern curse of cane—the fact that wherever sugar cane and abundant capital come together, the progeny of the union are huge plantations and sugar mills, a single-crop economy, the business cycle at its worst, and in both good and bad times an exploited and un-

happy proletariat. In the Philippines these evils have only begun to be felt. In Hawaii they have been somewhat mitigated by wise management and a sense of social responsibility on the part of the "missionary children" who have fallen heirs to so much of the island property. In Puerto Rico they shame American rule, and in Cuba they beggar description.

Among the intellectuals who in the nineties were urging the adoption of a colonial policy was one who argued that the government and development of the tropics were preëminently tasks for British and Americans, since those peoples had evolved a sense of social responsibility which would be a sufficient safeguard for the welfare of the subject races. In a sense, this opinion has, in our case, proved well founded, as is evinced by the honesty and the generally high character of American colonial administration, and the attention given to education and health. But the good results of such rule have been largely vitiated by the accompanying belief that the entry of American capital would, with no adequate supervision, prove a beneficent influence for the economic and social welfare of backward peoples. That this belief was wholly in keeping with the philosophy of the time makes it none the less deplorable. Its results are manifest today, and it is doubtful how far they can be alleviated by any amount of statesmanship.

It is little wonder, then, if the thoughtful American, viewing the results of the policy adopted in 1898 and pronouncing it neither good business nor valid military or naval strategy, finds little to say for it as sound humanitarian enterprise.

THE PASSING OF A GIGOLO

BY ELEANOR R. WEMBRIDGE

ONE dingy and tattered piece of paper was responsible for all of Lula's difficulties. This ominous sheet bore upon its soiled surface the lines which proved that Lula was the lawful wife of Peter Gondez. She had got the paper, and Peter with it, for two dollars, when she married him. Her dilemma was that she could not hope to unmarried him and get rid of both for less than forty. Unfortunately, there is a great difference between two and forty dollars—much more than the mere arithmetical matter of thirty-eight. The difference between them is rather the gulf which yawns between the attainable and the unthinkable, between the possible and the infinitely remote. There may be but a shred of space between the solid earth and the thin air one inch above it. But if one plans to take a promenade, what an inch that is! It might as well be a mile. All gravitation rolls between.

So with forty dollars for Lula's divorce. She had never owned so much money at one time. Neither had her mother. Whether Gondez had ever been master of such a sum, who could tell? He had disappeared so soon after the wedding that no one had ever had the chance to discuss the matter with him. He was, as we used to say in war-time, *spurlos versenkt*. Wherever he was, it was safe to say that he would prefer to spend his forty dollars, if he had it, in getting a new girl rather than in the useless extravagance of getting rid

of an old one. That was something he knew very well how to do with no money at all.

So Lula was left at sixteen with no husband but with a relentless certificate which prevented her from getting a new one, until she had collected forty dollars to get rid of the one she had. Lula's mother was an anxious and punctilious little woman, whose very respect for the proprieties had brought about Lula's plight as a husbandless but married woman.

Mrs. Beasley had insisted that Gondez marry her fifteen-year-old daughter, as a kind of polite gesture toward the baby, whose advent was barely delayed until after the ceremony. But the baby died. Its father immediately vanished. And here was Lula, honey-clover for all the male bees of the neighborhood, but her chances ruined for establishing a legal residence with any of them. Poor Mrs. Beasley's maternal scruples had overshot their mark by such a wide margin that instead of protecting her daughter as she had hoped to do by the status of a married woman, she had presented all future admirers with the valid excuse that they need never marry Lula. The law was on their side and not hers if they declined to do so.

This advantage the many escorts of the ripe and red-checked bride were not slow to see. Every amorous young man with a roving eye, and there were many about those parts of an evening, paused to make

himself better acquainted with the vivacious Lula perched upon her porch railing. Nothing her mother could do put any damper upon these flirtations. Lula was a full-blown rose without a thorn. Experience had taught her nothing. Dalliance with her involved her admirers in no promises and no responsibilities. No dull domesticity need be feared. No instalments on the furniture paid for. No absences or delays explained. No dictatorial in-laws could interfere. Lula was a lawfully married lady responsible only to her lord. The fact that he chose to be permanently absent was his affair. If he objected to having other men admire his wife, let him, and no one else, come and say so!

So Lula entertained her boy-friends by ones and by dozens. She hung over their cars when they honked outside the door, and waving her hand to her mother departed with them every evening while Mrs. Beasley looked miserably and helplessly on. As the weeks rolled by, Lula showed not the faintest sign of being ready to settle down. On the contrary, her lips were redder, her laugh was shriller, and her joyrides more hilarious, until Mrs. Beasley's anxious forebodings turned to real alarm.

There is a distinction drawn by the Germans between "politics" and "*real-politics*." The former word means the management of public affairs mixed with the usual amount of theory and idealism. The latter means practical politics, mixed with nothing. "*Real-politics*" are merely hard facts, admitted and swallowed whole. Mrs. Beasley belonged to this latter school. She had no illusions about Lula, her late husband, or her present beaux. She accepted her family crises exactly as she accepted the weather. Too bad if it rained on wash-day—but if it did, let the wash drip in the cellar and say no more about it.

II

In this mood of grim philosophic pragmatism she peered over her dish-pan one evening at Lula who was putting finger-waves into her hair preparatory to going out.

"Who you going out with tonight, Lula?" she inquired gently.

Lula gave a shrug. "The bunch," she answered carelessly, giving her profile a right-hand and a left-hand pat, then studying both sides with a frown. "I guess I'll have to get Pearl to put one in for me," she remarked. "I can't seem to get it good on this side."

"You know it can't go on like this," continued her mother.

"What you mean—can't go on?" said Lula, turning to stare at her. "Pearl don't charge me. I wave hers, too. It don't cost either of us a cent except for the fluid."

"You know I don't mean that," pursued her mother without a trace of impatience. "I mean about you going out like you do. You got to stop it, and I'm going to see that you do."

"How d'ya mean—*stop* it?" asked Lula more in curiosity than resentment. She knew from experience that her mother was resourceful. But to prevent the belle of "the roaring third" from going out! Just how could her mother hope to accomplish that?

"This is what I mean," explained her mother, shaking the suds from her hands. "I mean that I got enough on you now to put you and plenty of those guys in jail. And I'm going to do it unless you quit going round with all of them like you do. It ain't right nor decent. And it makes me so nervous that I can't sleep nights. I just gotta have my sleep, Lula, and you know it. I thought it all over, and I decided that you can pick out one, and have him here

where I know where you are. But you got to cut out the rest."

"Pick out *one*?" reiterated Lula puzzled. "How you mean? I can't get married. You'd oughtta know that."

"Well, *don't* marry him, then," snapped her mother. "I got \$8.75 saved up, and if we don't have to spend it for something else, I'll get you divorced as soon as I can. Then you can marry this guy or someone else. But going around like you do, *nobody* decent or regular'll ever marry you—him nor nobody." Her voice trembled and a few tears started to flow which she resolutely wiped away, and she returned to her dishes.

"I just as soon have *one*," said Lula, slowly looking herself over in the mirror and patting her hair. "In fact, I'd rather, if I can have the one I want."

"What one *do* you want?" asked her mother. "I hope it's Hiawatha. He's the best of the lot."

"No. It ain't Hiawatha. Besides, he's got another girl. She's got a husband, too, but they heard he was dead, so they're figuring on getting married."

"How about Toots?" continued her mother, putting the plates on the shelf.

Lula grimaced and shook her head. "Toots is too skinny and too short. I could put him in my handbag."

"Many's the woman would be glad to have a man that size, if it came to a fight, and this probably will," commented her mother grimly.

"I can handle twice my weight and you know it," boasted Lula with a short laugh. "Remember how I knocked out that Greek fella when he got fresh? He was bigger than me."

"How about Butch? He's big enough, if that's what you want," sniffed her mother.

"No. I don't want Butch. And I don't

want Adie. And I don't want Hatchet. And I don't want Tripe," said Lula with decision.

A long pause ensued which both women evidently hesitated to break.

Then Mrs. Beasley turned on her daughter, "You ain't figuring on Blackshirt?"

"It's Blackshirt or nobody," said Lula in a low voice.

For once Mrs. Beasley was forced out of her calm, and turned on her daughter in a passion. "Blackshirt? That dummy? That low-down rat-catcher? That monkey-face? That no-count lap-lizard? That—" Her breath caught, as she faced Lula almost suffocated with her wrath. For she knew that she was beaten. If Lula had set her heart on Blackshirt, Blackshirt it would be and no one else, let her mother rage as she might.

"Whoever you choose, it will be Blackshirt anyhow, so you might as well let me have him in the first place," was Lula's only comment.

Her mother knew that the matter was settled, but still she temporized. "Will he have you?" she asked.

"I guess so. You can ask him," drawled her daughter, strolling to the window. So when the autos honked that evening, Mrs. Beasley and not Lula emerged upon the front steps, and cast a slow resolute glance around her, both at the young men in the car and at the loungers standing about and joking with them. Among the number was a slim, dressy fellow in spats, with a derby hat, a fawn-colored coat, and a walking stick.

"Come in, Blackshirt," said Mrs. Beasley in a shrill peremptory tone to this glass of fashion. "The rest of you can run along. Lula ain't coming out this evening nor the next. And if you hang around making a disturbance, I'll call the cops."

The young men, taken somewhat aback

by this unexpected welcome, stared first at Mrs. Beasley and then at each other. They conversed in low whispers among themselves and with Blackshirt, who obviously was not at all attracted by his stern invitation to enter.

"Get busy. Come in and stay in, and the rest of you get away and stay away," admonished the lady on the steps. As the group lingered indecisively, hardly knowing how to meet this new situation, Lula appeared in an upper window, throwing kisses and smiling so broadly to all the party, and to Blackshirt in particular, that they were somewhat reassured, curiosity overcame their hesitancy, and the group urged Blackshirt to go in and see what the old lady wanted. It could not be so bad, they told him, if Lula was in such a good humor about it. The more he hung back, the more they urged him. Lula kept beckoning to him. And finally, since it was hardly in his nature not to respond to a girl's advances when he was so openly picked out for favor, Blackshirt hung his stick on his arm, and, with a somewhat sheepish air, waved so-long to his friends, winked one eye at Lula, and slowly ascended the steps.

III

Mrs. Beasley waited until he was well inside the house, and shut the door with a bang. His friends lingered down the street a little way to see if he would rejoin them and give them the answer to the riddle of his invitation. But no sound issued from the house. Lula had disappeared from the window. And deciding that the mystery, whatever it was, could wait until the morrow for an explanation, with a final blast upon the automobile horn the crowd drove away to livelier entertainment.

In the meantime, behind the locked door

of her front-room, Mrs. Beasley and Blackshirt sat in secret session. Mrs. Beasley, in the spirit of modern diplomacy, laid her cards frankly on the table. Blackshirt followed the pattern on the rug with his stick and listened in silence.

"Will you, or won't you?" snapped Mrs. Beasley at the conclusion of her speech. "The room don't cost any more for two than for one, and you get it free. You can pay reasonable for your meals, and I'll give you good ones. You're with Lula all the time anyhow, so your evenings will be no different from what they have been. And when I get her divorce money you can marry her if you want to. But you ain't either of you making promises on that. Maybe you can do better when the time comes, and I sure hope that Lula can."

This was the only time that Mrs. Beasley allowed herself to express her contempt for the consort of her daughter's choice. She knew that it was poor policy to anger him if he was to be a house-mate. She also knew that he had very little money and that her reputation as an excellent cook would mean a good deal to a young man whose stomach was no doubt often as empty as his pocket-book.

Blackshirt made no answer to Mrs. Beasley's proposition at first, but continued to poke the rug with his stick and turn the matter over in his mind. He could consider the offer that she made him as dispassionately as she did herself, and see its advantages and disadvantages. The former were obvious. For a young man whose tastes often far outran his purse, the idea of a roof over his head in all weathers and good food (which he knew that he would get whether he paid for it or not) were blessings not to be lightly cast aside. Winter was coming on, and he had the solid respect for food and shelter that a man

has who has often been without both. Moreover he liked Lula extremely. But he knew as well as her mother did, that he could have as much of Lula's company as he liked without paying for it. As Mrs. Beasley's proposition stood, his payment would largely consist in being dominated by two women, one of whom, in spite of her unconventional plan for her daughter, was eminently respectable. Too respectable, in fact! He could see well enough that his personal freedom, so-called, would be purely technical. Mrs. Beasley was no fool. If she fed and housed him, she would demand that Blackshirt behave himself and be faithful to Lula in a manner that few of his friends even pretended to be loyal to their wives.

In short, as he muttered to himself, "Only a bird in a golden cage—and a damned black bird at that." Affairs seemed to be at a deadlock. Mrs. Beasley was adamant. Either he accepted her terms or he got out and stayed out. She was prepared to enforce her demands, and hinted darkly of the workhouse, where he had already spent some uncomfortable weeks which he dreaded to repeat. As they sat there in silence, Mrs. Beasley tapping the floor impatiently with her foot, and Blackshirt considering how he could run past her and bolt for the open street, they heard Lula rattling the door.

"Let me in," she called.

"Not yet," answered her mother.

At this, Lula broke into a loud wail, and rattled the door still harder. "You let me in," she insisted. "You let me in or I'm going to kill myself." She pounded and kicked upon the door, her voice rising higher and shriller in such raucous shrieks that at last Blackshirt could endure them no longer. He strode across the floor past Mrs. Beasley, and pushed back the bolt.

Lula rushed in past him, and threw her-

self upon the couch sobbing and screaming, clutching at her carefully set finger-waves till they were all awry, pulling at the neck of her dress, and seemingly about to go in to a maniacal fit. Blackshirt's resistance was beaten down by her frantic clamor.

"All right, all right," he roared. "I'll stay. Now shut up!" And Mrs. Beasley, content with her victory, slipped out of the room.

They had a late supper of hot biscuits, honey, pork chops and coffee, Blackshirt hung up his hat and his walking stick, and they argued the matter no more that day.

Blackshirt's explanation of his new address was that the old lady wanted a roomer, and had selected him because she knew that he was dissatisfied with his boarding-place. Mrs. Beasley gave the same explanation to her friends as they strolled home together from the late church service. She said that she wanted to earn a little extra money, and her back hurt her so that she needed a man to take care of the fires. Although no one could picture Blackshirt either in the rôle of a man who paid his board bills, or who would lift a coal-scuttle if he could help it, the explanation was politely accepted at its face value, and Blackshirt became a member of the Beasley family—fed, pampered, and deferred to in all minor matters, but ruled with an iron hand in all major ones.

For example, he had what he wanted to eat, and had never been fed so well. Lula, who did piece work in a laundry, took care of his clothes and kept him spick and span. On the other hand, he had to confine his gallantries to Lula, and go to church. Moreover, he had to go to Mrs. Beasley's church, where she could see that he got his religion in the approved way. Contrary to what one might expect of the

composed Mrs. Beasley, she took her religion in a very noisy fashion in an unoccupied store-front labeled "Salvation Free." To an impartial outsider, it looked as if the faithful had to work for it pretty hard. They began to foregather three times a week, at approximately 9 P.M. The shouting, gasping, and gyrating got under way by 10.30, was even more dizzy and deafening by midnight, lasted until two on Sunday nights, and the worshippers were the more sanctified if they could succeed in falling unconscious by three, to be respectfully revived as they moaned in strange tongues.

To this orgy of feeling and piety Blackshirt was introduced by his quasi-mother-in-law. Since he was always ready for any new diversion, he found the services at first very lively and entertaining. He and Lula shrieked and bellowed with the best of them, while Mrs. Beasley looked fondly on. She confided to the Reverend Shanks that she believed that she would save both of them from the devil yet, and to this end the Beasley trio was the last to leave the sanctuary even though dawn was breaking. "The saints danced till half-past three last night," she boasted to Mrs. Shanks, who was not such an intrepid zealot, and had to have her sleep. "It seemed like I wrestled with the devil for those two souls, and he never would let me rest." Mrs. Beasley, however, had reckoned without her wily and experienced antagonist. The devil had no idea of letting the saints or Mrs. Beasley steal two of his most promising recruits.

IV

As the weeks wore on toward spring, Blackshirt grew obviously restive. His first symptom was a refusal to go to church, and a swift retreat over the back fence

when pressed to do so. Then he became irregular at meals. The devil as well as Mrs. Beasley knew Blackshirt's weakness, and caused a small restaurant to open next to the garage where he washed cars. The cook, who was young, comely, and amiable, had taken to asking small favors of Blackshirt in the way of moving garbage cans and vegetable crates, paying for them in handouts of excellent food. He found that Mrs. Beasley was not the only good cook who could be generous, and it was agreeable to be admired once more by some other girl than the tempestuous Lula.

He complained to Lula and her mother that the work at the garage was getting so heavy that he had to work overtime. And there were nights when he did not appear at all. After one such absence unusually prolonged, Lula came home suddenly one afternoon from the laundry where she worked, and found Blackshirt prinking in front of her mirror. He shone with soap suds, and had on his best shirt, which she had ironed for him only the day before. As she came into the room he was adjusting a bow-tie, and he had on a new pair of spats. He tried hard not to look as disconcerted at her presence as he felt.

"Where you going?" asked Lula sharply without any other greeting.

"Out," was Blackshirt's laconic answer after a long elaborate pause.

"You going out without me, before you've ate your supper?" demanded Lula, her voice rising.

"That's what I'm doing," replied Blackshirt, studying the smooth polish he had given his hair, and dusting a fleck of dust off his shoes. When his accessories were arranged to his satisfaction, he turned nonchalantly, took his suitcase from the closet, and began putting into it his slender stock of shirts, socks, and neckties. Lula stared

at him dumbfounded. Gondez, too, had left her; but this was different. This was intolerable. Blackshirt whistled gently to himself, watching the girl warily in the meantime out of the side of his eye, to forestall a sudden attack. But Lula did not fly into her usual rage. Her eyes merely narrowed, and she, too, went to the closet and took her hat off the shelf.

"You're going out? I'm going out, too," she announced briefly.

"Not with me," snapped Blackshirt, startled in spite of himself at this strategy.

"Why not with you?" Lula snapped back, the blood surging furiously to her face, and her eyes blazing back at his.

Blackshirt picked up his bag, and for a moment he looked at her without reply. He was evidently trying to make up his mind how much to say. Then, deciding to say it all and get it over with, he made for the exit and was well out of it before calling back over his shoulder, "Because I'm going to my wedding, and you ain't invited." With this parting shot he slammed the door shut, and hastily rounding the corner of the house was out of sight by the time Lula recovered her wits and her breath and had started to follow him. She ran to the steps and stood indecisive, not knowing which way Blackshirt had gone. Then, catching sight of a small boy sitting on a fire-plug, she called out, "Where'd that guy go to?" All interest, the boy jumped down and pointed through an alley between two adjacent houses.

"Right there he went, Miss. Right down the alley. Want me to catch him?"

"I'll do my own catching," was Lula's grim retort, as she sped in the direction the boy had pointed. He, sensing drama in the air, gave a shrill whistle to summon his friends across the street, who, joining him in a wild scramble, started to give chase. No young woman can tear rapidly

through the streets pursued by a pack of small boys without exciting the question in the passers-by, "Why are they running? And where?" And this query, once it has presented itself to men of leisure, naturally demands an answer which can only be obtained by joining the pursuit. By the time Lula had got clear of chicken yards and alleyways so that she could see far enough ahead to glimpse Blackshirt's fleeing figure, she had annexed to her original followers, seven men, a dozen more children, and a dog.

And as she reached the house into which Blackshirt had ducked and disappeared, new and interested spectators had sprung from the ground, as they do for a dog-fight or a fire. Trucks were drawn to the curb; housewives and shopkeepers paused in their bargaining and peered out of the doorways; faces appeared at the windows, and stared from passing cars. In fact, the commotion was becoming so general that traffic was blocked. Yet no one could answer the question as to what it was all about.

In the meantime, one of Lula's former beaux had joined the throng, sidled up to her and whispered, "He done you dirt, Lula. The preacher's up there. I seen him go." And without further comment he slipped a knife from his pocket into Lula's hand. She took it without turning to see who gave it and called out in a shrill scream, "One of you kids go upstairs and tell Blackshirt to come down." When no one moved, she added, "You tell him he better come, or I'm going up." The children hung back and tried not to meet the eye of the infuriated Lula. But she singled out the original boy who had started the procession after her, and pointing at him with her knife, she shouted, "You hear me, boy? Don't make me mad. You go up and tell him what I say."

The boy glanced around to calculate his chances of flight, but they were very poor. The circle about them was becoming so dense moment by moment that it was clearly impossible to break through it unless the crowd wanted him to get away without delivering his message, which they plainly did not. They were fully in the spirit of the occasion, and determined that the invisible culprit should show himself if the lady wanted him to, and make the apologies that were due her. At the window above, agitated faces were peering out, including a black-coated minister in a clerical collar, and a girl with a wreath on her head. There was no way that the unwilling messenger boy could escape from the arena but by the door leading to the stairs which ascended to spectators above. And once there, he would have to tell them to send down Blackshirt, and to do it quick.

Bowing to the inevitable without further delay, the boy turned and ran upstairs. The faces disappeared hurriedly from the window, and there was a long dramatic pause. Clearly a conference was taking place among the guests assembled for the wedding, weighing the merits of sending Blackshirt down alone to face the music, or of having Lula make an offensive attack upon all of them. It was obvious that she was capable of doing all that she promised and more. And the guests, in the rôles of innocent bystanders, did not relish the prospect of a general scrimmage. The boy, having delivered his message, jumped hastily through a back window, and ran around to the back of the crowd, whispering excitedly that Blackshirt wanted them to have Lula come up and be persuaded by the minister to go home. The minister, on the other hand, voiced the general opinion that it was Blackshirt's affair, and that he ought to handle it with-

out further annoyance to the ladies who were getting hysterical.

Partly because they all insisted, and partly because he knew his Lula, and was convinced that nothing could prevent a meeting if she was determined to have it, the young fellow slowly descended the stairs and appeared on the threshold, in full view of the crowd below. As he emerged into the sunlight, he lingered and tried to make a stand. But Lula motioned to him fiercely to come down and face her. He looked almost piteously around him for some defence from her imperious gesture, but he saw none. Uncertainly, not knowing where to look, or what attitude to take, he descended the steps to the street, his face turning ashen, his long fingers clawing nervously at his coat. Among the spectators watching him in the tense hush, he saw no friendly face. He saw curiosity, excitement, derision, amazement, and even fear. But the crowd was clearly not with him. It was with Lula. It felt instinctively that he "had done her wrong", and that she was there to demand redress. So far as they could help by mass pressure, they meant that she should have it.

V

When Blackshirt finally stood opposite Lula, her scarlet lips were set in a pale immovable face. She did not help him out with speech. She seemed made of wood save for her smouldering eyes fixed upon her faithless lover. When he could bear her stark silence no longer, he faltered in a low voice, "What you want, Lula?"

"You know what I want. I want you to come home with me," she snarled under her breath.

"That ain't my home, and I ain't going back to it," whined Blackshirt. "I told you

I was going to get married. You know that."

"You told me. But I don't know it," the girl responded hoarsely. "I'll give you one more chance. You come back with me."

"Better go back with her," advised a voice in the crowd. "She's mad and she don't mean maybel!"

"Better not mess round with no other girl while she's looking," jeered another.

In the meantime, a shrill scream sounded on the stairs, and the girl with the wreath ran out of the door and threw herself on Blackshirt. Several whimpering women followed at her heels and tried to drag her back, but she clawed and scratched at them until they released her.

"You let my man alone," she shrieked at Lula, clutching Blackshirt around the neck. "This is my man. The preacher is up there. He's waiting to marry us."

While the bride was making this announcement, the small figure of Mrs. Beasley forced a path through the crowd and threw herself sobbing on to the arm of her daughter, only to be flung off in the same unceremonious fashion that the other girl had disposed of her attendants.

"I'm her mother," screamed Mrs. Beasley, falling back against the circle of onlookers. "Someone make her come back with me. She's crazy. She don't know what she's doing."

But the crowd thought otherwise. No one made a move to help her. They were sure that Lula knew very well what she was doing, and they had not waited that long to see her do it, to be deprived of their dramatic climax by the interference of a mother. They stood massed like creatures in a trance. They watched fascinated as Lula took a step nearer the perfidious Blackshirt, her baleful glance fixed upon him, as contemptuous of his bride's embraces as he seemed to be himself.

The two knew that it was an affair between them alone. So far as they were concerned, the hysterical bride was of as little importance to either of them as the sobbing Mrs. Beasley. The girl with the wreath, however, did not take her own claims so lightly. She continued to tug at Blackshirt's neck, and tried to drag him away by the arm, while her rival held his eyes in mortal combat. Lula made no actual move toward him, until Blackshirt, tossing his head with an insolent shrug, showing his teeth, and narrowing his eyes as he glared directly at Lula, turned suddenly and started to join the excited and blubbing bridal party on the steps.

Then, and only then, Lula made a leap and was on him like a panther. With a guttural cry she thrust her knife under his right ear, and slit his throat clear to the left. A deep groan went up from the crowd as from one mouth. They had expected something of the sort, for having sized up Lula, they could hardly look for less. Nevertheless, the sight of a man's life blood gushing from an open wound, inflicted before their eyes by a frenzied woman, is impressive even to the most callous. It was too much for the bride, who fell back fainting into the arms of her horror-struck friends, while Mrs. Beasley moaned and sank to the ground, unnoticed and uncomforted.

Blackshirt stood for a few seconds, staring at Lula more in surprise than pain. Then, as he fell, she caught him, and sat on the curb with his bleeding head in her lap. She tried to stop the wound with her handkerchief, but she had done her work well. It was doubtful if she, or anyone among the awe-struck spectators, would get into action quick enough to seek help and save him. The minister had hung in the background up to this moment, bewildered as to which woman he was to marry

to the young man who had summoned him to his violent nuptials. Now, although he was helpless to give medical aid, at least he knew murder when he saw it. He strode down the steps and into the street, towering over Lula as she held her lover's head against her breast.

"Woman, you have killed this man," he thundered at her. Blackshirt, in a last husky whisper, answered for her, "It ain't her fault. It's mine. I got what was coming to me." As he said this, his head turned and he lapsed into unconsciousness. Lula gave a dry hard sob, lifted his stricken head and pressed her cheek against it.

"What for did you do this?" asked the

minister sternly. "Don't you know that murderers go to hell?"

Lula lowered her head over Blackshirt, whose eyes were glazing, and kissed him frantically. Then she turned on the crowd. "I know I'll go to hell. I hope I will. I sent him there, and I want to go with him."

The minister turned to the hushed, amazed circle around him, and said solemnly, "Learn a lesson from this poor sinner. She had black hate in her heart. And hate is hell."

But Lula, lifting her head from her dying lover, announced proudly, "I didn't have no hate in my heart. I loved this guy. That's why I killed him."

MRS. STEPHEN CRANE

BY THOMAS BEER

M^{RS. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON to}
C. M. Maurice, November 13,
1897:

"... Many thanks for the photograph of Stephen Crane. Several people have spoken to me of his resemblance [to Robert Louis Stevenson], but I should imagine that the likeness is simply one of photography. I hear that he married a newspaper lady in Athens and that they are living in Surrey. She is nine or ten years older than Mr. Crane and 'all the tongues are wagging.' Mr. Gosse says that she is very amusing..."

Edmund Gosse, February 10, 1920:

"... I met the Cranes at a luncheon after they returned from Greece. Mrs. Crane was a small, plump woman visibly older than Crane. She was most entertaining at this luncheon. A compatriot of yours became very long winded on the subject of a reported quarrel between an Exalted Personage and his mistress. The possible consequences of this rupture were discussed more than exhaustively, and we were all close on madness when Mrs. Crane said, 'Well, if the Prince *has* left her, I suppose we must all just grin and bear it.' This ended the matter... She rather suggested Réjane in appearance, although blonde. I saw her very seldom. She was supposed to have had a 'past.' But she seemed to me very vivid and agreeable..."

Mrs. Stephen Crane to Henry Sanford Bennett,¹ November 29, 1897:

"As Stephen is asleep, I have taken the liberty of opening your telegram. Will you do a distracted wife a favor? I know that Stephen wants to see you as soon as possible. But we have been overwhelmed with callers all week. He is desperately trying to finish a story. Just this morning a literary boy who lives in the neighborhood imposed himself on us from 9 to 4! So I am *not* going to tell Stephen that Mrs. Bennett and you have arrived in London. Please telegraph or write again, day after tomorrow. I know this is rude. But Oxted is turning out to be a little too 'convenient to the metropolis.' He must get some work done."

Mr. Bennett:

"... Mrs. Crane was not visible when we got to Oxted. Crane was swamped with seven or eight callers... Mrs. Crane lounged into the room in some kind of loose garment, her yellow hair in disorder. The first impression was awful. She looked like a dance hall girl in the morning. I must say that the effect, in

¹ Arnold Henry Sanford Bennett, 1868-1927, a Canadian gentleman of whom Crane wrote, "Destiny sets an alarm clock so as to be up early and strew banana peels in front of him. If he trusts a friend, he is betrayed. If he starts a journey, he breaks an ankle. If he loves, death comes to her without a smile." His first wife killed herself, for the same reasons as Lucretia. In 1896 he married a charming Frenchwoman who died of puerperal fever in December, 1899. His only son was killed in battle in 1918. In 1925 Mr. Bennett was injured in a motor accident and spent the last two years of his life blind and bedridden. He was so shy that he dropped the name Arnold after the popularity of Arnold Bennett began.

part, was accidental. She had a profusion of brilliant yellow hair. Its color was perfectly natural, but certain colors made it seem artificial. I do not think she cared much about clothes, in any case. . . . She made tea and took no part in the talk. Mr. Hueffer, unfortunately, undertook to instruct my wife on the subject of Seurat. He talked to her in very bad French. As my wife had known Seurat as a family friend for years, she tried to correct Mr. Hueffer's ideas of the man and his paintings. A considerable tension developed. Crane got rather nervous and we were all rather uncomfortable. Mrs. Crane suddenly roused and interfered. She said in a 'dangerous' voice, 'Mr. Hueffer, Mrs. Bennett speaks English very well. Let's change languages—and the subject.' The subject was changed . . . After they were all gone, she relapsed into silence and seemed half asleep . . ."

Mrs. Charles Sidmore:

" . . . My parents were sent to duty in India in the autumn of 1897. I was quartered on some cousins who had a little place near Oxted. In those days I was a lank creature of fifteen, most unappetizing to look at and very shy. My cousins were dear, conventional 'late Victorians.' One day I was sent to London to the dentist, escorted by one of the maids. I had a frightful cold. Coming home in the train a little, smartly dressed woman began to talk to me sympathetically about my cold. It surprises me to hear that Mrs. Crane was 'badly dressed.' She seemed the apogee of smartness to me, especially her American shoes.

"The next day a lad brought me a bottle of some American cold cure with a nice note about using it. My cousins were very grateful. The cure worked, whatever it may have been. I was put into my best frock and taken to call on the Cranes to

say thank you. They were so nice and gay . . . They were the first Americans I had ever met. But the call ended badly. Mr. Crane said something about will power being the cure for most ailments. Mrs. Crane parodied his slow voice. She said, 'Yes—I—know—a—young—man—named—Crane—who—got—out—of—bed—to—go—to—a—dinner—party—in—Athens—and—I—know—what—happened—to—him.' I remember the speech so well.

"A minute later my cousin had asked about Mr. Crane's illness in Athens. Mrs. Crane blandly mentioned that he had dysentery. Try to imagine the effect of the word 'dysentery' on a sedate British couple at tea with people on whom they had just called, in 1897 . . . However, my cousins decided that the Cranes were really very nice, in spite of Mrs. Crane's *gaffe*. I saw something of them until Mr. Crane went to the States in April or May of 1898 to report the campaign in Cuba. Somebody in our kitchen was a dear friend of somebody in their kitchen. I heard a great deal about champagne on ice and truffled pheasants at lunch—much of it nonsense, no doubt. But they did themselves very well in the way of fruit and flowers. I remember meeting Mrs. Crane on the train with a positive bower of orchids and some costly white flower. No English family in the same circumstances would have spent three or four pounds in flowers for a small dinner party. . . .

"She was most informal. I dropped in one day when she was being dressed in a hurry for a luncheon at Mr. [Robert] Barr's house. She called me into her bedroom and I sat about while her clothes were put on, *seriatim*. It 'was not what an Englishwoman would have done.' . . . I can not conceive that she had ever been a beautiful woman. But she had lovely arms and feet. . . . I adored Mr. Crane. He

found out the secret sorrow of my young life and was so consoling. [Mrs. Sidmore's mother, a warm friend of Ouida, had named her Vere, from the heroine of "Moths"]. He persuaded me that practically all Yankee girls were named Sunset and Orange and Praline. I had the pleasure of thinking about myriads of sister sufferers beyond the Atlantic . . . Mr. Crane went to the States in April or May, 1898, to report the campaign in Cuba. Shortly after that I was very suddenly told that I must not go to see Mrs. Crane again . . . One of my uncles had picked up the gossip about her from Clement Shorter. I was dreadfully upset, since no explanation was given me. But in June I was sent out to India to join my father . . ."

II

Richard Harding Davis to Mrs. Charles Sidmore, June 11, 1913:

" . . . and that settles the case of the *Derelict*. May I repeat that I had no intention of attacking Stephen Crane's memory in the story? The facts are as I have stated them. He had acquired this 'ugly halo' of gossip. We should have had better sense than to believe what we came to believe . . . You are not the first person who has told me that he [Mr. Davis thought "Vere Sidmore" was male] found Mrs. Crane agreeable. I can not enlighten you about her. The common story is that she was the mistress of a Jacksonville politician when Crane met her. She fell in love with him, got herself a job as a correspondent for some Southern newspaper and followed him to Greece. But if you are thinking of writing anything about Crane, for God's sake say nothing about her until you have talked to Ralph D. Paine. He knows all the facts of the matter. Mr. Paine has a very high opinion of

Mrs. Crane. Any decent man will tell you that she was a loyal wife to Crane as long as he lived . . ."

Mrs. Stephen Crane to Henry Sanford Bennett, September 3, 1898:

" . . . Stephen was sent from Cuba to Hampton Roads on an army transport as a typhoid suspect. Then he felt obliged to go to Porto Rico and is now said to be in Havana. If you have a line from him please let me know instantly. His family can not give me an address. I am so anxious."

William Crane²:

" . . . After he left Porto Rico the boy got a room in a boarding house in Havana. He used to give his letters to one of the servants to mail. Five or six of the letters were never received. He was very busy trying to finish his novel ["Active Service"] and some short stories. His wife cabled me, asking his address. She also cabled to Paul Reynolds and some others. For about ten days we were in the dark. There is a newspaper story that Steve was hidden in Havana for forty days. That is not true. His wife did not hear from him for about twenty days. We were very much upset. Edmund [Crane] and I pulled all the wires we could think of to locate him. One night he walked into some bar or restaurant in Havana and was recognized by a correspondent. . . . Some of his wife's letters and cables were not judicious. She cabled to a very talkative newspaperman she had known at Jacksonville and he put a yarn around that Steve had abandoned her. I know that there was a great deal of nasty talk about it . . ."

Stephen Crane to Mrs. William Sonntag, November 28, 1898:

"How do you persuade anybody to do anything by cables and letters? I am very anxious to have Mrs. Crane come to this

² Stephen Crane's brother.

country. Mrs. Crane is very anxious to have me come back to England. We are carrying on a duel at long range, with ink."

Documents at this point fail. On November 28th, 1898, Stephen Crane wanted his wife to come home. Within two weeks he wanted nothing less. He had been made the subject of a scene in Delmonico's bar. He was suffering from his friction with the New York police, the consequences of getting entangled in the temperament of Theodore Roosevelt. In 1896 Crane had appeared in a police court to denounce the treatment of street-walkers by the police. He followed this up by wiring a long complaint to Theodore Roosevelt from Philadelphia. The effervescent police commissioner lined up the ranking members of the force and had a bully time reading Crane's telegram to them and delivering a lecture on humane treatment of women.

The police did not forget. In the first week of December, 1898, Crane was leaving a theater in New York with Mrs. William Sonntag, her seventeen-year-old son and her cousin, the Reverend Patrick Hart. Mr. Henry Sonntag tells the story:

"Mother and Mr. Crane walked out into the lobby ahead of my cousin. As we got out, some man called, 'Oh, there's Stephen Crane!' Two or three men spoke to Mr. Crane. One of them, I think, was Acton Davies. Mr. Crane attracted a good deal of attention. A policeman suddenly shoved through the people, asked if his name was Stephen Crane and then said, 'Come 'round to the station, you drunken bum!' My mother cried out. The fellow turned and yelled at her, 'That will be enough from you, you G— d— French w—!' Nice, was it not? [Mrs. Sonntag was already forty-three, white haired, and supported on crutches owing to spinal trouble. Her lisp suggested an accent.]

"Two or three men tried to interfere. Mr. Crane stood stock still and did not speak. My cousin ended the business, by stepping forward. At sight of a priest's costume the noble cop mumbled something apologetic and fled . . . I was told afterwards that this kind of thing was tried on Mr. Crane two or three times. There was no newspaper notice of this scene, but I was asked about it at school. J. L. Ford was with Mr. Crane, one afternoon, walking up Madison Avenue when another policeman tried the same thing. In other words, someone had sent out word to 'get' Mr. Crane . . ."

His annoyances increased. In the middle of December, Mr. William Dean Howells was notified that the committee on admissions would act unfavorably if Crane's name was proposed at the most eminent literary club in New York. On December 20 Crane cabled his wife that he was returning to England, and sailed on the *Manitou* in the first week of January.

Mrs. Stephen Crane to Edward Garnett, January 10, 1899:

" . . . I hope that the perfect quiet of Brede Place and the freedom from a lot of dear, good people, who take his mind from his work, will let him show the world a book that will live . . ."

Robert Barr to James Macclesfield, January 20, 1899: "Stevie has been given a wallop old manor close to Rye—Brede Place. It belongs to Frewen, the bimetallist, as kind a man as steps on leather. I believe Stevie pays him a few pounds of rent for the hulk. Mrs. Crane steered the thing. She was not comfortable at Oxted. I know that you are prejudiced, but she is a capital wife for Stevie. She does say the wrong thing occasionally. Henry James can not abide her. But she is kind to Stevie. I would like her for that if for nothing else . . ."

George Hyslop, November 2, 1924:

"... I do not know how they cooked up all these wild yarns about what went on at Brede Place. In July, '99, my father let my sister and me take a bicycle trip through south England with a friend of mine, Tom Wood, whose mother was from Newark. She knew the Crane family very well. Tom was older than we were and took charge of the expedition. He had a letter from his mother to Mr. Crane. We rode over from Rye to Brede and met the Cranes. Mrs. Crane was an odd looking woman, half handsome. I remember her very pleasantly and my sister took a liking to her at once. The Cranes insisted that we stay there a couple of days... I remember some very nice Kentucky girls named, I believe, Richman [Richie] and a few other people, all Americans.

"Mrs. Crane did and said nothing that would upset anybody. If she had a 'past,' it did not do her much harm. But she was rather eccentric. She put in an appearance, the morning after we got there, in a weird kind of wrapper, her hair all down her back. (By the way, she had beautiful hair.) She blew into the bedroom where Tom and I were planted and asked if either of us was any good at grooming horses. The groom had a sore thumb. She said Mr. Crane had gone to London to see his literary agent and somebody had to be stable boy. I made a rotten stable boy for one day... I was only sixteen and perhaps subtle 'shades of conduct' eluded me. I took her for a damned good sort of woman...

"In 1901 I met her again in England. Mr. Crane had died. So had my sister. It is funny but they died on the same day. I ran into Mrs. Crane on Regent Street. She recognized me and stopped to talk. She asked for my sister. I had to tell her she

was dead. Like an ass I said that she had died on the same day as Mr. Crane. She said nothing for a second. Then she simply broke out crying. She said, 'Oh, your poor father!' Tom Wood told me, when I got home, that he had told Mrs. Crane at Brede Place how my father idolized Dot. I think Mrs. Crane had an excellent memory of people. It was going some to remember such a detail for two years..."

III

Mrs. Stephen Crane to C. Thomas Janeway, June 30, 1899:

"... I agree with you that Steve should try a political novel. Mr. [S. S.] McClure suggested it to him. Several people have urged it. I should like to see him try the subject. I have seen the 'dark insides' of politics in three cities. But it does not seem to interest him. I think he finds the hypocrisy of politicians too sickening..."

Mr. Janeway:

"I had not seen Steve since schooldays. He was not much changed. He was listless and quiet as ever. Mrs. Crane impressed me very favorably. She seemed to be shrewd and plucky and very good humored. I do not know where some of these amazing stories about her conduct at Brede Place came from. I can testify that on June 23, 24 and 25 and on August 2, 3 and 4, 1899 she was not dressed as a medieval lady in a peaked hat, etc. She may have performed in that way for others, but not when I was down there..."

"I have also had to hear a great deal from some English friends about Mr. Henry James and his intense sufferings when he had to 'endure' Mrs. Crane. Maybe! I do know that he came bowling over from Rye one day with a carriage load of people, all stuffed shirts, and announced that he had brought them to

lunch. Mrs. Crane was mad as a hornet, but did not show it. She vanished into the kitchen and concocted a lot of extra lunch in a chafing dish. She was very frank about their finances. She said, 'In one way Steve and I are the same person. We have no sense about money at all.' . . .

"To go back to Mrs. Crane, I really liked her. She was amusing and kind-hearted . . ."

An American lady:

" . . . Cora was a dear. Her heart was as big as all outdoors. She adored him. I can tell you endless things about her devotion to him. She sometimes had to guard the door of his study to keep people out. They did take up his time . . . If there was too much entertaining at Brede it was quite as much his fault as hers. They were terribly generous. Please, please remember how young he was! . . ."

An Englishman:

" . . . I was not an intimate friend. But I did see the Stephen Cranes in Rye quite often. Crane asked me to dine at Brede two or three times. I am afraid that Mrs. Crane rasped the more insular English. She made the mistake of so many Americans. She would discuss diseases at table. And I seem to recollect her telling a very gruesome murder story at lunch at Lamb House. [The residence of Henry James in Rye.] But I liked Mrs. Crane. I know there were unpleasant stories in regard to her early life circulated among Americans in London. But what of it? . . .

"I once saw her completely lose her temper. The Cranes had been getting together some funds for the children of one of their friends. Mr. Hardy, Mr. Kipling, Mrs. Bland [E. Nesbit] and others contributed generously in response to Mrs. Crane's notes. But not so that noble fellow Z. He refused to contribute a penny. His note to Mrs. Crane was one of the most

Pecksniffian³ pieces of impertinence I ever was allowed to read. She showed it to me and then made me a speech on Z. She cursed him root, branch and foliage. I do not mean that her language was lewd or profane. It occurs to me that she would have made a superb leader for a revolutionary movement or one of your 'lynching bees.' . . .

"But I must agree with Mr. Conrad in regard to some of Crane's guests at Brede Place. I have nothing to say of the jolly young Americans who ran down there. But preserve me from some of the 'Fleet Street boys.' I greatly disliked the attitude certain journalists took towards Mrs. Crane. They seemed to regard her as a kind of superior servant who ought to be delighted to be up at all hours to do some eggs in a chafing dish and find a bottle of wine for them. She said to me of one of these pests, 'I always expect him to tip me.' The lady was not a fool. And I loathe journalists! . . ."

Henry Sanford Bennett:

"We never stayed at Brede Place. We were in lodgings at Rye for some days of July, 1899, and for two weeks of August. I really remember very few of Crane's friends. As to the wildness of life at Brede, that is nonsense. There should have been seven or eight servants and a collection of handsome 'period' furniture. I want to be frank. I thought the house was gloomy and uninteresting. I thought Crane rash in consenting to live there. I do not know why Mrs. Crane liked Brede . . . If you are prepared to shudder because a woman lets down her hair in front of seven or

³ The Pecksniffian letter of Mr. Z, according to Karl Harriman, ended with the sentence, "As I never approved of —'s course in life, I do not know why I should be expected to contribute anything towards the care of his illegitimate offspring now that he is dead." Henry James contributed handsomely to the fund. The letter enclosing his contribution is preserved in a collection of autographs.

eight friends during a poker game, I suppose she was *farouche*. The young people did not appreciate, I think, some of the implications of her talk. Every now and then she said things that indicated that she 'knew too much about life.'

"I remember one very unfortunate discussion of 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.' You recall that Tanqueray married his mistress. Mrs. Crane thought the tragic ending of the piece false and overdone. She was right, of course. But I remember wishing she would hold her tongue . . . I have to admit that when she got sentimental she could be tedious. She sometimes told 'sob stories' which the American youngsters seemed to like. I recollect one about a man coming from San Francisco, every year, in order to lay a single rose on a dead woman's grave. Crane would get very wooden and depressed during these recitals . . . In general she talked very entertainingly about people and her stories of life in Southern towns were pointed and amusing. I liked her a great deal . . .

"When I heard Crane had collapsed in March [1900] I came over from Paris. Mrs. Crane was walking up and down the hall, lashing her skirt with one of his riding crops. She broke out into a frantic denunciation of herself for allowing so much entertainment at Brede. It was a ghastly quarter of an hour. She finally sank into a chair, sobbing . . . She had no real hope of his recovery. But she showed her courage, and cheered him up. I knew that he was miserable about her. It may be that he married her from chivalry, but he had grown very fond of her indeed. There was something very fine about her. It has hurt me to describe her little vulgarities and eccentricities . . ."

Stephen Crane died at Badenweiler on June 5, 1900, aged twenty-eight. Mrs. Crane

brought the body to this country. She spent the summer with William Crane at Port Jervis and Mrs. Edmund Crane at Rio, in Sullivan County. In November she returned to England. Letters to one of Crane's nieces and to Mrs. Wallace Blunt show her house-hunting and servant-catching, in London. She was an optimist. She was going to live by journalism. In June, 1901, she encountered an old friend.

Mrs. Charles Sidmore:

"I got home from India early in June. My uncle took me to one of the smart restaurants, one night. I began to hear a familiar voice at the next table. And, lo, there was Mrs. Crane, in a black lace frock with Lady Randolph Churchill and some young men. She was telling a negro story and the men were laughing . . . When she recognized me she ran over to our table and made a lovely American fuss. I had lunch with her several times. She was magnificently candid. She was not 'panning out' as a journalist, but she had taken to writing bits of advertising for some smart shop. I do not know how she lived and do not care. She was 'on the level.' She was plucky and gay and kind. After living fifteen years as a surgeon's wife in a raw Canadian town one gets to think with admiration of people who are plucky and gay and kind . . ."

Ralph Paine, March 30, 1924:

". . . I promised myself long ago never to write about Cora. I do not want to put anything on paper, even now, for fear of being misunderstood. What I am afraid of is that some smart Alec will get the yarn from the wrong person and dish the dirt for the 'sophisticated' to have a good time with. She was a fine person in so many ways that I shall be glad to do anything I can for her. But I hope the time never comes."

SLUMS AREN'T NECESSARY

BY CATHERINE BAUER

FOR DECADES "housing" has been urged by small groups of Americans, occasionally with a concrete program, more often as a vague but somehow essential adjunct to the Good Life. Their cause seemed for long to be making no progress whatever. Today, however, after four years of the depression, it has gained a multitude of converts—though at the moment the Good Life as a reason for good housing seems to have been superceded by a whole battery of other purposes. Economists, both conservative and otherwise, urge "housing" as a means of providing emergency employment and as one of the few potentially self-liquidating forms of Public Works. Cities and various sections of the financial interest see in it a chance to rehabilitate economically blighted urban areas. Architects and engineers are inclined to feel that housing is their one glimmer of hope in a drab future. A sizeable group of big-time industrialists is fascinated with the notion that the pre-fabricated dwelling might, like the automobile industry after the war, provide an entirely new boom market to exploit. Romantic reactionaries hail it as a means of putting restless urban unemployed safely "back on the land" in hand-made homesteads with vegetable gardens. A few of the more forward-looking see in government-assisted community housing a real tool for regional planning and industrial re-centralization. Still others, not so vocal, perhaps, see in it new sources for municipal graft.

This chaos is accurately mirrored in the recent history of our official housing policy. Introduced in the first place primarily as an emergency measure to provide employment and not as a housing policy *per se* at all, it has tended to get steadily more and more enmeshed in various side-issues. The avowed purpose, originally fairly constructive and ambitious, has been pared down and compromised until now it appears to be little more than a half-hearted desire to tear down a few central slums, but only if this can be done without hurting anyone's feelings or really changing anything important.

The simple fact which underlay even the most special agitation still stands: all the old methods of providing houses for people of average income or less have miserably failed. There is a whole shelf of recent literature for proof, and a whole gallery of exhibitions and charted surveys for evidence. Briefly stated, it all amounts to the same thing. The average new dwelling has been steadily growing more expensive, more wasteful, and less adequate to the real needs of the individual, the family, the city and the nation. The combined efforts of speculative builders, building and loan associations and individuals building for themselves, cannot supply a new dwelling at a price which even half the population can pay. And such buildings as they do construct are for the most part either built-in slums, or so badly laid out and constructed as to constitute an in-

cient "blighted area" from the start. The net result is that the American Standard of Living today, even in times of "prosperity," is one of the lowest in the Western world with respect to light, air, facilities for group living, and even basic sanitation.

Moreover, quite a large number of people have begun to realize that there is a better way to do things—that the jostling small builders and the front-foot lots and the miserable straggling suburbs and the ideology of individual Home Ownership must go. And in their place must come a technique for building complete communities, designed and administered as functional units and constructed by large-scale methods. And finally, that only governments can make the decisive step.

Any orthodox radical could explain in five minutes exactly why good modern housing at low rentals cannot conceivably be achieved, even on an experimental scale, in the capitalist chaos. And, looking around at the current and apparently insoluble contradictions, one is almost inclined to believe it. Nevertheless, it *has* been done. In England and Germany and Holland and Austria alone—not to mention many other European countries—there are today at least four million new dwellings which are essentially modern in plan and community layout, and better in every important respect than almost all the dwellings ever erected in this country, and which are rented to people who have never before been able to afford a new or a decent home.

II

It may be well to recognize first of all that the heritage of most European cities is not fundamentally very different from that of our own. They all had the same period of bustle and growth after the industrial rev-

olution, and the vast majority of their buildings were erected under conditions of land-speculation, exploitive competition, small-scale enterprise and aimless centralization identical with conditions here.

What we may call the Nineteenth Century environment (though it is still dominant in America), was a truly "international style". Its distinguishing characteristics were dirt, congestion, disorder and waste, all overlaid with a film of empty and frustrated pretensions. Its archeology is the classification of slums, and its focal point is a railroad station surrounded by tenements, smokestacks and beetling façades. Whole regions were squeezed into a gridiron network regardless of geography or any other science, and carved up into salable front feet, into twelve- to twenty-foot lots, into solid blocks of tenements, into an ugliness and tastelessness never before produced with such relentless energy on the face of the earth.

True, the Nineteenth Century had its Romantic reaction. A steady stream of the more adventurous individuals kept moving to the outskirts, into straggling villas and bungalows, there to raise a small piece of green lawn and perhaps a few cabbages, if not, or not for long, to contemplate the primeval. But for the most part the inhabitants of the By-Law Streets and the Old and New Law tenements and the grim respectable suburbs, clipped their vague desires to the shape of their condition, and concentrated on more pressing matters. The typical figure of the Nineteenth Century is nothing if not busy. As for the admitted slum-dwellers, the submerged half or two-thirds of the population, they remained exactly where they were (only more crowded), paying a little more rent for a trifle more dilapidated quarters, and without benefit of even the most fleeting notion of escape.

So much for the cosmopolitan environment of the Nineteenth Century. It continued in full force on both continents, with merely a few interior improvements for the upper classes, straight through until the World war. But then there is a cleavage. In America the old pattern still went on, merely adding unto itself more expensive gadgets and a heavier burden of waste. Skyscrapers, subways, and sprawling speculative suburbs—these have all served merely to intensify the congestion, to speed up the cycle of blight and bankruptcy, and to make even the bad new dwellings too expensive for all but a small minority.

But in Europe, for one reason or another, there has been a real break with the past. The hiatus in all civil construction during the war brought on a critical shortage as soon as the war was over. And the shortage was met, not as in America by applying artificial respiration to the old building agencies, but by developing an entirely new housing technique on an entirely new hypothesis.

III

Even the most casual traveler in Europe during the past half-dozen years must have noticed some signs of the change, some evidence of a new layer of civilized environment essentially as different from the typical Nineteenth Century background as that was from the Eighteenth or even the Fifteenth. The city centers themselves, bulwarks though they are of the old order of things, show considerable evidence here and there of this new deposit. In all continental towns there are gleaming glass-and-metal department stores, airy ungilded cafés, handsome new postoffices, subway stations, art galleries, and shops. Here and there are expensive hotels and apartment houses dedicated to *licht, luft und öffnung*.

And already our American traveler, with his weakness for classification, has learned to call these buildings "modern."

But the new stratum goes deeper than this. It is no mere surface style, tacked on to the sacred rigmarole which reads Louis Treize, Louis Quatorze, Louis Quinze, Biedermeyer, and so on. It is no mere matter of façades—of ornament or lack of ornament, of window and door arrangement, of symmetry or asymmetry—nor yet of materials and manner of construction. Indeed, a large proportion of this newest layer of environment is quite lacking in the more obvious tags of "modernism."

But, looking out of the window as the train approaches Frankfurt or Karlsruhe or London or Rotterdam or Vienna—or, better still, looking down from an airplane (for the railroad has made its own environment and most trunk lines do not provide ideal modern housing sites along their banks), this traveler must have noticed something obviously quite new and not explicable on any of the old terms. Here were residential communities that were orderly, but not mechanical like the By-Law streets or the gridiron blocks; neat and regular and obviously "planned," but neither grandiose like the Renaissance avenues nor grim like the factory villages; spacious and putting the site to its fullest use, but not faked "picturesque" like the romantic zig-zags prescribed in the City Beautiful era.

The best of them show not only "taste" but positive æsthetic form, though without any evidence of individual display, or of competition between individual dwellings. Our traveler may also have seen parks which were neither "classic" nor "romantic," nor yet merely high-pressure playgrounds, and schools and churches and shops and vegetable gardens and perhaps a few factories which clearly formed organic

parts, both æsthetically and usefully, of the communities in which they were located.

All of these phenomena belong in one way or another to the post-war housing movement, which has already left its mark across the face of Europe. Modern housing is much more than houses, and that is one reason why the results of the movement even now point to an entirely new layer of civilization. For the technique of modern housing implies a whole new conception of human environment, beginning with land and sun and air, and extending—in purpose at least—to include the daily routine of the last working-class housewife. And, although the results vary enormously in character and degree of success, its achievements are already so considerable that in England and Holland and Germany and Austria, at least, one housewife out of every six or seven may be said to be living within the new pattern, her routine, and the health and happiness of her family, influenced by the new standards.

Six or seven million new dwellings have been constructed in Northern Europe since the war, most of them during the past decade, most of them for the lower-income half of the population, and almost every one completely different from anything produced in the Nineteenth Century.

It is not merely that the dwelling standard of one class of people has been hauled up a few notches nearer the next most privileged group, and the bill grudgingly underwritten by the tax-payers. Far more important than any mere scaling-up within the old pattern is the fact that the average working-class cottage or flat of the past ten years has certain built-in qualities which even the upper middle-class residence of before the war rarely achieved. And the community of which this average new dwelling is a part offers a permanent amen-

ity which the richest house-builder would hardly have known how to command.

Do not mistake me. I do not mean merely bath-tubs and electricity. I mean sun and air and outlook and convenience and facilities for recreation. I mean compact planning and scientific construction which lessens the burden of housekeeping and house-maintaining. I mean a kind of neighborhood layout and control which forever prevents blight—or boom—from descending on one section at the expense of the other sections. And I mean entirely new building forms, growing, on the one hand, out of the new standards and materials and methods and functions, and related on the other just as clearly to that quickening and renewal of æsthetic sensibility which we call “modern” in the best Twentieth Century painting and sculpture and photography. A new human environment!

IV

Perhaps, on the face of it, this may seem an extravagant claim. Even people who have actually seen some of the new housing may feel that no such broad implication was intended, and no such revolutionary progress accomplished. It is quite true that those developments which really do stand by themselves—which achieve a positive synthesis of modern techniques, modern functions, a new standard of living, fundamental economy, and a modern æsthetic of design—might easily be counted on one’s fingers. While of really “perfect” housing developments there are most certainly none at all. And it would be altogether false to suggest that the movement has been undertaken in any mood of joyous, extravagant, creative *élan*. Every step has been difficult, and often enough, the conscious purposes of the leaders themselves have been vague and narrow by

comparison with the importance which I am here attaching to the results.

Nevertheless, the fundamental ideas behind practically all of the work have been very much the same—and entirely different from any set of motives which produced the mass of Nineteenth Century dwellings. The experiments, whether successful or unsuccessful, complete or incomplete, have pointed in the same direction. The best developments are all fulfillments in one way or another of earlier attempts.

Römerstadt, its handsome curved white rows silhouetted against the Taunus mountains, and facing Frankfurt across the wide permanent “green belt” of the Nidda valley, is in many respects the partial fruit of experiments at Letchworth and Welwyn in England, at Breslau, at Stuttgart, and on the Hook of Holland. Siemensstadt in Berlin and Rothenburg in Kassel, with their free-standing apartment blocks—every dwelling with a maximum of sun and ventilation and a private balcony, and the whole set in a huge super-block complete with all neighborhood facilities and permanently insulated against traffic—cap countless experiments in functional street-planning, orientation, utilization of open space, and interior layout.

Neubühl near Zürich is probably the most thoroughly successful and attractive modern community in Europe, but it could never have been created if countless ideas, arguments and experiments in England, Germany, Holland and France had not preceded it. The Karl Marxhof in Vienna, with its kindergartens and libraries and clinics, its laundries and baths, its playgrounds and wading-pools and post office and shops and restaurants, is not an exception, but merely the fullest realization to date of the working idea behind all Viennese housing.

And, on the other hand, there are cer-

tain minimum standards to which all of this vast housing construction adheres. There has been practically no crowding of the land—and therefore none of the large number of evils which result from this practice as it is habitually resorted to in America. There are almost none of our wasteful and distorted “T”, “H” and “U”-shaped units, which, no matter how ingenious, never have any result except to increase construction costs and decrease amenity.

No building, whether of one, two, three, or four stories, is ever more than two rooms deep. Practically all dwellings have cross-ventilation and direct sun throughout most of the day; and almost every one looks out on to a sizeable and usable stretch of lawn or garden. There is probably not a single spot in Western Europe in which it would have been legally possible to erect a New York New Law tenement, or a Boston or Chicago three-decker, or one of the mill-town flats, or long, narrow houses two to twelve feet apart, for any income-group, at any time since the war.

V

How was it done? How was it possible for chaotic, bankrupt, unstable post-war Europe to have a great era of building. Obviously the actual mechanics—political, legal, financial, technical—cannot be dealt with here, but some of the fundamental premises are not difficult to state. In the first place, housing in Europe has become a *public utility*. The right to live in a decent dwelling has taken its place among what Sydney Webb calls the National Minima—the right to good and abundant water, to sanitation, to adequate fire and police protection, to the use of paved and lighted roads, to education, to a certain amount of medical care, and, in most European coun-

tries, to various forms of social insurance against illness, unemployment and old age.

Now the corollary to this is that, if dwellings of a certain minimum standard are not and cannot be provided for all individuals by their own or other private efforts, the responsibility devolves upon the community as a whole, or the state or some other public authority. And, as a matter of fact, practically the entire output of low-cost housing in Europe since the war has been achieved through the direct assistance and regulation of governments. Governmental assistance has taken two general forms: one investment, and the other subsidy. The principle behind such assistance has been about as follows: money is loaned on duly approved projects, at a rate just high enough to cover the cost of the money to the government. If this does not make it possible to charge rents low enough for those who need the housing, the government further offers a subsidy, either in interest rebates or in outright cash, or perhaps in the form of free land or tax-exemption. Municipal land-purchase policies have played a very important part in the whole movement as also have social insurance funds. Government regulation is designed to insure high standards and the safety of the public investment.

The actual constructing and owning agencies have been, in the main, either the local authorities themselves or one form or another of non-profit housing society. In some cases, and with due control, private builders have been assisted as well.

Naturally, it has been an essential interest of the governments—and of the public at large—that such housing investment should be financially as sound as possible—ininitely sounder than any ordinary speculative project has ever been or ever could be. The houses had not only to be economically constructed and laid out, but

had to be proof against all forms of insidious blight and decay, and had to be planned in efficient relation to the rest of the city organism—for the future as well as the present.

Out of this fact grew the second fundamental axiom in the technique of modern housing: the *community unit*. In order to take full advantage of mass-production methods, in order to provide all necessary equipment as economically and efficiently as possible, and most important of all, in order to insure permanent amenity and economy, the complete neighborhood was adopted as the minimum unit for planning, construction and management. The result is that there is not a single old-fashioned gridiron street-layout in any modern housing development in Europe: streets are organically planned for definite and permanently differentiated use, not for releasing saleable front feet for speculation.

Another result of the neighborhood planning unit is—modern architecture. An æsthetic of architectural design has developed which frankly makes use of standardized units, which makes a positive virtue of precision and simplicity and economy, and which is able to consider the group as an organic whole instead of as an infinite series of individually competitive structures. An æsthetic of design solidly based on economics, technology and human functions, instead of a veneer applied afterwards if you can afford to show off, it is the first vernacular of domestic design since the Eighteenth Century which is really entitled to be called “architecture”. Perhaps it is the first one since the Middle Ages whose implications are organic and complete.

“Functionalism” has been a popular descriptive term for the new forms—and it is as good as any one-dimensional slogan ever succeeds in being.

VI

So much (and it is not very much) for "how". But what about "why"? what interior reason actually made all of Europe suddenly start to produce good modern housing? What made housing become a "public utility"? Certainly there was no great burst of lavish philanthropical benevolence in the post-war psyche. And none of the current abstractions will quite explain it. It is too easy, if you are conservative, merely to murmur "socialism". Housing has played an extraordinarily small part in labor agitation. And, even if one might with a certain degree of truth point to the housing and planning achievement as the single positive contribution to progress made by the various social-democratic and "labor" governments, now for the most part irretrievably defunct, it is equally true that the movement has sometimes been promoted almost as energetically under Tory, Catholic, Fascist and Capitalist auspices as under the mildly Socialist or even the Communist régimes.

It has never, except in Russia, been a conscious vocal purpose to "socialize" housing, even though the trend of the movement has actually been in that direction. Curiously enough, the very same officials and technicians and average citizens who are responsible for the modern housing can often be heard uttering antiquated creeds and shibboleths which no more apply to what they have produced than they do to a Hopi Mesa.

Even in Nazi Germany, where every sort of strong-arm method is being used to turn the clock back, it is extremely unlikely that housing technique will revert to chaotic individualist methods. Peaked roofs instead of flat ones, perhaps, and more houses for peasants and fewer for urban workers; but planned community housing

will go on. If the housing movement is socialism, it belongs to that branch of socialist history which includes public water-supplies, sanitation and schools.

And it is also too easy, if you are a radical, to pass it off as merely a sop thrown to the workers by bourgeois capitalist governments "for fear of getting something worse." If it is a sop, it is an exceedingly inefficient one. Re-housing, even at the construction pace of the ten years up to 1930, is a slow process. Even the most active countries—England and Holland, for instance—have so far been able to mollify not more than one worker out of six or seven by presenting him with a new dwelling. And very often the new housing has been considerably better than the average worker, degraded by slum living, had known how to demand until he saw what could be done. The traditional bread and circuses would have been much better for purposes of *Realpolitik* in the class struggle. Also, it might be added, there has been little or no promotion of home-ownership, that time-honored ideal of all conservative politicians: quite the contrary, the whole technique of modern community planning precludes the very notion of individual ownership. And, in the summer of 1932, I saw more sickle-and-hammers in the modern *Siedlungen* of Berlin and Hamburg than I did in the slum districts.

No, there is no easy answer. The whole history of modern technics and their effect on civilization would have to be explored for a full explanation. In the first place, the movement was not really a sudden one at all, except in quantitative terms. The legislative background for public housing goes back to the fifties and sixties, almost a hundred years ago. In the United States, housing legislation has not yet reached the point attained in England, Holland, Germany and other countries

long before 1900. By 1914 there was already a considerable body of concrete experiment, and a mass of solid public opinion and understanding quite unknown, even now, in this country. The world-wide and very acute dwelling-shortage at the end of the war merely supplied the spark of emergency to give the movement a powerful and immediate impetus.

VII

But behind all this—behind the legislation, the public control, the subsidies, the planning technique, even the modern architecture—was, not philanthropic “reform” and not surface politics, but as practical and realistic a piece of subconscious collective reasoning as any that modern history can show—perhaps the *only* one of the past ten or fifteen years. One might paraphrase it, with some temerity, about as follows:

Bad houses are a public evil. They create enormous and unproductive public expense through endless battling against disease, crime, dirt, ugliness, fire, degeneracy, waste. They undermine any possible prosperity by making potentially intelligent workers either inefficient or criminal, and by turning people who might have been merely relatively inefficient into paupers and public charges.

Nine-tenths at least of a city is devoted to living-quarters. If the dwellings are bad, the city is bad. If the dwellings are wastefully constructed, chaotically laid out, unrelated to the city organism, ugly, and too expensive for the people who must live in them, then it is the community as a whole that is penalized and eventually bankrupted thereby. The Blighted Area, that spreading insidious disease which is gradually ruining most cities on both sides of the Atlantic, is directly due to planless con-

struction, to neighborhoods which can deteriorate almost overnight, because they were designed for quick individual profits and not for efficient use.

Hardly a single really decent dwelling for the average person, except under very special circumstances, was erected during the entire century up to the war. All of these sub-standard dwellings were the product of either the individual building for his own use, or the speculative builder seeking speedy profits. Both of these agencies, as far as average shelter for the average citizen is concerned, have nothing but a history of progressive failure to show for their efforts.

Their failure is inherent and not accidental. Neither restrictive legislation (building codes, zoning laws, etc.) nor “reform” (by individual philanthropists, coöperative experiments, well-meaning industrialists and the like) have proved in the least successful. History shows that such remedial measures usually end by merely producing a new kind of slum (for example, the New Law tenement in New York, the By-Law street in London). Efforts to relieve congestion and get around exorbitant land-values—subways, skyscrapers, spreading suburbs—have only intensified the speculation and increased the area and degree of congestion.

The individual home-builder failed because a custom-made house with a Machine-Age standard of equipment and service is an economic anachronism—a luxury, like a custom-made automobile or an individually tailored refrigerator, that none but the wealthiest can afford.

The speculative builder failed because he got caught in a vicious circle. His insistence on quick returns (and he had to have them, for no one could judge ten years ahead what was likely to happen to any given section of a city) produced a

shoddy product. This made financing costs excessively high, which in turn put the cost of even the bad dwelling out of reach of all but a very small minority of the population—until it had deteriorated below any standard of decency.

Both the individual home-builder and the speculative builder failed because of the high land costs resulting from their own greed, and because a modern dwelling is not in any sense a self-sufficient unit, physically, economically, or any other way. A man's house can no longer be his castle, complete with moat and drawbridge. The success or failure of a dwelling depends essentially on its relation to a thousand other buildings, to hundreds of different service lines, to streets and parks and open country and the whole social organism.

But (and here was the real stroke of creative genius in this process of subconscious reasoning) *bad dwellings are not an unavoidable necessity*. Something can be done about it. If an age which knows as much as this one does about the economies of large-scale production, about hygiene and convenience and amenity, about human habits and the nature of cities, cannot produce a good inexpensive dwelling in pleasant surroundings for everybody, then it has reached a strange and tragic impasse indeed.

But there must be a complete break with past methods. The modern problem is so complicated, the necessary controls and planning techniques so integral in the whole social pattern, that private efforts cannot be expected to solve it alone. The entire future of our cities and our states depends on the method which we now set up to deal with housing and its related problems. The responsibility, and the initiative, must come from the public as a whole. And with the proper controls over land and location and planning and

financing, it is cheaper to build good houses than bad ones.

Thus realistically was the first step taken. And when certain possible side-effects were pointed out to them—such as the depreciation of central real estate values, the dampening of private initiative or the decline of individual home-ownership—those who followed the process of subconscious reasoning did not allow themselves to be readily swayed into compromise. Instead, they looked at their new houses, found them remarkably good on the whole, and decided that compromises and readjustments would better come from the other side.

VIII

In this way, while surface politics and international economics have been almost solely occupied with this or that shifting of power within the old scheme of things, with pegging old values and reinforcing negative defences, the new technique of housing and land-planning has slowly begun to create new values, new purposes for politics and for social struggles, even for revolutions.

Within fifteen years, European housing has evolved from chaos to some semblance of science, from "reform" to at least a promise of New Form, from remedial restrictions to positive construction, from slum panaceas and pauper philanthropy to a practical working standard of modern environment for everybody.

However, if there has been any implication that the housing problem has actually been *solved* in Europe, or that it can be solved under present circumstances, it must be hastily disposed of. A few million dwellings are merely a drop in the bucket. And when one considers that a large number of these are still too expensive for un-

skilled workers, and that all houses good or bad are too expensive for the unemployed, and that the vast field of regional and economic planning of which housing is merely one small department has barely been scratched, one must admit that the accomplishment is small indeed by contrast with the need. Moreover, the various labor and social-democratic governments which were largely responsible for the most active housing policies are for the most part quite dead, as a result of their

flabby stupidities in other fields. What even the immediate future holds in store, no one can say.

But still, there it is for all to see: a new standard of human environment, and a new way to achieve it. And, although it is not true that any government which could carry through a modern housing policy would be *ipso facto* a good government, it is certainly true that any government which cannot do so is a reactionary and anti-social one.

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

ADVANCE announcement of the Church of the Four-Square Gospel of Santa Maria in the *Valley Vidette* thereof:

Evangelistic service 7:30 P.M. Good musical program and the Lord willing Brother Forsberg will speak on "Short Beds and Narrow Lovers."

WANT AD in the San Francisco *Examiner*:

BARGAIN—Have no faith in anything but own deficient self. No intelligence, else would not be colossal failure. Much business experience. Want to hire me? If you will gamble it may prove long shot. Let answers be explanatory. Box 35069. *Examiner*.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THE art of statesmanship as practiced in the House of Representatives:

The simple question, "Who carried the first bottle?" held the attention of the House for a time today.

Two Illinois members, Representatives Britten and Sabath, were the principals, the former being an advocate of an embargo against French wines.

"You are an expert on French wines," Mr. Sabath told Mr. Britten with a reproachful air; "I don't want to talk with you."

"I want to ask the gentleman when he is going to pay back that bottle of gin he borrowed from me three years ago?" Mr. Britten returned.

Face reddening, Mr. Sabath waved his hand toward Mr. Britten to cease.

"I'll return it when it is legal. I don't want to carry it through the streets," he said.

"You don't want to carry it?" demanded Mr. Britten with an incredulous tone. "Who carried the first bottle?"

The exchange stopped there.

MINNESOTA

CARD of thanks of an illustrious public servant of the town of Ely, as printed in the local *Miner*:

I heartily thank my seventy-four true and tried friends who at the polls approved my long well-known stand for law and order in the face of strenuous opposition.

Above all I thank Almighty God for the blessings of health and strength to make a living at honest labor.

I am proud of the fact that I can truly say that in all my life I never tried to influence a single voter with a glass of beer or booze, a promise of a job, or other favors. Not even a ride to the polls.

I have always made it distinctly understood that if I couldn't get an office or a job, without resorting to unethical tactics, I didn't want it.

Perhaps it is just as well that I didn't get in.

My reputation is bad enough now. Standing on my old record two years longer might be bad for my health.

Yours truly,

JOHN SCHAEFER.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

LITERARY intelligence in the *News and Critic* of Laconia:

Nicholas Frost was telling about the Pulitzer prizes as donated by the late Mr. Pulitzer. Maj. Fred Maher is selling a book, "The Raven," which is a Pulitzer prize book. Another is "Candide," by Voltaire. Doubtless to say, these fine books should be in everybody's library. We ran across Voltaire's work in a cross word puzzle the other day. It must be "some" book. We used to like to read those old French novels in the high-school, one we had to do with the death gurgle in the field of battle.

NEW YORK

THE Canastota correspondent of the Syracuse *Journal* reports a miracle:

Mysterious fragrance of roses in the home of Arthur Thomas Cerio, fourteen, sanctuary boy at St. Agatha's Church, before and after his death at 12:15 o'clock Friday morning is believed by his family to have been a manifestation of St. Theresa of Lisieux, The Little Flower of Jesus, to whom Thomas was especially devoted.

The Cerio boy had recently made a novena to St. Theresa. Before his fatal illness he had been a faithful communicant of St. Agatha's Church and during his long illness he was frequently visited by the Rev. Clement D. Shaughnessy, pastor, and his assistant, Rev. John McCarthy.

The odor of roses in the Cerio home at 115 Roberts Avenue was detected by relatives and friends of Thomas before and after the boy's death, although there were no flowers of any kind in the house. Members of Thomas' family at first were skeptical over the existence of the odor, but finally, they said, it became unmistakable.

Mrs. Jeanette Ezzo and Mrs. Rose Cullin of Canastota were among the visitors to the sick room who called attention to the fragrance of roses in the room.

Father Shaughnessy's only comment on the Cerio family's belief that the Little Flower of Jesus had manifested herself to the dying boy was that "it was entirely logical."

NORTH DAKOTA

WANT AD in the Bismarck *Tribune*:

WANTED AT ONCE—Man with good principles to work on farm this winter for lone woman. Write *Tribune* Ad No. 5471.

OHIO

ONE Christian to another, in the Columbus *Citizen*:

I would like to ask J. J. N. to read the following Scriptures: II Corinthians, vi:16, viii:1; James, i:21; Revelations, xxii:11. Then I should like to ask him: Do you consider tobacco filthy and unclean? If not, did you ever clean any spittoons?

Would you like to see your mother or sister walk down High Street, smoking or chewing tobacco and spitting on the sidewalk? If not, read Acts, x:34; Romans, ii:11; Colossians, iii:25. Would it look right to see our Saviour, Jesus, walk down High Street smoking or chewing? If you can still answer in defense of tobacco, read St. John iii:1-8.

A Christian never chews anything he can't swallow, and I would hate to see this good brother try to walk right into heaven with his tobacco, for he will surely be disappointed, as there are no spittoons there.

L. B. CAILEY.

WASHINGTON

BILL introduced in the Senate of this great Commonwealth:

In the Senate. By Senator Garrett.

SENATE BILL No. 110

STATE OF WASHINGTON, EXTRAORDINARY SESSION, 1933.

Read first and second time, ordered printed, and referred to Committee on Judiciary.

AN ACT

Authorizing the State of Washington to engage in business or enterprise that the Governor may see fit to enter for the better preservation of the peace, safety and convenience of the people of the State, and provide that the same shall take effect immediately.

Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Washington:

SECTION 1. The Governor of the State of Washington is hereby empowered, and it shall be his duty to engage in the business of or the production and distribution of the following: Flour, millfeeds, coal, vasoline, kerosene, gasoline, wheat, corn, barley, rye, oats, lumber, shingles, hogs, cattle, sheep, iron, copper, zinc, silver, potatoes, carrots, onions, beets, strawberries, raspberries, chickens, turkeys, ducks, geese, butter, eggs, milk, hay, hops, bread, doughnuts and other nuts, radio broadcasts, moving picture studios, publication of newspapers, production and operation of airplanes and automobiles, ownership and operation of

department stores, beer parlors, barber shops, real estate offices, fire and life insurance agencies, brokerage offices, dental and medical clinics, law offices, grocery stores, butcher shops, markets, drug stores, marine ways, hotels, lodging houses, restaurants, eating places, banks, saving and loan associations, land title insurance companies or other kindred occupations.

SEC. 2. Any agency created by the Governor may consist of not less than three or more than three thousand commissioners; the final decision as to all matters whatsoever shall vest with the Governor, unless the commissioners appointed by him under this section shall, by unanimous vote, decide otherwise.

SEC. 3. Any agency may employ a general manager, doctors, lawyers, butchers, bakers, candlestick makers, specialists, investigators, miners, farmers, manicurists, barbers, stenographers, solicitors, or any other kind of employes: *Provided, however*, That no employé of such agency shall receive in excess of \$6,000 per year in addition to pensions or retired pay from other tax-provided sources.

SEC. 4. For the purpose of carrying out the provisions of this act there is hereby appropriated from the money available in the State treasury the sum of \$250,000, or so much thereof as may be necessary.

SEC. 5. For the purpose of providing funds in the State treasury with which to carry out the mandate of section 4, the committee is hereby empowered to levy a tax upon all private persons engaged in any of the enterprises above enumerated, an ad valorem tax of 10% on the gross proceeds of their operations.

SEC. 6. For the further carrying out of the provisions of this act the commissioners are hereby authorized to issue bonds to an amount not exceeding \$100,000,000.00 which in addition to being a first lien on the monies collectible under section 5, shall be regarded as a first mortgage, coming before all other obligations and not excepting taxes, on all property, real and personal, in the State of Washington. Such bonds shall bear interest at the rate of not exceeding 6½% per annum, and shall be legal for investment by all banks, trust companies and municipalities, and shall be exempt

from taxation by the State or any municipalities for any purpose whatever.

SEC. 7. No place of business operated, nor enterprise conducted by the State, or by any agency created hereunder, shall ever be required to pay any taxes, direct or indirect, in any form whatsoever, to the State of Washington, or to any of its political sub-divisions, and shall not be subject to N. R. A. regulation.

SEC. 8. Failure to comply with this act in any manner satisfactory to the commission, shall constitute a felony, and shall be punishable by a fine of \$10,000.00 or by imprisonment in the State penitentiary for a period of not less than ten (10) years, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

SEC. 9. This act is necessary for the immediate preservation of the State and its existing public institutions, and for the public convenience, safety and necessity, and shall take effect immediately.

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

FROM the *Catalina Islander* of Quito, Ecuador:

At the Girls' League Commission meeting held Monday penalties for the wearing of lipstick were discussed. Under the newly adopted policy a girl seen on the school premises wearing lipstick will be prohibited from wearing street clothes on the two Fridays following.

SOCIAL note in the *Star and Herald* of the capital city of the Republic of Panama:

Mr. R. C. Worsley of the Union Oil Company, sailed yesterday for a vacation which he will spend promiscuously in the States. He will visit some time with relatives in North Carolina.

ONE of the less publicized aspects of the Hitler Awakening:

The Berliner *Tageblatt* announces that its colored comic supplement, which used to be the brightest published in Berlin, will be "merged" with its pictorial supplement.

"There is no room in these days of political stress for wit of the traditional form," it is explained. "The new times demand of every one that he take his place in the ranks of national duty."

NATIVES DON'T CRY

BY KAY BOYLE

WE WENT to Austria that summer. It was the time of year when hay-fever made father's eyes cry all day, and in the mountains there was no sign of dust, there was almost frost in the evenings, and if he saw any goldenrod growing he could take the long way around across the snow. We went to Austria, driving there from England, and Miss Henly came to us the night before we left. She was not very pleased to come, but it was only for the month, so she came as a gift to us. She did not believe she would like us because of the hotel where we were in London and because of the color of mother's hair. She did not say these things in the same words to us, but she said them in other ways so that we knew. But the first night she came to us there was a Lord and Lady to dinner. They were an Irish Lord and Lady, brother and sister, twins. They were both sixteen. Miss Henly did not say much to them at table, but it was easy to see she was satisfied they were there.

The hotel belonged to Mrs. Lewis, and she stood at the top of the stairway smoking cigarettes, knowing at once when you came in whether she'd like you or whether she wouldn't. There was a signed picture of the King, in her parlor, and she used to sit there talking to mother about the royalty. She said the Mother Queen wore a plaster mask on her face when she was getting old; she couldn't bear the sight of her features falling to pieces in the glass.

And Francis said: "What did she do with the max when she had to laugh at something funny?"

Mrs. Lewis said: "She never saw anything funny, never in all her life."

She was always a little bit drunk when she received at Court, and one day they unveiled a statue for her, and the Mother Queen hiccupped too much to speak the words she had to say, and they had to play the music.

"Ha, ha!" said Mrs. Lewis after everything. "What would your little girls like to see in London?" "They'd like to see a Lord and a Lady," mother said.

So Mrs. Lewis invited the Lord and the Lady. Miss Henly came in time to put Francis to bed and then she took us down to dinner. The Lord and Lady were waiting in the hall. The Lady wore a green dress, and she had long, straight, red hair, and because they both had freckles like our own we could scarcely look in their faces for sorrow.

"I don't believe they were a Lord and a Lady at all," my sister said when we were in the room undressing.

"My dear child," said Miss Henly, "as you have doubtless never so much as laid eye on a titled Englishman, I daresay you have no reason to believe that these young people were imposters. I thought them very well-bred."

"I know they couldn't have been a Lord and a Lady," my sister said. "They had freckles."

"Nevertheless," said Miss Henly folding our dresses sharply into the open suitcase, "I have no doubt they were, and I daresay I am a better judge of such things than a little girl who has always lived across the water."

Miss Henly had a thin coat and a wide felt hat that almost escaped from her head when we drove. She had to hold it with her two hands, riding in the back between us. She was not dressed for driving, you could feel the bones in her legs shaking, but she was very vain of everything she had. Mother put a fur jacket in the back of the car at Southampton and said: "If you feel the wind, just put this around you, Miss Henly."

There was a ring of blue around Miss Henly's mouth, and she had no gloves on her hands, but she said: "Oh, I'm not accustomed to bundling up in season and out. In England we don't take our winter things out quite so early, you know. I would be very glad to know," said Miss Henly, looking severely at mother, "if it doesn't seem too presumptuous, where we may be going. It's on account of my mail, of course. I haven't anything else but my letters," she said, and she looked at us all as if we were strangers to her. "I have nothing else to live for now."

We thought she was fifty because she had no color in her face, and her hair was pinned back in a knot in her neck, but it was gray near the ears. Father took her passport on the French side, and when he came back to the car he said: "I think you're much too young to be leaving home, Miss Henly."

He had a soft voice, and whenever he smiled he seemed shy and uneasy to us.

"Miss Henly's almost as young as you girls," said father, and we saw the color run into her cheeks. "She's only twenty-five."

"How old did you think I was?" she said, and Francis said: "A hundred."

But he was so young there was nothing to say to him. It was just a number he had heard somewhere.

II

She had been born in Burma, she was a civil servant's daughter, and she had no patience for the ways of any children except the children she and her brothers had been. In the hotels at night she took their pictures from her bag and set them on the bureau. She spoke of them all, and of the places they had lived, as if these things were clearer seen than any others. And she spoke of them only a little at a time, and not too often, as if they were too good to be given quite away.

She did not say these things or anything like them to mother, but if mother was having her hair done over in Paris or Strasbourg or Munich, she said them to father and to us where we were having tea. She looked at mother in mirrors when mother was putting a dress on or changing her hat, but she never told her about Rudolpho although she wrote to him every day.

She said to mother: "Where would be a safe place to have mail sent to? I have to know about my letters."

And mother would be looking at the side of her face through the hand-glass in the mirror, and she would say: "Oh, I'm sure the American Express or Thomas Cook would do, don't you?"

But mother never said which city because she scarcely ever knew which country she was traveling in. She could not remember the capitals of Europe even. She could only remember people's faces and whether they liked Picasso. So Miss Henly did not say to her: "When I was a little

girl my father never could shave in the morning unless I was curled up on the table where his basin of water stood."

She gave such gasps and whispers of laughter while she spoke of herself to us that sometimes her words were lost forever. Her cheeks squeezed up red and the tears of laughter seemed ready to fall from her eyes, and the glass with the cocktail in it shook in her hand. "I always had to hold his brush for him, imagine!" she cried out. "He used to make a mustache for me out of the lather—!" She said more after this, but she laughed so wildly that we never made it out.

Her family were dead, even the brothers, so there was no one left to write to, but there was Rudolpho. He was a name written out very big across an envelope at night. Father said: "If your young man likes to read so much, Miss Henly, I think he must be quite literary."

Whenever we had tea with father, we had it beside the bar where he sat because he didn't like the drinks in other places. And after a week, Miss Henly forgot about tea. She sat at the table with us, but she had a cocktail and potato-chips instead.

"Oh, he's not exactly that!" said Miss Henly, laughing. "He's foreign, of course, but so many people are these days that one gets accustomed to it. He's been ten years in London, too, so you'd scarcely know. I don't know what he's doing to cheer himself up, poor thing. He must feel like a duck out of water. He wanted me to go, of course, and he told me not to hurry back, but I know perfectly well what's going on inside him!"

"You'll probably have mail waiting in Salzburg," said father. "What about another cocktail?"

"Oh, I scarcely ever drink!" cried Miss Henly.

"But these were small," said father.

"Yes," said Miss Henly. "That's quite true." She saw mother coming in through the swinging-door and the smile went sharp on her lips, and she said: "Do sit up, girls! Francis, take your spoon out of your cup! One would never think I'd been with you over a week now. I'd hoped to see much more improvement."

"Well, anyway, they've learned to say lef-tenant," father said.

III

Father went to the post-office the first thing in Salzburg. He took the passports in his hand, and when he came back he was carrying a great many things. There were letters from America, and there was mother's picture playing golf in the *Tatler*, but there wasn't anything, there wasn't even a postcard for Miss Henly. She did not say anything. She sat quite still on the terrace of the coffee-house on the Mozart Place, and the sun was shining for a change. She looked straight into the sun, past father, smiling at what he said. He had said: "There wasn't anything for you today, Miss Henly. Better luck tomorrow."

Mother opened her letters, and father opened his, and we did not look at Miss Henly. No one lifted their eyes, and no one felt easy in the silence at the table. Miss Henly sat with her cup of coffee and cream in front of her, and because she did not speak there was nothing for anyone to say. But Francis said: "Maybe nobody likes you," and mother said quickly: "Would you like to wander around a bit by yourself this afternoon, Miss Henly? There's quite a lot to see here. I'll take the children out to the Grand Duke's palace to see Elizabeth Duncan. You might go see Mozart's skull."

"Mozart's skull!" cried Miss Henly. "How disgusting!"

In the evening she was in the room still, she was sitting there in the half-darkness when we came home. She had been writing a letter by the window and she was putting the name on the envelope when we came in the door. Father came with us, and Miss Henly said: "Where would the best place to change English money be?"

Miss Henly stood, very small and thin, with her hand holding to the back of the chair. She wore high black shoes, and a shirt-waist, and a skirt that had no year or season, wide at the knees, and dark. She had never worn anything else but this, no matter how the weather changed.

"Look here," said father. "If you'd like your salary in advance, you just tell us. I can pay it now or whenever you want it, just as you like."

"Not at all," said Miss Henly. "I had no intention of asking for anything in advance. I just happened to find a few shillings in my pocket and thought I would change them here. I only want to buy a stamp," she said.

She did not like the seeds in the bread, or the cream in the coffee. There wasn't a thing she could eat in the breweries, because of the thickness of the meat and the smell of beer in the place. The way of eating frankfurters in the fingers, and the linen suits the women wore, were things she could never get over. She couldn't believe anyone could have so little care for the kind of figure they cut.

"Imagine going off on your honeymoon with your husband's head shaved like a convict's!" she said to father, having a drink in the Mirabelle garden in the afternoon. "I'll never forget these frightful heads if I live to be a hundred."

"I'm afraid you favor the long-haired, artistic type," said father. "Let's try their side-cars."

"Oh, I never drink more than one, if that," said Miss Henly. "Of course, I've seen some of the funniest photographs of this young man in England I've spoken of before. When he was in the war, they got things, you know, things in their heads, if you can imagine it. They had to shave the entire regiment's heads! But he wouldn't let them touch his beard, and he did look too silly! He had a little bit of a beard, he was only twenty-one then —"

Miss Henly's voice was lost in gasps of laughter, and father, although he had never seen the photographs, opened his mouth and laughed as well as he could. Miss Henly picked up the second cocktail, and suddenly she stopped laughing.

"I was wondering about something this morning," she said. "I was going to ask you, that is. The next time you do go to the post-office, would you mind asking if there are any letters for Mary Gwendolyn, or for Gwendolyn Henly? My passport has my name down simply Mary Henly. But some of my friends were in the habit of calling me by my middle name, Gwendolyn. This friend I've mentioned to you before always called me that."

At the end of the week we went away, we went up the valley into the mountains, and Miss Henly rode in the back with us. She held Francis on her lap, and she closed her eyes and told us of the places she had been.

There were eight natives struck by lightning in the hills in Burma one night in the summer, and she had seen them in the morning when the others carried them down. Their bodies were burned as black as logs in the fire.

"What did you give them to make them stop crying?" Francis said.

"Natives don't cry," said Miss Henly. "They don't feel things the way other people do."

It was cold climbing and father soon stopped the car for a glass of wine in a country tavern. We all went in and sat down by the stove, and mother and father and Miss Henly drank a pitcher of red, hot wine.

"How do you like Austria, Miss Henly?" mother said. "This is Austria, isn't it?"

"Oh, it's very like the country in Burma, you know," said Miss Henly. "I was telling the children, I've a friend who has a little car of his own. He drives it all over England. I told him we would be driving around Salzburg. It would be a joke, wouldn't it, if he suddenly turned up on the road?"

"Perhaps he's going to surprise you by coming right over," said father.

Miss Henly's face squeezed up with laughter.

"It would be just like him to," said. "I'll never forget the time we were asked to a fancy-dress party. He dressed up the same as two friends of his did, and I never knew until the party was over and everybody unmasked that I'd been dancing with somebody else all evening. He had got tired," said Miss Henly, "and gone home early."

"That was a good joke," said mother.

Father said: "Have a little more wine."

"Oh, I never take much," said Miss Henly, watching him fill her glass up. "If this friend I was speaking of did happen along the children would have a wonderful time with him. He's like a child himself," she said, and she began to gasp with laughter. "He'd be down on his hands and knees all the time playing with Francis if he were here."

"Francis," said mother, "please get up off your hands and knees, darling."

"If I get off my knees can I stay on my hands?" said Francis.

IV

Day after day Miss Henly walked us slowly over the hillsides, in the rain even, with our thick boots on, and on cloudy windy days. Mother and father went up mountains together escaping the golden-rod and the cut hay lying wet in the fields. Whenever we went back to the hotel, there would be letters on the table, but there would never be anything for Miss Henly.

"Nobody writes to you, Mrs. Hen," Francis said. He was proud because he had two cards one day from people we scarcely knew. He had a card with a cat's head on it, and when you pressed it the cat cried. And the other was of a man in a bathing suit, and when you undid the back of his trousers all the views of Venice opened out.

"My dear child," said Miss Henly. "Fools' names and fools' faces," she said. "As a matter of fact, Francis, if I wanted my letters sent here I could easily tell people to write to me here, couldn't I? So you see how silly you are."

But we never saw her writing any more letters. She did not even speak of Rudolpho. She would sit reading books that mother gave her, and she never found any of them very good, not as good as the books she had read somewhere else at some other time.

"Always the same old thing," she said, and she gave them back to mother. "Always love, love, love, and whether the beautiful girl will, or whether the handsome hero won't succumb! It's just a bit tiresome I think, you know."

Mother and father put their feet out by the fire and mother said Miss Henly wasn't a good thing for the children even if she was leaving so soon. She said it was the worst thing to have this for every meal with you, this pall, this bitterness, this

dead, unspoken sorrow. What could we give her to take away her silence, and her sharpness, and her grieving face?

In a little while father said: "What do you think if I should be Rudolpho? He's been an absolute skunk to her. I'd like to give him a piece of my mind. He probably took every penny she made from her, and now that she's down and out he's through with her. Anyway, I could write letters to her. I could typewrite them and sign them Rudolpho. I could tell her how much I miss her. They wouldn't have to be long."

"How could you possibly get them mailed?" said mother, putting the bright clear red on her fingernails.

"I could have them mailed from Innsbruck," said father. "I could tell her I couldn't stand England without her. I could tell her I'm going absolutely mad."

"That much would be true anyway," said mother.

In the morning father and mother took us part way up a mountain. We were going to the first hut underneath the glacier, because anything else was too far. We left very early, while it was dark still, and we would be back late, in time for supper. Going up we would take it very easy, and we would not speak much, for you needed all your breath for climbing. But coming down we could run as we liked and pick gentians and forgetmenots all the way.

So we climbed quietly, very silent, my sister and I, listening to mother and father talking to each other ahead. It was growing light when we reached a plateau where the stream spread out and made soft, marshy ground, and at the far end of this we saw a herd of horses standing. They stood with their heads laid across each other's necks, a great many of them, dark and glossy in the early morning, with their long tails softly brushing across one another's flanks.

They did not move until we were near the center of the field, and then they seemed to see us quickly, as if it were a game they were playing, and they broke apart and a few of them cried out in high clear voices. The largest horse had started towards us, her head down, her nostrils spread, her tail arched out behind. The others scattered across the end of the field, and then they wheeled and swung to the heels of their leader who was coming fast, pounding over a trail as if for water, following the smell of it hard to where we stood. Behind her came the others, younger and wilder, shouldering each other and rearing in their haste.

Mother said: "Get behind me, girls. I never heard of such a thing. I never heard anything in my life about horses acting like this."

Father waved his stick at them, but very gently, as if he would really do them no harm.

"Perhaps they've had an unfortunate experience with humans recently," said father. "They may be looking for someone in particular."

Mother put her arms down about us and drew us off towards the trees that stood ahead, keeping us close beside her under her arms.

"I'm not in the least afraid of horses," father said, waving his stick. "I never have been. I've ridden all my life."

"I know," mother called back from where we were. "Neither am I."

But the horses knew very well what to do: when they were almost on us all, they drew their chins in close against their shining necks, as swans might, floating on the water, and they swerved wildly and perfectly in their circle to the other side. First the leading horse drew in her head and made the curve, and then the others followed in the tumult of their advance. It

might have been some kind of game they had made up out of their loneliness and their boredom on the mountainside. They went off over the deep marshy ground and near the edge they took their place again, their sides blowing fast, their heads shaking the hair on their necks from one side to the other, fitting again into their attitudes of rest.

We came home another way and we did not see them, and when we got to the hotel it was six o'clock and Miss Henly was giving Francis his bath. There was a look of something else in her face, and whatever she said to us she couldn't keep from smiling.

"Did we get any mail?" said mother.

"Oh, all the mail was for me for a change today," said Miss Henly.

"Oh, how nice!" said mother.

"It was quite a joke," said Miss Henly, her face squeezed up with laughter. "The porter came staggering up—three telegrams and seven letters! They'd never heard of such a thing here. You can imagine!"

"I hope your young man's well?" said father.

"Oh, he's awfully well, thank you," said Miss Henly. "He'd put the wrong address

on all the letters and they were all returned to him. So that explains how it was, you see. He's awfully excited about the Lindberghs being in England. He's working on a newspaper now and he's been trying to find out where they are so as to get a peep at them and perhaps a word or two for a story."

"Well, we'll get a good bottle of wine tonight," said father, "and we'll all drink to Rudolpho."

"Oh, that's so nice of you," said Miss Henly, "but you know how little I drink." She stood up to put the bath-towel around Francis, and she said: "The heat in here, you know, it really makes me a bit dizzy."

It wasn't until after the bottle of wine had been drunk and Miss Henly had taken Francis up to bed that father said anything about it.

Then he said to mother at the table: "There wasn't any mail at all today. The bus broke down on the main road and nothing ever came through. The porter told me when we came back this evening. The mail-bag was still hanging there waiting in the hall."

"I think the girls had better go up to bed," said mother. "They've been up a mountain and they're awfully tired."

WOMEN ARE HUNGRY

BY MERIDEL LE SUEUR

Let others sing of the hungry pain of Life,
Let others sing of the hungry pain of love,
I will sing of the hungry pain of hunger.

WHEN you look at the unemployed women and girls you think instantly that there must be some kind of war. The men are gone away from the family; the family is disintegrating; the women try to hold it together, because women have most to do with the vivid life of procreation, food, and shelter. Deprived of their participation in that, they are beggars.

For this reason also they feel want and show it first: poverty is more personal to them than to men. The women looking for jobs or bumming on the road, or that you see waiting for a hand-out from the charities, are already mental cases as well as physical ones. A man can always get drunk, or talk to other men, no matter how broken he is in body and spirit; but a woman, ten to one, will starve alone in a hall bed-room until she is thrown out, and then she will sleep alone in some alley until she is picked up.

When the social fabric begins to give way it gives way from the bottom first. You can look at the bottom and see what is happening and what will continue to happen. The working-class family is going fast. The lower middle-class family is also going, though not so fast. It is like a land slide. It is like a great chasm opening beneath the feet and swallowing the bottom classes first. The worker who lives from

hand to mouth goes first, and then his family goes. The family rots, decays, and goes to pieces with the woman standing last, trying to hold it together, and then going too. The man loses his job, cannot find another, then leaves. The older children try to get money, fail, and leave or are taken to the community farms. The mother stays with the little children, helped by charity, until they too are sucked under by the diminishing dole and the growing terror.

Where are the women? There is the old woman who has raised her children, and they have all left her now, under the lash of hunger. There is the unattached woman, and the professional one, and the domestic servant. The latter went down two years ago. The professional woman began going down only recently. There are the young school girls—more than a million of them—who were graduated into unemployment two or three years ago. Many of them, particularly those coming from the industrial centers, who never went beyond grammar school, are now hoboes riding on the freights. Their ages run from eight to eighteen. They are the lost children.

You don't see women in bread lines. Statistics make unemployment abstract and not too uncomfortable. The human being is different. To be hungry is different than to count the hungry. There is a whole generation of young girls now who don't remember any boom days and

don't believe in any Eldorado, or success, or prosperity. Their thin bones bear witness to a different thing. The women have learned something. Something is seeping into them that is going to make a difference for several generations. Something is happening to them.

II

Old and Young Mothers

We went up three flights of stairs and down a crooked corridor flanked by shut doors. There was not a sound. It was early afternoon. In that house there were about twenty families, and often four lived in one or two rooms, but now everything was pretty quiet. Everybody was taking a nap; the children had not yet come in from school. In the whole building only about five are employed regularly, and about two now and then in the Munsingwear just down the street; the rest are on charity. Six of these families are without men, just holding together like bees, in this huge desolate hive.

Anna, who lives on the top floor, is a cook and supports four people, her mother, sister, and two sons, on her \$45 a month. Her man left three years ago to find a job in another city, and at first wrote now and then, and then didn't write at all, and now is lost. Anna comes home every Thursday to see her family, and the rest of the time she does not see them. This is Thursday, and she is home reading out of a Swedish Bible to her mother, who broke her leg last spring.

We listened at the door and then we knocked. The reading stopped. Anna opened the door. Leaning over a round table sat her old mother, her sister, her two blonde sons, and Mrs. Rose. Mrs. Rose is an elderly woman who has raised six

tubercular children whose whereabouts she has not known for four years, since they were out of jobs. One was in a foundry in Pittsburgh, another on a wheat ranch in Montana. The other four were on the bum for a while and sometimes wrote her, but now they do not write. Mrs. Rose tries to support herself getting jobs as a housekeeper but has a hard time. Either she doesn't get paid at all or the man tries to sleep with her. She has hair that was hennaed a long time ago. She is lean and bitter and has a great deal of hate in her. She has nothing to do now, so she comes to talk to Anna and her mother in the afternoon and stays to eat there.

Many men have been killed making America. Many were killed laying the railroad, making docks, coal mines, felling the lumber, blasting the land. There were a lot of widows in the last century left to support their children with their physical labor. Everyone remembers many such women even in one small town. They were the women who took in washing, who scrubbed office buildings at nights, or made the party dresses for the merchants' wives and daughters. Everyone remembers many such women and there are many who live in nobody's memory at all.

Anna's mother is such a woman. She had seven children, and her man was killed on the docks in Duluth while she was raising her children on the sand bar. After that she supported them herself, scrubbing office buildings every night until five-thirty. She sent them all through high-school, because in America education would lift them out of the physical labor of her class. Two of her sons were killed riding back and forth from coast to coast on the freight cars. Only one has a little property, a farm, but it is mort-

gaged and he is likely to lose it at any time now.

They all live in two attic rooms. You can see over the roofs of the town.

They begin to talk, as everyone does, of how to live. It is all nip and tuck. They are used to it, but you never get quite used to being trapped. At any time you may look up with amazement and see that you are trapped. "I've worked all my life," Anna's mother says, "with these arms and hands and sent seven children through high-school and now I can't get enough to eat."

The women all look at one another. The youngest boy, about four, is playing on the floor. The other boy is reading. They all look at the little boy, who looks like his father who was swallowed up, just as if some big crack had opened and swallowed him, or as if a war had devoured him whole. Mrs. Rose has lost all her children like that now. They all seem to be looking at something. Anna gets up to make supper of a sort.

"A person can't get paid nowadays for what a person does," Mrs. Rose says, and she begins telling about the last place she was working in, and the man was a widower with four children, and she worked like a dog for three months without any pay, and bacon rinds cooked with potato peelings most of the time because the garden had burnt up in the sun; and then she couldn't get a cent, not a red cent, and so now she is without work at all, and the cancer growing inside her, and nothing to show for her life and she might as well die.

Anna's mother sits with her broad arms over her stomach. She is full of words about it and pounding the Bible and saying she will write a letter to the President. "It's all in the Bible," she shouts, the tears going down her wrinkled face. "You can-

not live by bread alone." She looks at the little boy again. "Anna, we left some milk for him. There will be a glass left. What are you going to feed him?" she cries. "He has got to have milk. You can't make bones with just bread. Everybody knows he has got to have milk."

The women all look at the child. Anna stops by the stove looking at the child. You can't feed a child cream tomorrow to make up for his not having milk today. They know that. Anna goes over and picks him up. It's really to feel his ribs and his legs.

It's hot in the room, all the heat goes up to the attic, and it's turned a bit warm out so they have left the door open, and women keep going by slowly in the hall to the lavatory. They have been going by heavily in the dark hall with swollen faces.

"There are four pregnant women in this attic," Anna's mother says bitterly. "If they knew . . . If they knew . . . they would cut their children out with a butcher knife. . . ."

"Mother!" Anna says. "Sh! they will hear. . . ."

"Better to hear it now than later, and only one has a man working now and then only for the city, and there hasn't been any snow yet this winter to speak of, and besides the city is going broke and can't hire so many men."

"What do they do then?"

"Well, when you are going to have a baby you have got to have it. You go ahead and have it, whether a war is going on or not you go right ahead. They got so many women now having babies at the city hospital they only keep them eight days now. The better ones they turn out sooner. They got to have room. It's got so a woman can't have a baby. It's got so a woman is crazy to have a baby."

The other women look at her in fright. The child keeps on playing. Another pregnant woman goes slowly looming in the dark. Anna looks wildly at her two blonde boys. She gives her mother a cup of hot water with milk in it and sugar. The old lady cries pounding the Bible. "It says it all here. Under your own tree . . . it says. Every laborer is worthy of his hire. Every man should be under his own tree and should be paid at sundown. . . ."

Nobody knows what the poor suffer just for bread and burial. Nobody knows about it. Nobody has told about it. Nobody can know about how it feels unless you have been in it, the work there is, just for bread and burial.

The women look at one another. The child plays on the floor, never showing his bright face, his yellow hair shining. The snow keeps falling very softly outside the window.

We all seem to be sitting within some condition that we cannot get out of. Everyone is bright and ready for living and then cannot live.

Pretty soon it gets darker and people begin to come in, doors slam below and the smell of food comes up, and it smells terribly good when you know how hard it is to get, how it takes a whole life and all the energy of a man or a woman to get it for the born and the unborn and the dying, and how it takes some kind of splendid courage to still have children to keep alive when it is the way it is.

The winter evening settles slowly and the snow falls sadly.

The two bitter women tell about their lives in a loud voice and we listen, and something keeps going on and on, something that is killing us all and that nobody seems to stop.

You keep feeling how rich everything is except the thing of making a living.

You feel how rich these women are in their necessity to have rich experience and then how they are crippled in their bright living, having too hard a world in which to get bread for the living and burial for the dead.

"I might have been a great singer," Anna's mother suddenly says softly. "Everyone said I might have been a great singer when I sang at Christmas in Sweden and everyone in Stockholm stopped on their way to listen. . . ."

"Is this all the milk?" Anna says pouring out half a glass.

"All the milk," the old woman screams. "My God, everybody knows you can't make bones out of water, doesn't everybody know that you can't make bones out of water? I took that woman next door a little milk. You can't make bones in her without something to eat, can you? Doesn't everybody in the world know that, you can't make bones, a woman can't make bones without the stuff to make it in her? . . ."

"Mama, mama, sit down," Anna cries. "Sit down, mama. Drink your pink tea, mama."

The woman next door far gone in pregnancy comes in. "Look, Anna, it is snowing. There will be some shoveling to do."

All the women turn to look at the feathery flakes drifting down. It will have to snow like this a long time before it makes any shoveling.

Milk went up two cents today. Milk is dearer.

III

Farm Girl

Bernice lives in an old block building that was condemned by the city long ago, but is now full to the brim of people be-

cause you can get a room for two and three dollars a month. Everyone in the building is on charity. Bernice has been on charity for two years now. She no longer looks for a job. She looked steadily for a job until about six months ago and then she stopped looking. She has been all her life working in other people's kitchens. She is pretty deaf now from hanging out wet clothes in the cold. She doesn't care about that kind of work any more even if she could get it. For the first time in her life since the depression she has had leisure to enjoy herself and find out about things, and have a bit of pleasure. She runs around the streets now with other girls, sometimes with a man, having a good time, talking, laughing, going to picture shows, dancing sometimes when she can pick up a guy.

Bernice is quite moral, because she is afraid of the hazard of being unmoral. She is afraid of what men do, she knows how men are, that you can't trust them a moment and they get you into trouble. Her friend Grace makes that plain. Grace is always in trouble with men, always trying to get out of trouble. Bernice wants to get along and keep out of trouble. Her life has narrowed itself down, like a wary animal's, keeping herself out of trouble and having the best time she can.

The police are pretty hard on a lone girl. When the police see you wandering they always think you are bad if you are a girl. Bernice and her kind are simply hungry. But the police wouldn't think you were wandering out of many kinds of hunger.

No, if you are a girl you are either good or bad and that is all there is to it.

Next to Bernice lives her girl friend Mabel, who has to keep pretty clever, too, to keep the charities from running her into Faribault. They want to have her

sterilized and put into the home for girls at Faribault. Mabel is from a farm in Minnesota; she likes men pretty well and isn't clever keeping herself out of trouble. Last year she had a baby, so of course all the charities are down on her, and if any of the workers or the police see her talking to a fellow they are right after her. She is pretty and likes fellows so it is kind of hard on her. A girl has to live, she only has one life.

Mabel has worked in the five-and-ten since she was fourteen and lied about her age. When she had her baby they gave her an intelligence test when she was scared stiff anyway, and it was about forests and she has never seen more than one tree at a time in her life, just growing between the sidewalk and the curb.

Of course, she failed pretty thoroughly, because she was shaking like a leaf all the time because of fright about having a baby. If they had asked her how a girl wolf gets by in a city, where to get the best hand-outs, how to catch a guy that will take you to a show maybe, and a feed after, and how to get away without giving him anything, she would have passed one hundred percent. They asked her about the wrong kind of jungle.

Mabel hasn't worked for three years. She doesn't look for work any more either, and they all refuse to work in women's kitchens in this new arrangement of working for room and board that lets rich women save a lot on their help so they can go to Miami during the winter. They are all on to that. This old block is honeycombed with lone girls like this, wolf girls who get along. There are girls in the building who have been machine operators, trimmers, pressers, button sewers. They all get five dollars worth of groceries a month from the charities. Sometimes they get an order of Pillsbury's best flour

and practice making fancy cakes that are advertised in the ladies' journals, and then they eat cake for a week and have nothing the next three weeks, but it is worth it.

This is incomprehensible to the charity virgins. They can't understand either why the girls leave those stinking holes where they live and go to a picture show whenever they can. They try to go to as many shows as they can. The rooms are heated only by stoves. The charities give them a little wood or coal. The rooms are always cold and infested by the odors of all the foul humanity that has lived in them since 1850, and, besides, cockroaches, bed bugs and lice and enough rats to keep all the cats they can get, very fat.

The girls live a great deal on hand-outs from restaurants. Sometimes they beg clear to the other side of town until they get some dish that touches their fancy. Before Mabel's baby was born she had a hankering for spice cakes, and they used to walk from restaurant to restaurant turning down chicken dinners and asking for spice cakes.

Sometimes a man gets sweet on them for a while and if he has a job gives them money now and then. They always manage somehow or other to have a good hat and a bright scarf. They rummage around at the Salvation Army store and fix themselves up for about a quarter. It is pretty marvelous how vivid life stays in a woman, how she always washes out her socks, and looks pretty clean and has some powder for her nose, no matter how pinched she is and how miserable. Women sometimes have a kind of indestructible lust for living in them that is pretty hard to douse.

But they are now seeing something pretty clearly. Keep alone as much as you can, look out for yourself. Keep away from men and marriage, because there isn't anything in it for a girl but a horde of chil-

dren to be left with. Lie low, get along, beg, borrow or steal, go a lone wolf's way.

It is a philosophy of war and famine. They stay strong and alive and terrible with it. They are like wolves in a jungle, not even traveling in a pack. They sit for hours in wash-rooms, looking, waiting.

Their families are gone. They are alone now. Let the State take care of them. The State is their only family now and they look to it. They have transferred even the quarrels with their families to the charities and the State. They complain lovingly and bitterly about the food they get, the coal, the care at the clinics. They adore going to the clinics, they enjoy the sensation of importance that they have, as if for a moment the State cared passionately for their health.

The boys may still think they are going to be successful, that they are going to step into the big guys' shoes, but there is something funny about the girls. They are thrown up, lost from all the folkways for women, derelict from the family, from every human hunger except the one for bread.

They talk and they say only one thing, "I ain't going to have nothing to do with any of it. I ain't going to have nothing to do with guys. I'll have a time. I want what I want. I'll drink when I like it and have a time but no guys for me. I ain't going to work for nothing either. I ain't going to slave for nothing. I ain't going to do nothing."

So there it is, a strike. They understand something that is going to make a difference for a generation or two. They are on strike. They aren't going to have anything to do with it. They don't like the terms, so they aren't having any of it, and it will make a difference to all our living for a long time.

IV

Teacher

To get any relief work, if you are a teacher, and haven't had any work for a couple of years and have spent all your savings and let your insurance go and pawned everything you own, you have to go to the Board that is handling the relief work for teachers and *prove* to them that you are destitute. You not only have to be destitute but you have to prove it. They are both hard but the last is the harder.

Nancy Sanderson's father had been a skilled glass blower. He had made pretty good money in his time before they invented a machine to take the place of the man. They lived pretty well and they always thought they were going to find some splendid new opportunity and go into business for themselves and be smart merchants and have the best house in town and servants. He educated all his six children because he knew that education was a thing that could get you on in America and anyone who had it could get what he wanted. So his four girls were school teachers and his two sons he educated to be engineers, and now they are all out of jobs. Old Sanderson fortunately is dead, but his daughters and his sons are not dead, except one daughter who is now dead because she chose it.

To prove you are destitute you have to go to the State House, after having sent your application in before so it would be there ahead of you and everybody would know thoroughly about your being destitute, and then you have to put on your best things and go up there and see if they will give you one of those night classes for the unemployed, to teach. They are going to have classes for the unemployed, for adults, to keep up their ambi-

tion in this trying time; besides, it will employ a few teachers who, if they work steadily, will make as much as fifty dollars a month. Anyway, each State has appropriated so much money for this relief work. Some say it is a plan that comes from the educators who are afraid that they are not going to be supported so bountifully in the future, and are trying to make themselves important in the crisis. Some people wonder who is going to pay for it all anyway, whether the teachers will spend enough to put it back where it is taken out. Well, there is a lot of speculation, but probably there is a great deal too in the mind of a girl like Nancy Sanderson going up toward the State house on a frosty morning in a light spring suit, to prove she is destitute.

She is alone, and it is hard for a lone woman to get much attention from the charities. She spent the last of her money last spring, all but about fifty dollars, and she does not know how she has been living. She had some friends who do not dream how destitute she has been. They ask her for dinner now and then but she eats so much, as you do when you are hungry, that it generally makes her sick afterwards. Well, there are ways of doing when you are destitute, and you get by some way and you don't know how you do it. A person can see you stand there and you look all right, but of course you have on quite a bit of rouge, but still you don't look starving or anything out of the usual and at the same time you may feel your knees dropping down and the greatest terror in the pit of your stomach. Lack of food is the best thing to give you terror. And, of course, Nancy's family always expected to get ahead, to better themselves. Never for a moment did they expect this.

So you feel very terrible going up to

the capitol office building. You've gone up there a lot of times to get a position but that is different. Then you had your Ph. D. and your fur coat and the knowledge that you were going to get on in the world, and you didn't have to watch to see that your elbows did not come through and that your last pair of silk stockings did not spring into a run. The great building with the chariot of horses high above looks terrifying and you feel guilty, as if you had failed somehow and it must be your own fault.

You walk around a long time before you go in and then you go in and up the elevator without thinking and down the long hallway where women who have jobs are working, and you know who they are, like yourself nice girls who work very hard and save for a fur coat and to put some linen by in case of a wedding. And they are always looking to better themselves, too, in some mystical and obscure way that seldom comes about. A pang goes through you for what has happened to women.

There is a bench outside the door where people wait. The bench is full of rather thin but rouged women, waiting. You stand against the wall. Someone is in the office talking to the man who is in charge and there is a stenographer who goes to the huge file and hands him the application he wants.

You stand there. Perhaps there will be too many applications before yours. When you get in a big machine like this office building, then you don't think. You are in the machine. It can do what it likes. How many human lives are filed in a building like that! The woman in the office says desperately, "Twelve hundred new applications for work relief today. . . ."

"Good Lord," the man says. He goes

on talking in a loud desperate voice to the applicant who is a man and stands doggedly, twisting his cap and trying to answer. You can tell from the voices of both men that they are both caught in something, strained to the breaking point. The man who is asking the questions is part of a machine too. He has to answer to someone higher up. "Well, you see," he shouts too loud, "you've got to answer these questions. You've got to answer them. You see, we'll give some of this work to someone who has a car, or a bank account, or owns a house, and then we'll be in dutch. . . ." The other man tries to answer in a low voice so no one will hear. He has had dreams too. He has thought to have some power of his own, like any other man. . . . Then another and another, all squirming, answering in low voices and going away and the man talking more shrilly.

Nancy Sanderson sat down, biting her teeth together, holding her wet hands tight in her lap. She looked all right. To look at her you would have thought she was all right. But hunger tears through you like a locomotive. You can hear your own heart like a trip hammer. You can hear your own blood in your ears like a cataract and you can't hear anything else. You are separated by your tremendous hunger from the ordinary world as if by a tragedy. You can't see what is happening. You can't hear what is being said.

The man was going over her application, trying to make it more definite. He was trying to be patient.

"You see, to get this you have to prove absolute destitution."

"Yes," she said, wetting her tongue. When you don't eat the saliva begins to dry up in your mouth.

"Do you understand that?"

"Yes, I understand," she said again.

"Well, look here, you say you had fifty dollars left from your savings in the spring. Have you still got that?"

Where was that gone, fifty dollars? Why, fifty dollars doesn't last long.

"No, then what have you been living on? You must have been living on something. How have you been living?"

"I don't know," she cried in agony, and she felt all the starved blood rise and push against her throat like a million crying voices, but she did not cry out and she knew she must not cry because everyone would be embarrassed and they were all embarrassed already, as if they could not help something that was happening and they all felt ashamed and embarrassed.

"What have you been living on since?" the man suddenly shouted.

Everyone looked up, faces looking up from all around.

"I don't know," she barely said, and knowing all of them there squirming like worms when you uncover them.

"You've got to prove it, don't you understand that, you've got to prove it. . . ." The man seemed to be wild and shouting. "You've got to prove it."

She stood up amidst the eyes and saw the long corridor stretching out. She got up and started to walk as if she stepped among fetid and rotting bones and empty eye sockets. A silence followed her, and the people spoke to her in the common silence of hunger.

The manager got up and took a few steps after her, his pencil held out, "Wait," he said. "Perhaps something can be arranged. . . ." It sounded like a speech in a dream.

She went on down the white corridor so clean and white and warm, down into the rich lobby, out into the rich country with the fall light like gold upon the faces of the hungry people, and the horses

of state gleaming and roaring into the sky, and she walked down past the nigger shanties and the Jewish tenements and people saw her walking and she looked all right so they paid no attention until she was dead.

When she came to the high bridge she let herself ease off into the air that was so sweet, as if you might skip winter.

They found her and took her to the morgue and of course they knew it was suicide.

V

Moon Bums

The winter moon was hanging down over the stacks of the city. We were to meet down by the fish hatchery where the freights slowed down at the switches to be shunted with the empties. The two girl bums, Fran and Ethel, were taking off for the South. This country is no place to spend the winter, so they were hopping off. I went down past the jungle, down into the thicket, across the tracks to the cliff side where they are hollowed out below into small caves. I saw a tiny fire low down in the cliff and somebody hallooed, "Hey!"

I stooped down and crawled in. They were leaning over a small fire of smoking twigs. They both had on overalls and a lot of sweaters but they were blue from the cold and Ethel's scar on her cheek looked bad. She had come in from Seattle with that cut festering. She had let go of the grab irons and tried to alight running, but her knees had buckled and her face ploughed through the gravel along the tracks. It left a pretty bad cut. It was hard getting some hospital to fix it. You have to be pretty sick if you are a bum before they'll take you in. They

shunt you on some place else for repairs. These kids aren't allowed more than twenty-four hours in each place if anybody knows it.

I met up with them just after they landed here from Seattle. I heard a lot of tales from them. They had been traveling and mooching around the country for a year and a half. They were old hands. They knew their onions. They might have been anywhere from sixteen to eighteen. They look like a thousand girls, they have a thousand names. Workers' kids, they have graduated from poverty, sweat shops, machines, diets of pigs feet, stale hamburger and old bread.

Fran worked in a shirt factory since she was twelve at \$1.97 for a fifty-five hour week. Ethel is younger, and she went to eight grades in school and then worked as a learner in Connecticut where they have young girls work for a dime a week learning, and then most of them are fired when they learn and others are hired. Her family strung safety pins on a wire at night for awhile and then set out in an old car to make the canneries, but they soon separated; the father and mother stayed in a town in Carolina with the three younger children, and the older ones set out on their own. When Ethel made the town last summer the family were gone and nobody had heard of them for six months, so that's out now. She's on her own now for sure.

The South-bound refrigerator empties aren't due for half an hour. We all squat down and hold out our hands. It is bitter cold. I can see the new moon hanging just outside the cave.

"Boy, well we're off again," Fran says. Fran is a thin eerie looking girl. Kind of a Botticelli-looking girl, with the stone cave behind her and her delicate face on the thin drooping body. But she's wiry,

and she told me their life was better than the life in a factory, that they were healthier really.

"Yeah, we're off," Ethel says. She can't talk very well because of the long gash on her cheek. It will make a scar.

"Where are you bound?"

"Boy, I don't know where, I don't know where this car goes. I only know it's headed South and that's enough for me." She swore like a sailor about the cold.

We sat listening to the trains coming up the grade and the wind tearing around the rock like a sea. We looked at one another. We probably never would see one another again. It was like it is in a war.

They had told me a lot of tales, wonderful and terrible. Last winter they lived in dry goods boxes outside of Chicago with two fellows who were carpenters and made the shacks, and the girls did the cooking and the fellows did the foraging. They didn't live with the men because they didn't want to. The men were awfully homely, so they didn't want to. They just took care of the house and the men did the mooching, because a man isn't picked up in the city like a girl is. A girl is always considered a moral culprit when she begs in the city, and she is sterilized or sent away to a farm or a home which she hates.

You have to look out for this. In the summer this causes a curious return to an old matriarchy. The girls gang up and live in the jungles and the boys do the mooching and foraging, and the girls keep the jungles clean and cook the mulligan and make the boys wash, and sometimes they sleep together. They warm each other. But there is principally one kind of hunger, the hunger for bread. There isn't much prostitution because there is no money. The girls want to keep away from pregnancy and disease.

"It ain't honey and pie," Fran told me. "You get slapped and kicked around plenty and it's root, hog, or die. A girl don't have it any worse than a boy, not as bad maybe, because there is some terrible homos on the road, but it's bad. You got to roost anywhere and be ready to high tail it any old time."

Now they were high tailing it again. The long, long hoot of the train coming up the grade came right into the low cave. "There she is," Ethel said, her eyes dilating, and she reached nervously for her bundle. "I get kind of nervous when I hear that. I never get used to it. My stomach gives right away."

"With that feed in you," Fran said. "We got all the leavings at the fort. Tasted all right but you never can tell about garbage. We ate garbage in Spokane and our stomachs have been yelling."

We listened to the long long hoot. "She takes her time coming up the grade," Fran said.

How did she know? Had she been in Minneapolis before?

"Sure I been here," she said looking at me. "I don't know when. I been so many places, but I remember these caves and the long grade with the bullgine hooting like that for about ten minutes. We might as well stay inside out of that wind."

I felt queer. I wanted to make them stay. But the statistics kept going through my head . . . one million vagrant children . . . The long wail of the engine came nearer. The two girls got up. Fran stepped on the fire. The young moon hung brighter.

Ethel had told me, "No more jobs for me. There's nothing to it, working your guts out. My family did it and look at them, no better than if they'd been on the bum."

Fran said, "No marrying for me and our kind. A fellow can't get a job now the way I see it. No kids for me when I see what happens to them. I should stand around like my mother and see my kids thin as rails and going up in a puff of smoke every winter, all that blood and work going up. There's nothing in it . . ."

The ground began to shake as if it were about to crack open and swallow us. We ran out into the cold wind. The ground shook more. The blackness before us seemed to gather and mount. Number 29 was coming up the hard grade along the Mississippi. Fran and Ethel stood with their bundles. They looked like twigs as the light from the engine swathed over them. They looked like nothing.

"Fran . . . Ethel . . ." I screamed. The black engine came in a blast and forced us back against the cliff for a moment, then passed, and we all ran forward together as if released. Fran and Ethel were shouting something at me. I could see their mouths and their ghastly grins, trying to smile at me. Ethel went ahead waving her bundle, the gash showing livid down her cheek. I shouted at them but they could not have heard. They were shouting back at me, but I could only feel the ground shake and the ghostly force of the wind. I ran after them as if some ghastly suction were taking me in too.

The train stopped banging back upon itself . . . the engine let out a great hiss. The two girls scuttled like mice through the couplings between the cars and I ran down looking through every space, but I couldn't see them any more. I read the lettering . . . Golden California . . . Seedless . . . Chicago . . . Omaha.

I didn't see them any more. I shall never see them any more.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Medicine

LIVING BLOOD FROM THE DEAD¹

BY JOHN R. McMAHON

PROFESSOR SERGIUS JUDIN, chief surgeon of Sklifasovski Emergency Hospital, Moscow, has within the last three years made more than three hundred transfusions of blood from the lifeless to living patients. Such vital fluid has been kept in a refrigerator for periods ranging from a few days up to almost a month and then used. In the vast majority of cases the results have been successful and quite equal to those where the blood of living donors is employed.

"We are now supplying this blood to hospitals in other cities within a radius of over two hundred kilometers from Moscow," Professor Judin informed the writer. By airplane such blood could be transported to China or Africa. In the next war, this method may largely reduce mortality.

A slender wiry man in the forties, all nerves and action, flashing eyes behind thick-lensed spectacles, who speaks a little

English and is fluent in French and his native Russian, Professor Judin by no means made his transfusion discovery as a virtuoso feat. On the contrary, his method has a scientific basis which European savants recognize. Professor A. Gosset, chief surgeon at Salpêtrière Hospital, Paris, has written an introduction to Judin's own account of his work, recently published in the French capital under the title, "La Transfusion du Sang de Cadavre à l'Homme."

Professor Judin first attained prominence in 1926 when his book on spinal anesthesia won a Soviet Union prize of a thousand rubles, which enabled him to make a six months' visit to the United States. Here he studied at the Johns Hopkins, Baltimore; at the Mayo brothers' Rochester, Minnesota, hospital; and at Dr. George W. Crile's clinic in Cleveland. It was Crile's pioneer work in finding an anti-coagulant for blood that laid the foundation for Judin's innovation. The Russian visited Madrid and Paris last year to report progress to his European colleagues. These are equally interested in his new transfusion system and in his brilliant technique in operations for stomach ulcer, whereby he removes much of the organ under local anesthesia only. In 700 cases he has had an operating mortality of less than 5%.

In company with foreign visiting surgeons, the writer was privileged to see an operation by Judin and to observe the extraction of vital fluid from two deceased subjects. The operating room resembled that of any first-class Western hospital and

¹ Dr. Rufus E. Stetson, who is associate attending surgeon at the New York Hospital, has read this article, and says: "Professor Sergius Judin's new technique of transfusion is described with apparent fidelity of detail by Mr. McMahon. Whether it will be practicable in countries outside Russia, owing to traditional and other considerations, is another matter. It is possible that Professor Judin's method may have a place in providing for emergency transfusions in isolated communities. It is certain to be of inestimable value under conditions of war. My own experience in this field leads me to believe that whole blood when obtainable is always preferable to citrated blood. However, the endorsement by a leading French surgeon must carry weight in Europe and the subject is at least of interest here, both to the medical profession and to the educated laity."

had the usual equipment. After the operation the surgeon chatted at ease, even gayly in his office, pointing out photographs of the Mayos and other American medical friends on the walls.

Preserved blood, explained Professor Judin, has an advantage over that of living donors in that an autopsy, always performed, gives an extra check on the purity of the fluid, besides the Wassermann and other tests possible in the case of living persons. Tuberculosis and other ailments unnoticed in donors are revealed by autopsy. Also, the preserved fluid is always available at a moment's notice in any quantity and type required, while many patients are lost waiting for the arrival of living donors. There is, further, an economic aspect. A donor in America may be paid \$50 for a single transfusion and cannot soon repeat the drain on his system. In the other method, the cost is nominal. Again, while the donor usually aids only one person every month or so, the preserved blood from a single source will save the lives of six to eight persons, according to the Moscow surgeon. And the technique of the new method is so simple that it can be followed in all large city hospitals. To be sure, Western practise may save up the blood of living donors, but this is done only to a very limited extent and cannot have much scope in comparison with the Russian system.

The layman who suffers from heart disease or arteriosclerosis will be interested to learn, as Professor Judin has demonstrated, that his blood is likely to be as pure and useful as anybody's. His trouble is mechanical, not affecting the contents of the veins. So, too, elderly folk may have first quality vital fluid capable of restoring youthful patients to health. The idea to the contrary is doubtless due in part to the fact that donors are usually young and vigorous;

they have to be in order to stand the strain.

Dr. Crile's discovery in 1909 of the use of citrate of soda to prevent blood coagulation was important in all transfusions and had wide application in the world war. The technique was developed by various scientists. In 1928 Professor Schamov of Kharkov transfused blood from dead to living dogs. He thought the method might be tried on men in time of war but would not be feasible in peace.

The alert, energetic Judin heard Schamov lecture, discussed the subject with him, and returning to Moscow decided to extend the procedure to human beings. The first opportunity came on March 23, 1930. The ambulance brought to the hospital a would-be suicide, an engineer of thirty-three, all but lifeless from loss of blood. At the same time there was available the body of a sixty-year-old man who had expired from a heart attack six hours before. The emergency would not permit making a test of the fluid. Hurriedly some blood was extracted from the deceased and injected into the veins of the barely breathing patient. In a little while the moribund engineer recovered consciousness. Some time after he went back to his job. Meanwhile the Wassermann test showed that the blood that saved him was untainted.

Judin repeated his initial success with a number of other patients. Then he was threatened by the Soviet law requiring autopsy on accident cases before removal of blood. Thus, like other pioneers in medical history, he was forced to work surreptitiously for a while. Before long he decided on a bold step. He reported his activities to the fourth Congress of Surgeons of the Ukraine at Kharkov in the fall of 1930. He asked the Congress to approve the continuation of his experiments. He cited some of his remarkable results

in the saving of lives. The Congress ruled that he had a scientific basis for his work and should continue it. The opinion of such a medical body in Soviet Russia has a quasi-judicial weight, and Judin was enabled to carry on his research legally.

We may pause to contrast the backwardness of America's superstition-ridden laws which hamper medical research, make necessary autopsies difficult to perform (by requiring, for example, the written permission of relatives), and in several states, including New Jersey, operate to prevent the establishment of medical colleges. Compare, too, the doctors in our courts, barely tolerated as expert witnesses, heckled by judges and badgered by lawyers, with the Soviet doctors in a medical convention giving an extra-judicial opinion, which is accepted by the government and becomes the law of the land.

After the Congress episode, Judin felt it necessary, first, to review the primary studies with dogs. This and other experimental work was done by his two women assistants, both highly qualified physicians, S. I. Barrenboym and Marie H. Skoundina. The improved technique of taking blood from the jugular vein was worked out on the animal subjects. Dr. Skoundina now conducts most of the hospital work with human cases.

It was established that in sudden, painless death the blood stays liquid in human veins and will flow out by gravity even after twenty-four hours. Age makes no difference in this respect. A lingering, painful demise is adverse to liquidity because toxins develop and the stream thereby clots or thickens. The most convenient cases were accident victims who succumbed at the hospital, sometimes permitting the Wassermann test before demise, and allowing speedy drainage of vital fluid after. But many of the accident victims were

unsuitable. Those badly mangled, who had lost much of the venous contents, yielded but a pint to a quart of blood, while from a quart and a half to two quarts and a half could be obtained from a drowned person or one who had hanged himself.

The amount of fluid taken depended on the blood index group. For example, it was not necessary to extract much of Group No. 4, which is used only in rare cases. On the other hand, the maximum amount of fluid was obtained from a subject with the blood-type suitable for universal use. A large number of subjects became available when all cases of serious accident or sudden demise in the metropolitan area were sent to this hospital, and the surgeon could be more particular in his selection. The theory that young subjects were the best was soon exploded, and it was shown that the blood of an elderly woman who succumbed to arteriosclerosis was as efficacious as that of a young man who met with a fatal accident. [Thus Judin. Dr. Stetson dissents, holding that youthful donors are preferable.] To be sure, age was often estimated rather than known, since many of the casualties remained unidentified.

How long will blood remain sterile and non-toxic in the veins of a deceased person? This is a question not yet fully cleared up. Actual experiment shows that the fluid remains alive and healthy in the system of the deceased for half a day or better, and when kept in a refrigerator it stays alive and healthy for about a month. It is noteworthy that despite the prevalent ideas on the toxicity of bodies, Professor Judin's three hundred transfusions have not resulted in a single case of definite infection.

Dr. Skoundina, preparing to extract vital fluid from a subject in the writer's presence, observed the same aseptic technique

as would be followed in a surgical operation upon the living. She wore a white cap over her brunette curls, donned rubber gloves, and used sterilized instruments and accessories. The subject—a youth who had been accidentally electrocuted in a power house within an hour—was strapped on its back on the operating table and covered with sheets except for neck and shoulder. The exposed area was swabbed with alcohol and iodine. The physician's deft small incision exposed the jugular vein in which she made two slits, above and below. She inserted in the lower slit a bent glass tube or cannula pointing down, and tied the vein around the tube with a bit of string. Similarly another bent tube pointing up was inserted in the upper slit and tied in place.

These were double drains, the first to draw the vital fluid from torso and limbs, the second from the head. The glass sections were connected with rubber tubes which terminated in receptacles, sterilized glass jars stoppered with cotton plugs. A little citrate of soda was put in each jar before use. Two grammes of citrate in a 4% solution were sufficient for 500 cubic centimeters of vital fluid.

The operating table was then tipped forward at a sharp angle and the venous contents speedily flowed by gravity into the receptacles. At first, one of the rubber tubes pulsated. Dr. Skoundina explained that this reflected the action of the heart, long stilled but now, as the liquid flowed through it, returning mechanically to its function as a pump. In the first minute and a half between one and two quarts were collected. The rest came more slowly. Compressed air to drive out the contents of the veins has been tried but given up as having deleterious effects.

The filled jars were placed in an ordinary ice-box and kept at a temperature of

one or two degrees above the freezing point. For transfusion, the jar is set in a water bath and gradually heated to 104° F. (40° C.). In the course of earlier practice the length of time that blood was kept and used became more and more extended. A record period of twenty-six days' preservation was attained in August, 1932. This happened when a young woman of twenty-eight had been run over by a street car. She was badly mangled. A large transfusion was the only hope of saving her, and none of her group-type was available except the fluid almost a month old. It was administered, altogether 850 cubic centimeters, and the restorative effects were remarkable. It is true the rally did not last and the patient succumbed four days later, but autopsy showed the cause as severe internal injury; the transfusion itself had been entirely beneficent.

The closest observation shows no difference between fresh blood and that which is ten days old. Afterwards, while the beneficial effect is apparently the same, there may be a trifle of deterioration. But this is a moot point, and likewise the proposition that preserved fluid is superior to the blood of living donors. In the latter case the patient's temperature is apt to rise, which does not occur in the use of a stored-up supply. [Dr. Stetson queries this finding of Judin's.]

The purity of the refrigerated liquid in respect to microbes has been well demonstrated. Every attempt to grow cultures from it has given a negative result and has shown it to be aseptic and germ-free. This applies to all relatively fresh blood. A few exceptions noted in fluid two or three weeks old may be fairly ascribed to a slip in the sterilizing technique rather than original contamination. Blood itself is a bactericide and retains this power long after extraction. The Kahn test of purity

as well as the Wassermann is made. The latter test has been speeded up so that now it may be carried through in two hours, and it is repeated two or three times rather than done once.

For transfusion, the preserved blood, after warming, is poured into a funnel through eight-ply gauze, which stops the rarely formed clots. A hollow needle inserted in a vein of the patient's forearm or inner fold of the elbow carries the in-flowing current of new life. A rubber tube connects the needle with the funnel reservoir and the blood flows into the recipient's system by gravity. The Moscow surgeon prefers this to syringe injection. From less than a pint to a quart or more in serious cases is given, while the number of transfusions varies from one to several in a week or even in a single day.

Of the vivifying effects Professor Judin remarks: "I have seen extremely feeble patients who presented the spectacle of a veritable resurrection after transfusion."

There are oddities like the case of the engineer of thirty-eight who was operated on, was cured and ready for discharge from the hospital. Being a melancholy fellow, he felt himself still an invalid, and having learned of the magical virtues of preserved blood demanded a dose of it. His request was granted. He received over a quart, 1,100 cubic centimeters, that came from the veins of a man who had been drowned eleven days before. The latter had been submerged four hours and his blood was collected two hours after. The patient was in fact benefited as shown by the rise in his hemoglobin percentage. He soon walked out of the hospital in full vigor, free of morbid doubts.

Sometimes a few moments make the difference between life and death. The patient would be lost waiting for a living donor. There is not even time to heat the

preserved fluid properly. Such was the case with a woman of thirty-two, hurried into the Moscow hospital and put on the operating table. She was chalk-faced and hardly breathing. A jar of ruddy liquid was snatched out of the refrigerator and slightly warmed. A race through a long corridor with the receptacle. The messenger of life matched against oblivion took a series of stone stairs in flying leaps, arrived in the operating room, and with trembling hands emptied the jar into a gauze-topped funnel. Tensely the group of surgeons and nurses watched the pallid immobile figure on the operating table. The tepid yet vital blood, one liter of it, brought color to the cheek and restored the almost imperceptible pulse to a firm rhythm. Breathing became normal. There was a sigh of relief among the spectators at this example of "a veritable resurrection." The patient withstood an operation. In two weeks she left the hospital entirely well. Many victims of street accidents have been saved by similar timely means. Anemia cases have responded well, including that of a twelve-year-old girl who had had two transfusions from living donors but apparently received more benefit from the preserved fluid.

All cases of accident or sudden fatality which occur among the three million population of the Russian capital are rushed to Sklifasovski Hospital. Thus there is a plenitude of material to replenish the hospital supply of life-giving liquid and to distribute a quantity among other cities.

Professor Judin is married and has a son in his teens. His favorite recreation is painting. "I visit picture galleries," he said. And there are many picture galleries in Moscow. Among the modern exhibits there is a painting which shows Judin performing an operation, surrounded by a group of colleagues and students.

Political Science

A CONNECTICUT SOCIALIST

BY HELEN SHALET

MOVIE cameras clicked while old men, young girls, and little children beamed adoringly at Connecticut's first Socialist mayor, Jasper McLevy, the new first citizen of Bridgeport. The retiring mayor, the august and most honorable William Taylor Buckingham, attired in beautifully tailored trousers, was all gracious toward his successor. Nay he was super gracious. He publicly invited Jasper to be his guest at lunch.

The invitation was quite an honor, since Buckingham, who had spent the previous Saturday afternoon standing misty-eyed in the Bowl while poor Yale lost another football game, could have meant to lunch at no other place than the high and haughty University Club. The lesser citizens of Bridgeport knew that Jasper had probably never entered those classic portals, and were aware that such sterling and aristocratic statesmen as State Senator Hugh Lavery and Edward L. Kelly, Republican town chairman, would also be present. So, naturally, they were gratified at this sudden recognition of virtue by the city's outgoing chief executive.

But Jasper was not so impressed. He merely shot his blue cuffs, tugged at the tie which has a way of sidling under the wings of his soft collar, and declined politely but firmly. Ten minutes later his thin legs were wrapped around a stool at Slim's Diner while he munched a hot dog and ordered a second cup of tea.

The incident, duly reported in a press that is at the moment full of praises for Jasper, made a profound impression upon the 22,445 who had voted the town's most obliging roofer into the mayor's

chair after he had run for office eight times. No doubt it will presently be used as an instrument for his destruction, but right now it has colored the imaginations of the citizens.

Bridgeport, which gave little thought to such matters in the late lamented years when John T. King impartially administered to the wants of both of the old parties, now wriggles ecstatically in the knowledge that it possesses a civic conscience. What is more important, the right-minded feel that this conscience could have been entrusted to a no more worthy guardian than the lean Scotsman who has turned such unwinking light blue eyes upon the blandishments of the sirens of municipal iniquity.

Even the dire doctrines of Socialism no longer cause tremors in the Yankee soul of Connecticut's greatest industrial city. That the new mayor could have dined well and with the right people, but remembered his preëlection promise to eat his first official dinner at Slim's Diner, means something sound and solid to the citizens of Bridgeport. It fortifies the oft-repeated pledge of the faithful that "Jasper's word is as good as his bond," and it also awakens the Connecticut bards to extol the sturdy ideals of the man in high and noble verse. Here are some typical strophes:

Honest Jasper born in Bridgeport,
When a youth he made a vow,
That he would clean up boss corruption,
He has kept his earthly vow.

Year by year before election,
You would find him in the street,
All alone with none to help him,
Fighting hard the graft to beat.

Even the great Phineas Taylor Barnum,

who was once Bridgeport's favorite son, never moved the citizenry to poetry, but the Great Jasper, who once confided that it is better to retreat in silence than to argue with a fool, has made no public comment upon such evidences of esteem. He has, however, been persuaded to accept and even to wear a wrist watch, one of the many gifts he has received. He had never worn one before. It embarrasses him terribly, so he soothes his conscience by wearing it near his elbow.

The title of "The Great Jasper," which has become popular since his election, fits him better than the title of mayor. It is hard for Bridgeporters, who have watched him campaign for thirty years with his now legendary rumpled suit and flat black cap, to call him by other than his first name. They have listened to him from soap-boxes outside factory gates, or, as has been his habit in later years, leaning indolently against a telegraph pole, quietly discussing the art and mystery of politics.

Obviously, a Socialist victory in a town run by capitalist factory owners is a personal victory. It is true that the people tired of the corruption and indifference of the two old parties, cried "a plague on both your houses," and went Socialist, but it is also true that without Jasper they would not have known where to turn for relief. Jasper himself does not believe this is so. He points out that he was almost elected two years ago "by more than 2,000 votes," and that the victory of his party in 1933 was due to the strength of its organization and its shrewd campaign. But the record shows that there are only about 400 *bona fide* members of the party, and that these 400 are humble proletarians. Moreover, the Socialists spent only \$1,890 in the campaign as compared with the \$20,890.07 spent by the Democrats and the \$13,630.06 spent by the Republicans. It was Jasper,

then, who won the election, and carried many of his colleagues with him to positions on the city council; and not the principles of the Socialist party.

The first move Jasper made as mayor was extremely popular. In 1931 the city allowed \$4,000 from an already depleted treasury for the purchase of a limousine for the use of the mayor. Jasper, as soon as he assumed office, traded the car for a new Black Maria for the police. The act was characteristic of the man. When he mends a roof he does it just as thoroughly.

Prior to the election the president of a Bridgeport bank asked for bids on a roof-repairing job. One firm offered to do the job for \$80, another for \$55. Jasper, who had been leaning against a telegraph pole in front of the bank discussing the fine points of Edward Bellamy's political philosophy, was spied and summoned. His price was \$8, he got the job, and the roof has not leaked since. Naturally, the banker has been grateful, but it is doubtful if Jasper realized that by this simple act of honest business he had gained a supporter.

The oldest of nine children, Jasper became their main support at the age of fourteen, when his father was killed by a fall from a roof. It was a heavy load for a small boy, but his father, also a roofer, had already taught him how to work hard, and he tackled his burden without a murmur. Now the family load has lightened, but he is still willing and glad to take on new burdens.

Socialism was not the present pretty picture in the days when Jasper used to hang around Porzenheimer's cigar store while old Herman Gennert talked, in German, of Marx. One day Jasper was selected to debate upon the subject of Marxism, and was assigned the negative side. It was a splendid opportunity to go along with the crowd, but, as Jasper later said,

"After studying all the Socialistic books I could find I finally became convinced by my own reflections that Socialism was the only hope of the people."

In those far-off days it was not fashionable to take too much interest in municipal government. That didn't bother Jasper. In spite of the dark stares of the office-holders he began attending the meetings of the Common Council, and has seldom missed one since. It is this persistence that has undoubtedly made him what he is today, and that causes the citizens to boast that the new mayor knows more about municipal government than anybody else. Jasper himself says, "What I found out about the misconduct of civic affairs stunned me at first. And the more years I spent watching what was being done behind the scenes, and seeing how the tax payers were being racketed, the more I became convinced that neither of the old parties could be trusted."

Jasper is a man of medium height, who somehow seems tall. He has a wide brow which descends from crisp black hair to jutting eyebrows. He leads a rather bleak and lonely life. He has seldom attended church since the death of his wife in 1915, two years after their marriage, but the doctrine of predestination is deeply ingrained in his Presbyterian soul. He also believes that there will come a day when a universal unrest will invade even New England. He is a man of many doubts and few hopes.

He probably has few illusions about the permanency of his present job, but he will make the best of it while he has it. His appointments have been purely for merit, and even his opponents have found no fault with him so far. His most bitter opponent was Democratic Nominee James L. Dunn, who campaigned under the worthy slogan, "I follow the American

flag, I was born under the dear old flag, and I hope to die under it." Yet even Dunn now admits that Jasper's first steps in office have been wise.

Jasper has a way of getting around such people, which is doubtless the reason why confusing portraits have been presented of the man. His well-shaped head and deep-lined face, with its close-set ears, is mobile at times, but usually it is calm while he sits back and watches. He seldom laughs. Generally he only smiles, and his smile is tired and strained and comes more from the lips than from the eyes. Yet, strangely enough, he has been joyfully heralded as "a great kiddier." He swears only occasionally, but then thoroughly.

He is a devotee of vaudeville, but even an invitation to be the guest of the management in the orchestra could not deter him from climbing to his usual seat among the more effervescent patrons of the gallery.

He is not a wisecracker, and neither is he a hail-fellow-well-met. He is not a joiner. A widower, he lives quietly with a sister and niece. He has been president of the local Central Labor Union, president of the Connecticut Federation of Labor, and president of the International Association of Journeymen Slate and Tile Roofers. Otherwise, he has devoted thirty of his fifty-five years to repairing leaks in roofs and running for office. He has run for Governor of the State four times.

Such abstinence from joining seemed likely to cost him dear during the 1933 campaign, when the Republican candidate was John G. Schwarz, Jr., Elk, Past Potentate of the Pyramid Temple, past president of the Bridgeport Kiwanis Club, member of the Ancient and Arabic Order of The Mystic Shrine, Thirty-second Degree Mason, and Commander of Hamilton Commandry. Instead, it probably

helped him. Having no need to devote his hours to the mystic workings of the brethren, Jasper spent his evening hours at Slim's Diner, steeping himself in the wisdom of the lowly.

There were gathered newspaper men just returned from police court or city hall. There were also plain citizens perplexed with their woes. Jasper could listen, and sometimes he could advise. Certainly it did not impair his relations with the newspaper boys. When Jasper asked a favor of a newspaper it was usually for his party and not for himself. Naturally, the boys appreciated this humility.

When the aforementioned mayor's limousine was traded in for a police car the newspapers decided to have a picture of Jasper standing beside his own car, proudly proclaiming, "My Ford is good enough for me." In the adjoining column there was to be a picture of the gaudy motor which did service for the ex-mayor. Unfortunately, on the first trial at reproduction the result was not quite what had been expected. The Ford looked as long and luxurious as the Pierce Arrow, and there was a fear that the voters might misunderstand. Quick and judicious work in the art department saved the day, and the photographs were ultimately published in the proper proportions.

Such favors are not often done for lesser men, and even though Jasper invites the boys to lunch and announces that the matter of checks will be Dutch, they still like him.

The only time the religious issue was raised in the campaign was when James L. Dunn, the Democratic nominee, spoke of "the death knell of the church" and of the danger of allowing the "red rabble" to take possession of the city and drive the factories away. Dunn also brought Gen-

eral Smedley D. Butler to Bridgeport to talk on "Un-American and Unpatriotic Socialism." But neither the general nor Dunn could stem the tide toward Jasper.

After election he traveled to Washington to attend the meeting of the new Civil Works Administration. With him went Leigh Danenberg, owner of the Bridgeport *Sunday Herald*, which was the liveliest and most interesting sheet during the campaign. They sat in a corner of the club car. A group of New England mayors sat close by talking shop, but Jasper was having his usual cup of tea. One of them approached him. He eyed him curiously and then grew confidential. He asked Jasper what his patronage policy would be.

"I haven't any," said Jasper.

"Well, let me tell you, boy, a man in politics, when he wins, who doesn't give the breaks to a friend is a sucker. And I'm going to thumb my nose at my enemies."

"You do that," said Jasper, and proceeded calmly with his tea.

Almost his first two appointees were a Democrat and a Republican, carrying out his belief in the merit system. Both of these men are of German descent. Bridgeport has a large German Socialist population. This was a shrewd as well as a popular move, but if he had not thought the men capable for the positions they would not have been appointed.

His instinct for doing the politically right thing was recognized years ago, and had he wanted to compromise with his principles, he could have traveled far more quickly in his quest for the office of first citizen of Bridgeport and much higher. Both John T. King and J. Henry Roraback looked with covetous eyes upon this man who knew so many people and seemed to be able to give them what they wanted. Jasper was adamant. He gazed

past the bosses and continued to mend roofs.

Naturally, this disregard for the more immediate emoluments of fame would puzzle the franchise holders of any up-and-coming community, and it is perhaps the direct cause of Bridgeport's frenzied efforts to present Jasper in dazzling lights. A town which once cherished P. T. Barnum and has seated several stuffed shirts in the mayor's chair cannot be blamed if it seeks to read into so patently honest and able a man as Jasper all the virtues of Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Jackson.

Bridgeport would like to change Jasper a little. At home his sister and niece have made him dress in a more dignified fashion. His black cap and dark rumpled suit are no longer familiar. He has also been a trial to City Clerk Fred Schwartzkopf, a friend for twenty years.

"A chair," Schwartzkopf complains daily, "is to sit in, but I have the god-damnedest time keeping the glass on his desk. He sits on it. He pounds it. He doesn't put papers on it, and that's what it is for!"

Another trial for the city clerk is Jas-

per's habit of allowing himself to be interviewed by everyone who wants to see him, whether it be in the rooms of the mayor, on Main street, or on top of a roof. It interferes sadly with appointments and routine. Sometimes he also suggests that business might be talked over while tramping through the woods, his favorite recreation. Dignity seems to mean nothing to Jasper.

Saddest of all trials, however, is that experienced by the boys at Slim's Diner. They have no objection to the fact that tea is his only drink, but they do have strong ideas as to how the mayor of Bridgeport should act.

After long and weighty conferences one of them was delegated to give Jasper a hint or two. The delegate sat there for a while, and watched Jasper drink tea. Finally the memory of his mission overcame all fears of the wrath that might come.

"For God's sake," he exclaimed, "Do you think a spoon has to *always* be in a cup!"

The Great Jasper turned to him slowly, blue eyes intent.

"Why not?" he said.

THE MYTH OF INDIVIDUALITY

BY THEODORE DREISER

WITH so many, there is always present the thought of *individuality*, troubled or irritating beliefs or illusions in regard to its reality, durability, separateness or importance, and even persistence after death. And, true enough, to the eye as well as to the other limited sensory responses of man, there is a seeming of individuality, but no more. For while seemingly, by the vast and obviously creative processes of nature, he has been constructed and set forth as a unit, he is no different in that respect from any chair set forth by a chair factory, or an automobile by an automobile plant. Indeed, like both of these utensils, he has this long while been manufactured by the billions, and continues so to be. In that great, and yet so widely distributed and highly localized branch plant of the creative process, the womb, he has been and is being momentarily, night and day, put together, skeleton, capillary system, venous system, nervous system, with all of their glandular and, via their reactions, chemical controls. And finally, he is packed, neatly and tightly, in a smooth skin, and delivered on the platform of life, ready for whatever use can be made of him.

But as for exclusive individuality, how fantastic the thought! Only through the extreme limitations of his sensory equipment could man possibly come by any such notion. For only by sensing (with such limited senses as he has) the presence of others, nearly or exactly like himself, does

he come to know of himself as a unit, let alone an individual, so called. Only by fumbling with the manifold objects of creation can he come to be aware of his own subjectivity as well as his own motility. As for individuality apart from a slowly acquired consciousness of himself as a replica of a here very general, yet by no means universal pattern, since he cannot know what is elsewhere, and there is no other way of sensing himself, as a unit, even here, this at once disposes of the possibility of any true individuality for him. He is a unit like other units—a creature like other creatures, which fact he discovers by sensing them as like himself—himself as like them—an end to all thought of individuality, of course.

Besides, if one were to lift this odd toy out of consciousness of its likeness to other forms, but one of two things could happen: complete annihilation of any sense of self, or oneness along with others of his kind, which would end his sense of life as it appears here; or complete and so traceless disunion and more speedy fusion with the creative chemisms and energies out of which obviously he has taken his rise. For as a unit he could not endure. It is only as a fraction of a multitude such as a race that he is able to exist as a so-called unit. No race, no man. It is not the man that is living, but the race or races and their creative chemisms. Man is not living, but is being lived by something which needs not only him but billions like him in order

to express itself. What that something is, he has never been able to discover. Hence, the complete lack of individuality of the so-called individual. But let us present certain clarifications.

II

Walk any street, take any crowd; let it be noontime, and one thousand, five thousand, ten thousand, a hundred thousand are hurrying to eat. Select at random one, as a unit, regardless of personality or individuality. He has a consciousness, very likely an extreme one, of individuality, personality. Yet observe the consonance of that consciousness with all of the thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions of similar so-called individuals, each hurrying in response to the same chemic urge for replenishment. Exactly the same type of skeleton; the same heart; the same kind of toenails; the same teeth; structurally, the same kind of hair, with but a little difference in color, the same optical and physical equipment and operations for making their way and, at the moment, with precisely the same reactions or impulses, otherwise worded to themselves as *thought*, that of satisfying their hunger; also a related reaction common to all as to the necessity of returning after eating to the point of origin; to say nothing of the same chemical responses to certain so-called foods and the rejection of certain assumed non-food products.

And again relatively the same taste or desire for, as well as emotion in regard to, the same hat, necktie, type of suit, shirt, all of which are evolutionary and borrowed solely from related types of clothes of other ages. And each of these so-called *individuals* subsisting absolutely and from moment to moment by reason of relatively the same number of cubic inches of oxygen

replacing the same amount of vitiated oxygen exhaled. In each and every one, exactly the same kind of cell operating either to replace or sustain the physical structures of it as it is; the same fear of danger, either of disease and so annihilation, or of disappointment or defeat; simultaneously the same lust for pleasure, the same consciousness of brevity of endurance and the danger of exceeding its limitations.

Wherein, then, so much as a leaf's space for individuality, personality? Where?

III

But now, the thought as to personality or temperament apart from related form and necessitous action. What about that? Is that also an illusion? It is. There are no true differences, sensitively, emotionally, which set off one IT or person from another. You doubt? Let us see.

Thirty thousand ITS assembled in a given stadium to witness a football game. Each buying the same type of ticket, occupying the same kind of seat, equipped with the same knowledge of and sensory responses to the plan and mechanism of the game. Literally thousands upon thousands of groups of related size and details, over the entire surface of the world, and all assembled to witness what? The same mechanistic procedure in regard to a closely related contest. Yet each and every one, in Rome, Berlin, Tokyo, London, Chicago; or in Rome, Athens, Cathage of 2,000 years ago, responding to the speed, the lightness, the strength or the effectiveness, and, hence, success or failure, of certain given motions relating to a given objective.

A player runs with a ball. Thirty thousand or five hundred thousand or five million so-called Individuals rise responsive to the incitement of the effort. A runner is intercepted. Identically the same

millions in unison applaud or groan. A goal is made, or a home-run struck. Identical throats in hundreds of thousands, nay, millions, throb with noises indicative of delight. Is the thrill over? All units seat themselves in the same way. A single IT somewhere, anywhere, stumbles down a few steps and barely retains its balance: As many as five million, ten million, fifty million ITS, excited by so faint an evidence of difference in mechanical response, laugh, and are the answer, this year, last year, any time, anywhere, to the absurd notion of individuality as opposed to sameness, oneness.

Or do but consider soldiers on the march, or at drill, even in battle. And not in any one given place, but in thousands of places over thousands of years. And throughout all these, precisely the same motions, reactions, emotions. Yet *out* of what? Personality? Individuality? Purely personal or individual reactions and responses, and so not mass or horde responses and reactions? Exactly where, in any instance, is there to be shown individuality, personality? Crowds may have individuality, or at least the idea of a crowd may be individual in the mind or mood of an assumed intelligent creative force or individuality, but not elsewhere. But as for these replicas? Only an idea or an impulse may be individual, but an endlessly repeated replica of it? Impossible!

IV

However, the absence of individuality as well as personality in anyone is best illustrated by a true fear of individuality, a fear extending to terror and even horror. If this is not true, why the intense yearning toward a given norm, the terror of an act against it; of not achieving the norm; the horror of the grotesque, or, as we say,

frightfully Abnormal? Note, for instance, in the so-called individual of our world, the intense opposition to being different from any typical individual, of being truly individual. You are, let us say, between five and six feet tall, and weigh between 120 and 200 pounds. But in order to be different and so really individual, how would you like to be three feet high and weigh, say sixty pounds; or nine feet, and weigh 500 pounds?

And in these instances, remember, your real terror or misery would not spring entirely from the absence of equipment or convenience in the matter of articles of use, comfort or ornament suitable to you, the absence of ready-made clothes, chairs, rooms, dishes, vehicles, and the like. On the contrary, mostly from your general sense of your unlikeness to your fellows, and their sense of unlikeness to you; in other words, to your real and conspicuous individuality. And because of this intense opposition on their part to your unlikeness to them in form, there would spring in you an equally intense opposition, not to them but to your unlikeness to them. And this, very likely, apart from the fact that because of this troublesome *individuality*, accidentally and yet horribly come upon you, you would be denied love and, in the main, even companionship, although those two deprivations would most certainly add vastly to the cost to you of your at present imagined individuality, the thing you think you would like to possess.

What you really do desire at any time is not any true individuality or personality or special and solo temperament, but rather some minute, fractional, almost unnoticeable differences or shadings in structure and character by which, in a mass, (still absolutely necessary to you as a means of sensing "life") you could console yourself

with a seeming something of difference, but never individuality, never.

What you desire is nothing more nor less than some unimportant and yet agreeable evidence of your general unity with a quite general, not individual, formula, which effects a quite general equality, desire and taste for uniformity or mass oneness; the wish in the mass for strength, beauty, health, success, applause, and nothing more. And even that is not enough in any unit to effect extreme unlikeness, true individuality. In short, true individuality is the last thing desired by man; the one thing he most fervently hopes to escape—in sum, an annoying, conspicuous, complete, and so frightful difference between himself and his so much desired fellows or replicas.

V

However, there is still the assumed individuality or at least singularity that is supposedly inherent in thought or mood, as opposed to form either in man, animal or vegetable. And so let us examine the evidence as to that. For, since the first man, with whom thought is mistakenly associated, appeared, what has he really been thinking about? After thousands and thousands of years, apparently, during which presumably he has been arriving at the place where, because of his various sensory activities, he has become able to co-ordinate sensations and dimly formulated reactions into so-called thought, of what has his thought consisted? Of purely individual and so uncoordinated things not intimately and immediately uniform with those of his fellows? We have seen something as to that.

But to carry the evidence farther, we are compelled to point out, and this so much the worse for his assumed individ-

uality, that always his so-called *individual* thought—which is none other or different from the mass thought or response of any given era in thinking time—has been no more and none other than the units' and the masses' limited and still dubious sensory responses to but one thing, the mystery of the forces out of which they have taken their rise. With just that one thing, and no other. *The mystery of themselves and the life about them*. How to find out about these, and, that once done, to use them for their gratification. In other words, exactly what the child, the calf, the spider, the snake, the horse, the toad reacts to according to each his sensory capacity. For about all, of course, is light, darkness, heat, cold, distance, color, form. And within, and responsive to the same, certain chemic, nervous, emotional or electro-chemical and electro-physical reactions. And because of these from within as related to other phases of the same exteriorly, certain compromise reactions.

And so from protoplasm on to this year of our Lord 1934, not individuality of thought as opposed to illusions in regard to religion, geography, geology, astronomy, time, space, energy and the use of the same, but rather an entirely harmonious mass type of thought or reaction, illusory or real, as opposed to a purely individual mentation, if any such thing can be conceived—which is inconceivable. Unanimously and without specific variations of distinction, not the individual but the race, and perhaps all phases of animal, vegetable and mineral life (the electrons and protons of the same) has concerned itself with (or rather sensorially and even mechanically responded to) the mystery and wonder of its highly un-dividual part in the universe. Its highly non-individual and decidedly mass reaction, *not thought*, has been as to that.

Like trees, flowers, birds, animals, vegetables, responding similarly to light, heat, motion, durability of structure and the lack of it, hunger, thirst, the recreative pleasures and pain principles, so man. And without any noticeable individuality on his part, or, indeed, on the part of any of these others. For wherein is to be detected individuality of thought or inquiry in connection with any of these processes? To be sure, up to this hour, it is only to man that thought, and, what is more presumptuous, individuality of thought, has been ascribed. But wherein the individuality of thought?

All creative thought, in man or animal or vegetable, can but revert to the one, unoriginal, unindividual, almost commonplace thing, the mystery of our existence, or the unified reality behind it. And since by reason of creation, man is not only made but controlled by nature or creation, his thought is its thought; his reactions its reactions. And, by reason of that, man is not really and truly living and thinking, but, on the contrary, is being lived and thought by that which has produced him. Apart from it—and all of it, not from any selected part, but all of it—he has no existence—no thought one might conceive of as a thing apart. You are only thinking as Nature, life, or, as it is now called, Creative Energy, thinks. And you are no more changeable, malleable, unstable and easily destructible and evanishing than is it—no more and no less. And so those who, by reason of moderately superior sensory responses to these enormous mysteries which, after all, constitute the only individuality of which man or living matter can boast, think not individually but collectively or socially on the one problem which involves all problems and, by so doing, end all claim to individual thinking on the part of anyone. A good qualification for such thought or

reaction is the word “universal,” since such ideation or response or both is common to all individuals, all races, all times, all matter. It is merely a matter of degree—not kind. And, in so far as man is concerned, his sensory and emotional responses elevated to thought-power, have but one common denominator, his source of being. But that source is what? Where? How come? He can only reply by saying, “Nature.”

And yet this *seeming* search or the struggle on the part of man for knowledge as to what it is that is inclusive of him, and from which he can in no way separate himself. Is that a laugh? Rocks have been split and melted; water has been evaporated and divided; the constituents of gold, iron, air, the body of the earth, the light of the suns and of the stars have been examined. But by what *individual* and with what *individuality*? Only the eternal individual and none other, since from it—and none other—all life as well as all “thinking” on the part of life has proceeded, and from the very first. And by the slowest of slow processes. But not through one but millions and billions of lives, and so-called minds or responses—lives or responses complicated and yet entirely related by the so-called substances of the one and indivisible, the one beside which there is no other.

And as to results? Who is to say? To be sure, there is this race or mass with its wonder as to its origin, uncertainty as to its meaning, fear as to its self-preservation, self-protection; but never the least evidence as to its individuality other than as part and parcel of a great all—a result as well as a state which, in so far as the “individual” is concerned, rises to the heights of vaudeville—but little more. As to Nature, or Life, or the Sum of All, who is to speak with less than reverence, or, at least, awe?

Yet thousands of thinkers, philosophers, poets, scientists, dreamers, of the past and now, living their minute hour and going. And, in so doing, each meditating on precisely the same things. How have we come? Where are we going to? What is the great fact that shines forth in our being? A Euripides, a Pythagoras, a Jesus, a St. Paul, a Shakespeare, a Kant, a Spencer, a Shelley, all have come and gone. But where the basic originality? Where the source of individuality?

In truth, thought is nothing more nor less than fragments of this eternal oneness; sameness; changefulness; no more and no less; minute quantum or cosmic rays, as they are now called, flashing from some central or diffuse creative force, and representative, possibly, of the emotions that concern that central or diffuse creative energy or thought, and by it extended throughout all space and time. And by its will or condition becoming form, action, thought, or, in other words, expressions of itself—all thought, form, color, sound,

heat, cold, light, dark, love, hope, fear, death. And, in addition, life eternal, or no life eternal. In sum, a good show put on by something which seems to be dubious as to whether such a show is worth while or not. Hence despairs, revolts, death on the part of its separate and manifold expressions, and so revolt by and of itself.

"If the red slayer thinks he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forget to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven."

SPAIN GETS HER NEW DEAL

BY JOHN DOS PASSOS

A. Topdog Politics

The Royal Palace

DON ALFONSO finished sorting out and burning papers in his office on the side of the palace towards the city. He walked round to the other side of the immense pilastered greystone building; through the throneroom with its lions and its crowded black busts of antique Romans; under the huge ceiling where, for the first of the Bourbons in the gaudy days of the Sun King the Venetian Tiepolo had painted, in that daze of blue empyrean light that was his specialty, the grandiloquently draped abstractions of government and power; under the tasseled portières, through the inlaid Eighteenth Century doors, to the room where the Englishwoman, his wife, was having tea. It was a narrower room with an open fireplace, that instead of looking out on the city, looked out on the boxhedges of the royal gardens and on that stretch of rolling tawny country tufted with blue evergreen oaks that rises to the foothills of the Guadarrama, which Velasquez invented as a background for the sallowness and jutting wolfjaws of the members of the house of Austria.

Don Alfonso, too, had the face for that background. Tourists smuggled on gala days into palace functions in the too early bright light of the Madrid morning had often cried out how like a Velasquez he

looked, passing against the sweeping voluted draftsmanship of the figures on the tapestry, a step ahead of the mass of uniforms, decorations, colored ribbons, stars, chokers, sunbursts, stomachers of the grandees of Spain and the ladies of the court; there were the dead bored eyes, the sallowness, the humble haughty set of the mouth of Philip IV without his easy assurance and his poise, all dulled by something of the halfwit leer the painter saw on the face of the helpless Carlos II the Bewitched who so feebly ended the great line of the house of Austria, and gave the French monarchy a chance to impose a Bourbon as the head of the vast bureaucracy that Philip II had fitted together out of the chaotic straggle of conquests, covering half Europe and all America, the Emperor Charles and the conquistadors had left behind them.

The last of the Bourbons brusquely told his wife that he'd pack his trunk and was off for the border. He could trust the naval officers. He was going to drive. There was a battleship waiting in Cartagena. She could wind up her affairs and follow him to France when she was ready. He left and he lost no time about it.

It may have been the crowd crying "Death to the king . . . Live the republic" as they ran from under the hoofs of the horses and the flailing sabres of the Civil Guard, it may have been the uneasy recollection that Ramon Franco's airplanes had been within an inch of unloading

their bombs over the palace, or the strikes, or the parades of university students, or the changed attitude of his friends the army officers, or the frown on the face of General Sanjurjo who commanded the Civil Guard, or a fit of pique because everybody was telling him what to do, or it may have been just that the fruit was ripe to fall from the tree. Anyway the last of the Bourbons left Madrid as stealthily as a defaulting bank cashier. The next morning the Queen, who had learned her profession in the stern vocational school of Victoria, left with more dignity by train, accompanied by her children, forty trunks and four carloads of furniture and nicknacks. The crown of Spain was found poked into a green baize bag, in a wardrobe in the palace.

II

The Republic of Honest Men

Meanwhile in the streets and cafés of Madrid the citizens were celebrating the Republic. You could shout "Viva la Republica" right into the moustaches and the mausers of the Civil Guard without being arrested. Trucks paraded the main thoroughfares, crowded with army officers and sailors and working men in blue denim singing the Marseillaise together. In the Puerta del Sol an artillery officer appeared on the balcony of the Ministry of Government (the ministry that traditionally has charge of breaking the heads of dissenting citizens) and hoisted the new tricolor, red yellow and purple, to the flagpole. Spain was a republic. The Bourbons had gone back to France where they came from.

The grandees trod on each other's heels crowding across the border at Irun and Port Bou, not a few generals and politicians who'd made themselves unpopular under

the old régime suddenly found that they needed to take the cure in French and German watering places. Wealthy business men stayed at home with shutters closed and doors barred till they found out how a liberated Spain was going to behave. Even the dyed-in-the-wool republicans were uneasy when they stepped out of doors that morning and found themselves in the middle of the glorious republic of honest men they'd so long talked about. But they had no reason to be alarmed. Everything passed off as pleasantly as could be. The Liberal and Socialist junta of *hombres honrados* that had been in exile and in jail was hastily dusted off and presented as a ministry. The generals had lost their nerve and failed. It was the turn of the intellectuals to spring to the defense of order, progress, and the rights of private property. The trouble was that these doctors, lawyers, college professors, literary men, *ateneistas*, were merely the left wing of the old Madrid bureaucracy. It wasn't their ideas; it was their habits of life that counted.

III

Madrid, City of Cafés

Madrid has a peculiar position among European capitals. Like Washington it is an invented city. It was invented by Philip II. He picked out a crumbling mudfort left by the Arabs on the banks of the Manzanares as his capital because it was square in the center of Spain and because it was far from any of the old cities where intense local feeling still smoldered against the centralizing monarchy of the Austrias. When Charles the Emperor tired of the pompous velvets and the smiles of ambassadors and the deferential voices of secretaries reading the reports of victorious

generals from Mexico and Italy and Peru (most of which reports ended by asking for money) and the difficulty of collecting taxes and the buttery voices of archbishops and the pointed beards of his courtiers and all their lies, he abdicated in favor of his son, and retired to Yuste in the wild oak-forests of Extremadura, where he spent the rest of his life mending clocks and thinking about God.

Hardly half a century had gone by since the Catholic Kings had entered Granada and driven the last of the Moslems into Africa and Columbus had come back from his voyages, only thirty years since Cortes had sent back the golden shield of the sun from Tenochtitlán, and less since Pizarro and Valdivia had sacked the temples of Peru and Chile. Philip had been born and brought up in Valladolid amid the enormous turmoil of the early conquests. The European spirit had broken out of the walls of humbleness and poverty and obedience built for it by the medieval clergy. Men were dizzy with America. There was no limit to power or to pleasure for human life, now, today. The Kings were building palaces instead of castles. Mechanical invention had begun.

Philip was a man of order. His tastes were simple and severe. He hated and feared liberty and richness and lushness. These things were only for Kings who exhibited them as symbols of the glory of God. In the Escorial, his great monastery-palace on the slope of the Guadarrama, he built his mind in quadrangles of gray granite. That was to be the spiritual center of the sober enormous Christian kingdom. Madrid was to be the lay capital, a city of clerks who would organize, annotate, file the records of a subject world that stretched north to Flanders, east to the two Sicilies, west as far as the imagination of man could conceive. Madrid was the

nail he drove in to hold down the scattered empires. Then the Inquisition could weed out the unorthodox, the unruly, the too rich, the too thoughtful, the too intelligent. Philip II established in Madrid the first great bureaucracy in the modern world.

Philip and his holy office did their work so well, levelled their subjects so successfully to their measure of conformity and faith, let so much blood in the doing of it, that the whole great empire died. Only the bureaucracy went on giving out reflex motions like the legs of a dead frog. Louis XIV of France managed to drag the great carcass, glittering with gold and steaming with incense, in the wake of his *Weltpolitik* for a while until his own dominion sickened with the same diseases. Everywhere the trading classes were putting Kings and priests in their places. The French Bourbons themselves were thrown on the dustheap. Faced with the invasion of the modern world in the shape of Napoleon and the French, the Spanish spirit flared up out of a century's long drowse. Madrid produced the revolt of the Dos de Mayo and the feverish pencil of Goya.

The Nineteenth Century in Spain was a period of further contraction with intermittent flares of new life. Cuba and the Philippines were the last outlet for easy jobs for the sons of landowners and successful bureaucrats. There was always a section of the professional class left out in the cold. These were the people who kept breaking through the traditional crust that the secure bureaucrats had levelled over the country. There were always more ideas of generosity, honor, patriotism, easy living, liberalism than there were salaries to give them form and content. When Cuba and the Philippines were broken away under the shadow of Manifest Destiny, there was a final lopping off of op-

portunities for young men growing up. As a result came the revolting generation of ninety-eight, Kraussist idealism, and socialism from the top, enthusiasm for renovation, an effervescence of Europeanizing ideas.

All this meant a great deal of talk; jobholders who go to their offices at ten and leave at one, or who don't go to them at all, have a great deal of time for talk, and people who have no jobs at all have more time yet. Hence the magnificent, and civilized in the Athenian sense, institution of Madrid cafés, the greatest talk-palaces in the world.

IV

Las Constituyentes

It is no accident that the Cortes that made up the constitution was so like a *tertulia*¹ at one of the best cafés (the first Cortes did not live out its constitutional span largely because its members got bored with the conversation there and moved to other cafés), or that Manuel Azaña, head of the government it created, was an ex-bureaucratic jobholder, president of the Ateneo and the star of several famous *tertulias*. The trouble was that the life of a professor, of the holder of a sinecure in a government office, or of an entertaining talker in a café, offers little training in dealing with the grim, coarse, hardtoclassify and often deadly realities of the life of a country day by day. This was not a life to train a man in the difficult art of spanning the distance between word and deed. This genial group of wellintentioned gentlemen who talked so well and so wittily, and so goodnaturedly exchanged their various ideas about liberty, education, transportation and farming, who arrived

¹ A *tertulia* is a group of acquaintances who meet more or less regularly in some café to talk.

so late and sat so late polishing the phraseology of the constitution for the Republic of Manual and Intellectual Workers, helped create a Spain that they certainly did not intend.

They legalized the disappearance of Don Alfonso and his family, they gave Spain liberal divorce laws and votes for women and disestablished the Church, they abolished titles of nobility and confiscated (giving bonds in return) the estates of the grandees; but they were helpless before the problems of landless peasants and jobless industrial workers; their contribution to the class war was to double the wages of the Civil Guard, and to establish a new corps of strongarm men, the Assault Guards, whose business it is to break up demonstrations hostile to the Republic of Workers and to private property. They passed a Law of Public Order and a Law against Vagrancy that would have made old Fernando VII, the Bourbon who got most pleasure out of shooting down his subjects, stand aghast. They sanctioned casual arrests of batches of citizens, mass deportations of working men and shootings of the rebellious in a way that must have made that genial old low-life, the benevolent dictator, Primo de Rivera, turn in his grave. Don Alfonso, in his cosy retreat in Fontainebleau must have had more than one bitter thought about the trickiness of history's lotteries, when he read about the events in the Llobregat, Villa de Don Fadrique, at Pasajes and Castilblanco and Casas Viejas. He'd been put on the skids for carrying out the death penalty against two mutinous army officers, and here were the honest men of the republic, in the name of progress and socialism, shooting down their fellowcitizens by the hundreds.

How was it that these honest men, lawyers, doctors, socialist professors and lec-

turers, that finer element of the population that it is the dream of reformers the world over to get into positions of power, found themselves so situated that it was as easy for them to vote approval of the deportations on the *Buenos Aires* or the shootings at Casas Viejas as it had been for their ancestors, the scholarly gentlemen, so full of Christian unction and unworldly thought we know in the portraits of El Greco, to approve of the stranglings and burnings of heretics and Jews in the days of good King Philip? What has happened to them since they went to visit their friends at the Model Jail under Primo, and gathered to conspire so idealistically in the Lion Café opposite the post office?

For one thing the scene had changed. The disappearance of the Bourbons, in a thin whiff of smoke, like an old puffball when you step on it, was only an incident in the nationwide collapse of time-worn stage properties. Whenever these deputies to the first Cortes of the Second Republic stepped out of their comfortable and gaudily decorated clubhouse, they found themselves faced by a Spain older and newer than any they knew. Steeped in that academic ignorance of life that begets the intellectual and professional classes the world over, they found themselves, like any panicstricken human group, facing the unknown according to the lowest common denominator. Almost to a man they called for jails and mausers and machineguns to protect their Madrid and their bureaucracy, the sources of their easy life, and the hot milk and the coffee and the Americanmade cars, and order, property, investments. They smelt danger. They stampeded. The new Spain wasn't their Spain, or the Spain of those trained for bureaucracy who weren't holding jobs yet, the honest men.

B. Underdog Politics

V

History

To the Romans Spain meant Saguntum. In the Punic Wars an Iberian town on a hill overlooking the Mediterranean and the rich plains that are in our time the orangegardens of Valencia held out for months against the enormous army of Hannibal; then when the cisterns were dry and the granaries empty, the people of Saguntum to a sound of pipes and drums set to work to build bonfires out of the doors and roofbeams of their houses and burnt themselves up with their wives and children and their town. As Saguntum was on their side, the Roman historians handed down its defense to posterity as one of the great heroic exploits of all time.

It is a happening that has been repeated again and again in the history of the peninsula. Zaragoza and Gerona are famous for the heartbreaking sieges they stood from the French; the history of the workers' struggle in the last century is full of strikes carried on and on by small groups to the point of starvation.

VI

Geography

If you fly over any part of Spain in an airplane the country you look down on is ridged like a walnut shell. Even the plateau section of Aragon and the two Castiles is crossed by small ranges and wavy rolling hills, all the rest is a tangle of mountains through which winds a net of more or less narrow and canyonlike or broad and fertile river valleys. That is why, in spite of the great imperial steamrollers

that have worked for centuries to flatten it out, Spain remains a country of independent towns. There still survives in people's minds and in the economic setup the original Mediterranean unit of society, the citystate.

Spain seen from Madrid is a very different country from Spain seen from the small towns. The provincial capitals are administered, it is true, by small pools of bureaucrats that reflect the colors of the capitol, but under that thin veneer the people have not yet come to think of themselves as Spaniards. They are Gallegos or Catalans or Valencians. Working people and small storekeepers are more likely to make the jump out of the medieval church and town life in the direction of America. When they can't make a living in their native places, they tend to emigrate to Havana or Buenos Aires instead of to Madrid (or did until the depression clamped down its ice age on international travel and trade).

Only professional people and students and the sons of officials enter the mandarin circle of Madrid within which is all the surface of political and intellectual life.

The monarchy had long since ceased to mean anything to these Spains. It had come to be an incident in the life of Madrid like the Fountain of Cibeles or the Puerta del Sol. So far the Republic that has replaced it means very little, either, to the country as a whole. The vested interests, except for the obsolete nobility, are untouched.

The liberals boasted that the rights of property would be protected. They made no effort to change the basic setup of power.

They did not turn out the local bosses, they merely turned them in a few cases upsidedown.

VII

The Caciques

The *cacique* is a Tammany wardboss Iberian style with some trace left of a feudal *commendador*. Sometimes he rules over a small town and sometimes over a whole region like the gentleman who runs Murcia or the picturesque Don Juan March whose fief is the Balearic Islands. Under the monarchy his business was to turn the votes of his section to whatever political combination made it worth his while. Often time and money were saved by not letting the citizens vote at all, the *cacique* just announcing to Madrid how many votes he controlled. In return the *cacique* was buttered up with contracts and sinecures, and controlled the local patronage. In the old days his politics were liberal or conservative according as he played with La Cierva or Romanones, the super-*caciques* in Madrid; in the days of Primo he was a member of the Union Patriótica; it was only natural that when the King fled he should undergo an overnight change of spots into a Republican or into a Socialist. The election of the fall of 1933 has shown how soon these fresh colors on the *caciques* wear off.

VIII

The Casas del Pueblo

Outside of the *caciques*, the Republic's contact with the basic elements of the peninsula was maintained, up to the fall of the Azaña régime, through the Socialist Party, that has the only really modern organization of any Spanish political party. The Socialist Party was built up by Pablo Iglesias, a Spanish Gene Debs, who filled the more skilled section of the working class with the Debs tradition of

orderly humane careful progress through idealist organizations. The liberal socialism of Spanish workers was in many ways a reaction against the romantic confusion and the use of terror by the predominant anarchists. Its leaders believed blindly in all the liberal cultural values of the Nineteenth Century and gladly accepted the political help of doctors and lawyers and professors who thought that they were socialists because they didn't like to hear of children starving to death or to see men in blue workclothes ridden down in the street by the Civil Guard.

Through a sort of truce with Primo de Rivera, the Socialist Party became the strongest republican party in Spain and built up a compact trade union organization, the U.G.T., under Largo Caballero, a dogged workingclass bureaucrat of the Gompers type. So, when the monarchy crumbled, leaving the old line politicians paralyzed with terror, it was natural that the Socialist Party with its power to call general strikes in Madrid and Bilbao, its 800,000 organized workers, and its many sympathizers among students and desk workers should be the strongest prop of the new régime. The Socialists with 115 votes were the majority party in the Constituent Cortes.

The Casas del Pueblo were started way back as political and cultural centers for the working class. Under the old régime the first thing a provincial Governor did when there was any kind of trouble in the air, was to close up the local Casa del Pueblo. Many were under nonpolitical or anarchist leadership, but in the flush of republican victory, the socialist group in any town usually got control. They are a real element of cohesion, in contact with the diverse populations of the country: at the Casa del Pueblo a miner can talk to small peasants or trolley conductors or

construction workers or store clerks, or listen to sympathetic members of the professional classes make speeches, recite poetry or lecture on hygiene.

His enemies claim that under the Azaña government, Largo Caballero, holding the Ministry of Labor, turned them into small Tammanies, building up the power of the Socialist Party by distributing doles and jobs, meanwhile using the forces of law and order to crush the anarchist and syndicalist-controlled labor organizations and to force working people into his camp. Certainly everything possible was done to build up socialist influence among the peasants and in the small towns and through the mixed boards (of employers and employés) to arbitrate strikes. In the Cortes the Socialists always threw their vote for central authority and repressive machinery. The repressive machinery of compulsory arbitration was all very well while the Socialists were in control. It was at least used for the benefit of one section of the working class. The trouble is that it can be so easily thrown into reverse. As soon as the gentlemen upstairs got control they used it to close the doors on the advance of the workers and producers into the well-lighted upper world of comparative ease and power.

For this now triumphant Socialism in reverse, Mussolini a few years ago invented the intensely selling label of Fascism.

IX

Libertarian Communism

In Spain as everywhere else in Europe, the function of the Socialist Party has been to give disorganized capitalism a breathing space. Of course the Socialists never intended to find themselves in this predicament, what they wanted was jus-

tice for all and an orderly and humane progress toward a socialized state. What happened was that they were more scared of a slogan that had got into the mouth of the underdog than they were of a monarchist restoration; for the monarchists at least believed first in the sanctity of moneypower, property and investments, as the Socialists did deep down under their humanitarian skins.

The terrifying slogan was Libertarian Communism.

The Spanish working class awoke to the modern world under the spell of Bakunin. In fact the Congress of Cordoba in 1872 gave international anarchism a typically Spanish cast that it has not lost to this day. Both the communal autonomy and the personal Quixotism that have been the distinguishing marks of anarchist movements all over the world have a distinctly Iberian tang. The Spanish peasant and worker in industry tend to be narrowly sectional in his home town and internationalist outside it. The tenants and daylaborers of Andalusia and the millhands of Catalonia have staged again and again great revolutionary strikes that have failed through lack of cohesion among the local groups. Almost always there was perfect solidarity within any given village, but complete lack of organization on a national scale.

The history of Spain since the middle of the last century has been a series of these revolutionary waves, spaced about ten years apart, with the crests alternating between Andalusia and Catalonia. In each case the owning class has been forced into temporary unity by the fear of losing their lands and their factories and has been able to crush the revolt with the help of the central government's troops. As the wave receded, the beaten workers and peasants tended to emigrate to America or to drop

into the outlaw class, affirming their defiance of the world and its wrongs by individual acts of terrorism.

January 1933 was one of these times. In spite of the growing power of the carefully organized socialist movement, the anarchist syndicates loosely organized in the C.N.T. still have a great many more members than the U.G.T., something like a million and a half to the U.G.T.'s eight hundred thousand. These syndicates are under the influence of two groups of agitators, the exponents of immediate action and any kind of action in the F.A.I. (Federacion Anarchista Iberica) and the so-called Thirty who, under the influence of Angel Pestaña, are urging a more moderate policy of mass action and non-violence similar to that of the Communists. The anarchist syndicalists of all colors tend not to vote, and to consider all political action as spurious and deluding. However, as they constitute a power within the state they have been unable to escape being involved in more than one political combination.

What resulted was that the January wave of peasants and workers' revolts found not only the Socialists cooling the ardor of their adherents, but anarchist leaders as well sending our messages that the great day of *el reparto* (the division of lands and wealth) had not yet come.

But somehow the word got around that the great day of *el reparto* had come. The Saguntum of the January movement was Casas Viejas.

X

Benalup

Benalup, the old name of Casas Viejas, has an African sound. It is a small hamlet on a hill in the township of Medina Sidonia in the Province of Cadiz, the part

of Spain nearest Morocco. It's a country of arid eroded mountains, yellow sun-bleached hills and riverbottoms fertile and green so far as the scarce water can be eked out. The people, like the Berbers, have their skin tanned to leather by the sun and wind, are dead shots with the rifle, and in the poorer hilltowns near Gibraltar like Casas Viejas, live largely by poaching and smuggling tobacco. The houses are of stone and adobe, enormously clean, whitewashed several times a year and bare of anything but the simplest stools and cookpots.

The houses of the storekeepers and landowners have tiled roofs, balconies and shady patios full of green plants and geraniums. The houses of the poor have hardly any windows and are thatched with straw. Nearly always there is a little paved court and a grapevine on a pergola outside the front door. Most of the arable land is in the hands of large landowners and the landless live from hand to mouth as hired hands. Like the daylaborers in the Bible they go each morning to the main square of the town to wait to be hired. Twentyfive cents a day is considered a good wage. Their complete poverty is mitigated by the fact that the sun is hot most of the year, and that bread, oil and wine and tomatoes are cheap and good.

Last winter there was no work. In many towns the entire population of hired hands and their wives and children was on the municipal dole. That meant that most of the week they went hungry. In the local syndicates they had plenty of time to talk about a better arrangement of society. In Casas Viejas the leading spirit of the anarchist union (their little meeting place with a portrait of Bakunin on the wall, next to the wineshop, was known to the local storekeepers and respectable people as the Madhouse) was

an old man known as Seisdedos (sixfingers) who had been the village rebel for so long that rebellion had come to be a sort of tradition in his family. He and his sons and sonsinlaw were known in the village as the Libertarians. He is said to have had that intense vigor and refinement of mind, expressed in rare salty speech, that is pretty common among illiterate Andalusian countrypeople.

The Socialist and Republican orators in the days before don Alfonso had fled had gone around promising to find land for every landless man. The members of the anarchist unions had been too canny to believe them, but they had used those promises as a talkingpoint among the countrypeople to win adherents. Only the revolt of men with kidneys would bring the day of *el reparto* and the reign of justice; the politicians had been given time to make good their promises; now was the time to seize the municipalities and distribute the land. It was only a question of waiting for the day when all the towns in Spain would run out or shoot the Civil Guard and declare themselves free communes. Then, if the bourgeoisie resisted, up and at them with the sharpened sickles; if they didn't resist let them take their share with the rest. That was the program of Libertarian Communism. In Casas Viejas every member of the syndicate had his gun oiled and ready and his collection of knives and sickles carefully sharpened and waiting for the day.

In early January there were strikes and riots in Barcelona and Valencia and Llerida, in connection with a strike of railroad workers called by some of the anarchist-syndicalist unions. In Catalonia several townhalls were seized and the red and black anarchist flag raised on them. In the province of Cadiz word went round that the time for the uprising had

come. There was to be a march of countrypeople on Jerez, a strike in Cadiz, everywhere the workers were to seize the towns. On the tenth there'd been scattered shooting in Medina Sidonia; a group of armed men had tried to ambush the *alcalde's* automobile, and exchanged volleys, in which no one was hurt, with the Civil Guard. The same day the little union (numbering at the outside a hundred and fifty members) at Casas Viejas got word that Libertarian Communism had been proclaimed all over Spain and that it was up to them to do their part.

The morning of the eleventh was clear and very cold. At dawn the members of the union met with all their arms and raised the red and black flag over their meeting place. Then they routed the sleeping *alcalde*, a peaceable sort of a man who'd been appointed to the job because he was the only Socialist in the village, out of his bed and told him to come with them to the barracks of the four Civil Guards who represented law and order. He must explain to them that Libertarian Communism had been proclaimed and that the best thing they could do was to surrender their arms; in that case nobody would hurt them.

By this time the sun was up filling the whitewashed town with a white glare against which shadows moved sharp and black. Hungry men, who had been shivering in their thin denims, began to feel warmer and more confident. Grouped in the street in front of the barracks of the Civil Guard they began to lay plans about how they would divide the land. Women gathered round them bringing bowls and saucepans. Their men had told them that everybody in town would eat meat that day. But the *alcalde* came back saying that the Civil Guard would die rather than surrender. It wasn't going to be easy.

The guards barricaded their door. Their terrified wives began picking a hole through the wall into the next house. Reports conflict as to who started shooting, as they always do. The men of Casas Viejas were crack shots. Two of the guards were shot in the head when they tried to take aim through the windows.

After that there was a lull. The *alcalde* got permission to go into the barracks again to argue with the guards some more, and seems to have slipped out of the back door of the barracks and gone home, and so far as anybody knows, back to bed.

Meanwhile Seisdedos had sent a detachment to cut the telephone wires and to barricade the road from Medina Sidonia. Others raided the store for cartridges and guns and seized some foodstuffs there to satisfy the women. When the storekeeper protested that he was a poor man and that they were ruining him, they paid him for the food out of the syndicate's scantily furnished cashdrawer. Another bunch went to the office where the titledeeds to property and records of loans and mortgages were kept and burned all the papers they could find. When the better people of Casas Viejas woke up to what was going on, they piled their heaviest furniture against their doors and huddled trembling in the darkest part of their houses. Their terror was increased by groups of boys walking around the streets and shooting into the air, crying, "Viva el comunismo libertario!"

Every little while Seisdedos sent somebody to the upper part of the village to look for the train. If the morning train didn't go past in the valley it meant that the general strike was on; if it passed at its regular time it meant that Casas Viejas stood alone against all the forces of the owners of Spain. Too soon they saw the

train, a little black caterpillar winding through the strawcolored valley, the smoke rolling off to one side of the engine, white as cotton in the cold morning light. They heard the whistle. From then on they knew their revolt was hopeless.

Before the wires were cut the guards had managed to call Medina Sidonia. At two o'clock reinforcements arrived. At the entrance to the village they had a brush with the syndicalists who broke and ran for the hills.

In the square Seisdedos and his friends were arguing about the division of the land. When a boy came breathless to tell him the syndicalists had run, he turned and went up the hill to his house. "Come in with me whoever wants to die," he said. Five men, two women and his small grandson stayed with him. They say he begged the women to leave and take away the child, but they wouldn't. They piled the place with rifles and ammunition and barred the stout wooden door.

Meanwhile the forces of law and order were pulling themselves together. The wounded guards were sent to the hospital, where one of them later died. The newly arrived civil guards occupied the approaches to the square but waited for more help before mopping up the rebels. The village was dead quiet, rows of shuttered white houses with big closed wooden doors; nobody stirred on the streets.

At five, twelve Assault Guards arrived under a lieutenant who took charge of the situation. First the lieutenant ordered a cheer for the Republic and had the red and black flag taken down from over the union hall. Then they began searching the poorer houses to make arrests. In one house they found four or five men who they beat up with sticks to teach them respect for the Republic, but as the one

civil guard who'd gotten through the fight that morning unwounded vouched for them, they were let go. Next they arrested a man named Quijada, whom the guard claimed had fired on the barracks. They put the handcuffs on him and continued on up the street.

The thatched hut of the Libertarians was one of the highest in the place; as it was on a steep slope, part of it was dug into the hillside. In front of the door was a little paved court with a vine on a pergola and a huge pricklypear. When the assault guards tried to break down the door, a volley broke out from the hut, killing one man and wounding another who fell into the little courtyard. The lieutenant and his guards prudently took cover and began shooting at the hut from behind a wall. Then from behind the wall the lieutenant called to the people in the hut to surrender, and at length sent in the handcuffed Quijada to argue with them. The door closed on Quijada.

After half an hour, with the help of still more reinforcements, from La Linea this time, the lieutenant ordered the firing to begin again. He himself went down to the square and telegraphed to Cadiz for handgrenades. The men of Casas Viejas are crack shots. Their huts have thick adobe walls. Volley after volley had no effect on the Libertarians. At ten o'clock that night, the guards were still firing volleys into the hut.

At two in the morning Captain Rojas, an ex-army officer with experience in Morocco, arrived with a full company of Assault Guards. By this time there had been several more guards wounded by the sharpshooting from within the hut, but no answer to more demands to surrender. Captain Rojas took charge and deployed a full military attack with rifle-fire, machine guns and handgrenades, with

no result at all. In the small hours of the morning a telegram arrived signed, *Governmental Delegate*, ordering the captain to raze the house to the ground at once at any cost. The governmental delegate had decided that he could best watch developments from the hotel at Medina Sidonia. So the captain gave orders to burn the house down.

His men soaked cotton wool in gasoline and wrapped it around stones and threw them onto the dry thatch. In a few minutes the roof was burning, soon it fell in; the space between the adobe walls was a furnace. As the roof fell in the door opened and Maria and the child ran out. Josefa, the other woman, with her dress in flames, and a man tried to follow but were drilled through by a volley from the Assault Guards. Even as the thatch burned around them the men in the hut kept up their shooting.

When there were no more shots and the fire had burned down a little, Captain Rojas led his men down to the square for two hours wellneeded rest. They were too jumpy to rest; they saw syndicalists behind every barred door. At dawn they began going through the streets in groups, breaking down doors and arresting and handcuffing any men they found. In one house they shot an old man seventy-three years old because he didn't open up soon enough to suit them. In some of the houses they reassured the women and children when they arrested the men, saying that they were only taking them to give testimony.

This is Captain Rojas' own account of what followed: "These prisoners, when we got them up to the house of Seisdedos, to show them what they had done, I made them go down into the court to see what they'd been responsible for, the lousy mess they'd made; and as the situation and the

moment were very grave and I was completely unnerved, because it wasn't only the situation in Casas Viejas, but in the whole province in revolt that worried me; and that there were five hundred armed men in my rear along the road and the people in arms in Medina Sidonia, and the people in the village, and the whole thing in a state of anarchy, not only on account of myself, but on account of the danger to the Republic, that if I didn't give them a powerful lesson, there was danger that anarchy might break out in the whole region, and the men chased into the sierra might come down again, which would have been bad.

"So for this reason and for the Republic, and for the sake of the government and the safety of my own men; when we got there to the house, there wasn't anything else to do. The thing is that these orders when they'd been given to the officers had seemed to some of them a little strong and hard to carry out; but seeing that it was the only solution for the defence of the Republic and the government and my own men I decided to do it; so on getting to the little court, when they'd gone down in there (although what I'd planned to do to the prisoners was to use the *ley de fugas* on them at the entrance to the village) there was one of them who looked at the dead guard whose body lay charred in the doorway and said something to another of them and gave me a dirty look . . . Well I couldn't stand his insolence and I shot him and immediately the others fired and all those who were looking at the charred body of the guard fell, and then we did the same with the others who hadn't gone down to look at the body, I think there were two of them. That way I obeyed orders and saved Spain from the anarchy that was rising on all sides and saved the Republic . . ."

They shot down sixteen of the village men and threw their bodies into the burned hut.

After that the Assault Guards and the Civil Guards who had been engaged in this work were drawn up in formation in the square in the evening sunlight, and the governmental delegate, who had finally gotten up his nerve to come on from Medina Sidonia, made them a speech complimenting them on their courage and energy, asked for a minute of silence in honor of the dead and then for a good rousing cheer for the Republic.

XI

The Ghost of Casas Viejas

The story of the death of Seisdedos went all over Spain, although, except for Ramon Sender's account in *La Libertad*, both governmental and opposition press soft-pedalled it as much as possible. At first the government denied that any such thing had happened, but gradually, as the fear of a syndicalist revolt faded, it became apparent that some pretty dirty business had gone on. Eventually Ortega y Gasset read a detailed account of the whole thing, with statements of all concerned, to the Cortes. The Cortes voted that the government was not responsible; even at a meeting of the Ateneo, home of humanitarian liberalism, a vote of censure of the government was defeated. Here is Captain Rojas's account, read to the Cortes by Ortega y Gasset, of what happened when he got back to Madrid:

"... On my return to Madrid I told him [The Director General of Security] everything that had happened and he told me that it would be inconvenient for the government if I told how we had killed the prisoners and that absolutely no one ought to find out about it, as it would be

sure to get out; he asked me to give my word of honor to tell nobody, which I did, giving my word of honor.

"When His Excellency the Minister of Government called me to his office to give him an account of what had happened Señor Menendez [The Director General of Security] was there with him. It was he who introduced me, and on going into the room I whispered to him, should I tell everything, but he said everything except about the shootings, and that's what I did, being congratulated by the minister.

"But when they began to talk so much about the shootings in the Cortes I went to see Menendez again in his office, and told him I feared that Lieutenant A— . . . knowing his character, I was scared he'd tell everybody, and then Menendez said I should go right away to Seville, using my military pass, and that I should say that I was going to see what the Assault Guards were up to in their barracks in Jerez and that I should see Lieutenant A— and tell him to buck up and not tell the truth to a living soul. I did that and returned to Madrid the same night. For the trip, as I hadn't any money I told his secretary Señor G— to give me twenty *duros*, which he did, with which money I took the trip.

"On my return to Madrid Señor G— was waiting for me at the station with two detectives: we got into Señor G—'s car and he said we'd breakfast together, which we did in a café in the Calle de Alcalá, near the Puerta del Sol. While we were breakfasting he talked to me of many things, telling me in the end that he had gone to meet me because the government was in danger, and that it was going to fall on account of what happened at Casas Viejas, and that, so that the President of the Council shouldn't fall the Minister of Government had to, and so that he

shouldn't fall the Director of Security had to; and that he came to say to me wouldn't I, as a friend of his, he being my co-worker and director, and in view of what everybody else was doing, wouldn't I sacrifice myself for him?

"Right away I answered Yes, that I was ready for anything and would do whatever he said. . . .

"When the other captains got wind of this business they all told me plenty about the director, that I didn't believe at the time, but that opened my eyes; and as it happened one night while we were writing up the account, they introduced me to the Señora de Menendez, who with one thing and another, said to me that this was how it was, sometimes we had to make sacrifices one for another, and that when another government came they'd make a hero of me; and also another day when Señor G—— sat writing at my left, he said that they were going to give me a month's leave right away to go any place I wanted, and a big mound of hundred-peseta notes to spend on parties, and again the other night at the dance for 'Miss Voz,' the Superior Chief of Vigilance, accompanied by Señor L—— and the State's Attorney Señor F——, told me not to worry about anything, and that if anything happened to me now, they'd fix it up afterwards and see I got a good job; it's on account of all this that I came to understand that they were doublecrossing both the government and me, and that's why I refused to sign the account of what had happened unless they let me put in the orders they had given me.

"And that is why I'm making this declaration in my own handwriting, and putting it in somebody's care, so that if what Señor Menendez says is really for the good of Spain, it may be torn up; but if the contrary is true, that it may serve to

make the facts clear, as a beginning of the task I am undertaking to uncover the traitors who are working against the Republic.

"God grant that these notes may be torn up and that my sacrifice may really be for the good of Spain and the Republic; but if all this is being worked up by one man merely to hold his position, without attention to the evil he is doing, may these notes come into the light of day, so that they may be fairly judged.

"Today, 1st March 1933

*Assault Captain Manuel Rojas
Feijuspan."*

Ortega y Gasset's reading of these documents resulted in the arrest of the Director of Security and a volley of resignations all down the line. But the ghost of Casas Viejas continued to walk, and became a factor in the crushing defeat of the government of honest men in the November election. Whether it was the shooting of the hired hands at Casas Viejas, or the repudiating of it afterwards that turned out most unluckily will be a matter for the more cynical historians to decide. Anyway, the hour struck for the liberals and the day of the real reactionaries came. As Trotsky would say, the liberals had accomplished their historic mission.

This was the reply of Señor Azaña, President of the Council, to the reading of the documents about Casas Viejas:

"Not a word came from the government, not a bat of an eye that could justify the circulation of such orders, the result of which the government contemplates with horror. If I had been told that one man had fallen unduly in Casas Viejas, one single victim, I should have doubted it. But they told me that fourteen or sixteen men had been shot and that constituted such an enormity, such an absurdity, that I refused to believe it."

LOOKING INTO LUTHER

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

WHAT now shall we do with this rejected, damned Jewish people?" wrote Luther in his day. "I will fully state my own counsel.

"In the first place, set fire to their synagogues and schools, and what will not burn, heap earth upon it, that no man may see a stone or relic.

"Secondly, pull down and destroy their houses.

"Thirdly, deprive them of their prayer books and rabbinical writings.

"Fourthly, forbid their rabbis henceforth to teach.

"Fifthly, deprive them of the right to move about the country.

"Sixthly, forbid them the business of usury, and take from them all the gold and silver which they have stolen and robbed by this practice.

"Lastly, hand the strong young Jews of both sexes the flail, axe, mattock, spade, distaff, and spindle, and make them work for their living by the sweat of their brow. Keep in mind the example of France, Spain, Bohemia and other lands, and drive them out."

A most ferocious pre-Hitlerite Hitler was Luther, it would seem, for he could be as harsh toward annoying Aryans as towards Jews. Harsher, in fact. Witness his treatment of embattled yokels, and, later, of Anabaptists.

Off and on for a century and a half, the miserable German rustics had rebelled against exploitation and tyranny. In Luth-

er's time, and stirred by his declaration that all men were equal before God, they rebelled anew.

Boldly enough, Luther warned the princes, "The people neither can nor will endure your tyranny any longer; God will not endure it; the world is not what it was when you drove and hunted men like wild beasts." Yet to the peasants he said, "If the government is bad, that is no excuse for insurrection; enduring tyranny is a cross given by God." But when this failed to quiet them, he sided with the princes, peasant-born though he was.

"A prince can merit heaven with bloodshed better than another man with prayer," he wrote. "Even if the princes abuse their power, they have it from God. In the case of an insurgent, every man is both judge and executioner; whoever can, should knock down, strangle and stab such publicly."

More than a hundred thousand German rustics perished, and those left alive were plunged into misery deeper than ever. Then wrote Luther, "This insurrection has been put down, not by the hand of man, but by the hand of God."

A curious Protestant sect, the Anabaptists, denied the efficacy of infant baptism, and re-baptised adults. Both in Holland and in Germany they met with persecution, much to Luther's sorrow at first. "Everyone ought to be allowed to believe what he will," he said at the beginning. "If his belief is wrong, he will suffer pun-

ishment enough in the eternal fires of hell. It is not right, and my heart is filled with pity, that such wretched people are so miserably burned and cruelly done to death. Why will men persist in martyring people in this life as long as they err only in matters of faith and do not in addition resist the civil power? Good God, how easy it is to err and fall into the snares of the devil!"

Nevertheless, he prescribed banishment for Anabaptists, and should have known that some of them did resist the civil power. Three years later he wrote, "Put them to the sword!" Thirty thousand Anabaptists perished before the movement ended. Many were just Baptists, like our own, with no political heresies whatever. Many were condemned by a board of inquisitors which Luther helped to establish and on which his man Melancthon served.

II

In presenting this ferocious pre-Hitlerite Hitler, do I seem to have the air, almost, of having discovered a Luther Nobody Knows? I trust not, for the facts are familiar to all historians, though popular lives of Luther tell as little about his ferocity as about his sanction of plural marriage. In principle, at least, he was a full-fledged pre-Brighamite Mormon. Recall his advice to Henry VIII. Recall his advice to the landgrave of Hesse, who took it.

When Luther recommended bigamy to Henry VIII, it seemed rather odd to find the two in communication at all, so recently had Henry called Luther "a wolf of hell" and Luther addressed Henry as "Heinz, by God's disgrace, king."

A girl, Ann Boleyn, accomplished their short-lived reconciliation. Wishing to

marry Ann, Henry had begged the Pope to extricate him from his marriage with Catherine of Aragon, and when the Pope declined, felt out the Protestants, among them Luther, whose reply was, "Let Henry have two wives—Catherine plus Ann." When the obstinate monarch preferred divorce to bigamy, Luther called him "a driveling, sniveling swine of a sophist," and thundered, "I believe him an incarnate devil!"

Later on came Philip the Magnanimous, landgrave of Hesse and the Reformation's leading political champion, who, instead of scorning bigamy, aspired to it, as bigamy alone would save his soul.

He was in a sad plight spiritually. Because his consort disgusted him and he could not obtain a divorce, he had become a wholesale adulterer. Because of that, he had been obliged to stay away from the communion table for three years. With just one additional wife, he could quit his wholesale adulteries and return.

Luther hesitated. Recommending bigamy to a Catholic foreigner was simple, but recommending bigamy to a Protestant at home rather less so. "I cannot advise it," he wrote. "I confess that I am not able to forbid anybody to take more than one wife if he wishes to, nor do the Holy Scriptures; but I do not want this custom introduced among Christians. I must oppose it, unless there be need, as for instance, if the wife be a leper." Philip replied that in his own case it amounted to that, and said further that, unless Luther yielded, he would go and ask the Pope.

Rather than have the Reformation's leading political champion recognize Rome, Luther sanctioned the soul-saving bigamy; only, it was to be a secret bigamy. "We want to keep the affair secret because of the example," he said, adding, "There

are other reasons why you should keep it to yourself and not avow it, which would make us a lot of trouble."

So Philip bigamously married seven-teen-year-old Margaret von der Saal. The court preacher officiated. Melancthon hal-
lowed the occasion with his presence. It all leaked out, and huge was the scandal.

Prostrated with remorse, Melancthon took to his bed. Not so Luther. "I be-
seech you through Christ to be of a quiet mind," Luther wrote him. "They cannot
accuse us of any crime except a too facile pity and humanity." He had misgivings,
nevertheless, and said, "If any one asks,
'Does this affair please you?' I answer,
'No, if I were able to change it,' but as
I cannot, I commend our whole affair
to the dear God."

The whole affair fared badly, and was
not improved when it came out that
Luther had besought Philip to set things
straight by propounding "one good
strong lie."

III

A strange character was this Luther, and
a strange mind he had, for, though be-
longing chronologically to the Renaissance,
he resisted Humanism, called Aristotle
"that Greek buffoon," and belonged in-
tellectually to the Middle Ages.

He believed in witches, and said, "I
should burn them all." He believed in
magic, and said, "There was at Nieuburg
a magician named Wildferer, who, one
day, swallowed a countryman with his
horse and cart; a few hours afterward,
man, horse and cart were found in a
slough, a few miles off." He believed in
devils, and collected devil lore. "Evil
spirits abound in Prussia," he reported.
"At Sussen, the devil bore off three
squires, who had sold themselves to him.

In Switzerland there is a lake where the
devil has made a fearful settlement. There
is a pool in my own country into which,
if you cast a stone, a sudden tempest
arises, and the whole country shakes. 'Tis
the dwelling of imprisoned spirits. Winds
are nothing but good and bad spirits.
The crazed, the halt, the blind and the
dumb are all possessed with demons.
Physicians who treat these infirmities as
arising from natural causes are fools. At
Dessau, I myself saw and touched a child
that had no parents and was come of the
devil."

Though lacking newspapers, Sixteenth
Century Europe was not without news,
and as it went from lip to lip, it im-
proved. A beast was seen floating in the
Tiber. When the news reached Luther,
the beast had become a monster, and he
recognized it instantly as a sign from
God.

"During this reign of tyranny, God
has given many signs," he wrote, "and
lately the horrible monster found dead
in the Tiber. The ass's head signifieth
the Pope. The right hand, like to an ele-
phant's foot, signifieth that he crusheth
the timid. The left hand signifieth the
Pope's temporal power. The right foot,
like to an ox's hoof, signifieth the minis-
ters of spiritual authority who support
this power. The left foot, which ends in
a griffin's claw, signifieth the ministers
of the civil power. The belly and the
woman's breast signify the Pope's body,
that is, the cardinals, bishops, priests,
monks, all the pampered hogs."

Reason, so Luther warns us, is "the
devil's harlot." When Erasmus argued for
the freedom of the will, he replied, "The
human will is like a beast of burden; if
God mounts it, it goes and wishes as
God wills; if Satan mounts it, it goes and
wishes as Satan wills. Nor can it choose

the rider it prefers. This is the acme of faith, to believe that God, Who saves so few and damns so many, is merciful. If by any effort of reason I could conceive how God, though showing so much anger and iniquity, could be merciful and just, there would be no need of faith." He ended by storming, "Erasmus of Rotterdam is the vilest miscreant that ever disgraced the earth!"

At the Marburg Conference, Luther faced Zwingli, who questioned the bodily presence of Christ in the sacrament. Did not Christ rise bodily from the tomb? Did He not ascend bodily into heaven? Was not His body still there? Could the same body be in different places at the same time? Luther answered hotly, "I care not for mathematics; it is not against faith," and went home crying, "I believe Zwingli to be worthy of holy hate for his rash and criminal handling of God's word!"

On another occasion Luther was asked how the universe was created—in six days of twenty-four hours each or instantaneously? "By a great miracle," he explained, "it was created both ways."

In his attitude towards the Bible, he was at most points a full-fledged pre-Bryanite Bryan. When asked what the world would be like in a hundred years more, he said, "The world will not last so long; Ezekiel is against it." Of Copernicus he said, "This fool wishes to reverse the entire system of astronomy; but sacred Scripture tells us that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, and not the earth." He even believed, or believed that he believed, in Jonah. It came hard, though, and he tells us, "The story is more incredible than any poet's fable. Why, the fish would have digested him in two hours! The sequel, too, is foolish—he begins to rave and make himself miserable over a gourd. If

it were not in the Bible, I should laugh at it."

Yet behold what liberties he could take in translating that same Bible! "I am no Hebraist according to the grammar and the rules," he assures us. "I do not let myself be tied, but go freely through. Translation is a special gift and grace." To his colleagues he said, "Prefer always in translating the Old Testament a meaning consistent with the New. If a sentence is repugnant to the whole of Scripture, simply throw it out." And behold how he could discredit entire books of the Bible! The Revelation of St. John the Divine was "worthless." So was Ecclesiastes. So was the Epistle of St. James; an "epistle of straw," he called it, declaring, "I will not have it in my Bible among the canonical books!"

IV

From the modern psychiatric point of view, this pre-Hitlerite Hitler, this pre-Brighamite Mormon, this pre-Bryanite Bryan, with his incidental superiority to consistency as well as to conscience, presents a case of no little interest, though his most extravagant outbursts suggest that, at least occasionally, it may have been the beer—or something stronger. "Here I sit all day long drunken," he wrote while in retirement at the Wartburg, and he once signed a famous letter, "Dr. Plenus."

Written by ministers, who are answerable to their flocks and their clerical brethren and on their own part are tempted naturally enough to heroize him, lives of Luther contend that he drank always in discreet moderation. He himself, however, appears hardly to have thought so, for we have his own counsel, "When the devil says to you, 'Do not drink,' answer him, 'I will drink, and right freely,

just because you tell me not to.' One must always do what Satan forbids. What other cause do you think I have for drinking so much strong drink and making merry so often, except that I wish to mock and harass the devil? We, whom the devil seeks to annoy, should dismiss from our minds the whole Decalogue."

Modern psychiatrists find, nevertheless, sufficient material for study in Luther's case, and they begin by noting his undeniably large opinion of himself. No one could argue with him, no one could advise him, and in whatever he chose to do, he was conscious of divine approval. True, they discern nothing amounting to delusions of grandeur, and yet did not Luther at least once speak of his death in the same breath with that of Christ? Did he not at least once assume an apostolic rôle, and speak of the Wartburg as "my Patmos"? Besides, it is recalled that once, when discussing Jehovah's commanding Abraham to slay Isaac, he said, "If God had given me such orders, I should have contested the point with Him!"

Significant, too, are his hallucinations. We smile when shown the spot on his study wall in the Wartburg. Threw his ink bottle at Satan, did he? What an amusing legend! Whereas, he was in fact always seeing devils and hearing them, and he wrote, "There are many cunning and wicked demons about me here who, as they say, pass the time for me, and cause me trouble." At least once, he transcribes word for word an interview with Satan.

"This morning the devil said to me, 'Thou art a sinner.' I answered, 'Tell me something new, demon.' He went on with, 'What hast thou done with the monasteries?'—to which I replied, 'What is that to thee? Thy accursed worship goes on as ever.'"

So real to Luther were these apparitions that he devised several different means of driving them away. One was to go quietly to sleep. Another was to assail them with Scripture. A third was to "jeer and flout" them, and Luther sometimes employed obscenities for the purpose.

With the rest, the psychiatrists note certain very marked symptoms of hyperaesthesia—his pathologically extravagant responsiveness to music, and his now and then most singular religious emotionalism, as when he records, "I was walking in the procession, in my priest's robes, when suddenly the sight of the holy sacrament (thinking that Jesus Christ was there before me) so terrified me that a cold sweat covered my body and I believed myself dying of terror." Fears, of one sort and another, obsessed him constantly—fears and rages. All his life, he says, he was "afraid of a falling leaf," and what a temper he had! Storming against Pope and cardinals, he would call them "asses," "vermin," "swine," and once he wrote: "Never shall they hear a civil word from me. I will toll them to their graves with thunder and lightning. For I am unable to pray without at the same time cursing. If I am prompted to say, 'Hallowed be thy name,' I must add, 'Cursed, damned, outraged be the name of papists!' If I am prompted to say, 'Thy kingdom come,' I must perforce add, 'Cursed, damned, destroyed must be the papacy!' Indeed, I pray this orally and in my heart without intermission."

Very Freudian still, although they affect mainly to have outgrown it, our psychiatrists inquire with some little curiosity into Luther's sex life. In his youth there seem to have been no romances, and, later on, neither romance nor escapades, while of his marriage he tells us, "I never loved my wife. I was not carried away by pas-

sion, but esteem her as a friend. I married to please my father, vex the pope, and spite the devil." However, the pornographically-minded treasure a letter in which he gives an astonishingly circumstantial close-up of his honeymoon bliss, and he had a strong relish for obscenity, knowing, as always, that God approved. Yet much more revelatory, you will say, were his unfortunate childhood and his still less fortunate parentage.

Both parents abused him savagely, starting rage as well as fright, for both had violent tempers, and gossip reported that the father had once killed a man. Entirely false the report may have been, but it fitted in perfectly with old Hans's reputation as an irascible brute, somewhat dangerous even when sober.

V

A problem child, a neurotic adolescent, and an infuriated as well as devil-scared adult with neither logic in him nor much Christianity, what a candidate Luther made for the high office of spiritual dictator! To his credit, be it said, he never sought that office. At the outset of his career as a reformer, he was not even conscious of rebelling against Rome.

A Luther legend, fully as groundless as the one involving "wine, woman and song," relates that while in Rome he climbed halfway up the Santa Scala on his knees, heard an inner voice say, "The just shall live by faith," rose, wheeled about, and walked down the stairs. "Dramatic moment!" we were taught to exclaim. "The great Protestant Reformation had begun!"

He himself, long afterward, came to imagine that his visit to Rome was what made him a reformer. "Rome is a harlot!" he wrote long afterward. "I never would

have believed the true state of affairs if I had not seen it. All the examples of spiritual and temporal infamy flow from Rome, as out of a great sea of universal wickedness." So? then why was it that for years he remained a good Catholic, no more a reformer than when, on first approaching the city, he cried, "Hail, holy Rome! Thrice holy!"

Neither was he rebelling against Rome when he nailed his famous theses on the door of the castle church at Wittenberg challenging the validity of indulgences. That door was the university's bulletin board, and the theses a summons to debate, and the validity of indulgences a debatable question, as neither pope nor Council had ever passed upon it officially. Besides, the theses were all in Latin so that only scholars and clerics could read them, and scholars and clerics were used to seeing theses nailed up. It was a university custom. Moreover, theses were expected to be provocative. No one took them as necessarily expressing the writer's views; it was assumed that he wished merely to precipitate discussion. Luther himself thought his ninety-five theses so innocent that he dispatched a copy to the Archbishop of Mainz.

It is a shame to tell this, so dearly have engravers loved to picture Luther, with a hammer in one hand and an excessively large nail in the other, touching off the Reformation, and no one knows who actually did touch it off, for obscurity surrounds the meddler who translated the theses, rushed them into print, and circulated them throughout Germany, where religious insurrection had long been brewing. Over night almost, and much to his distaste, Luther became its leader.

Even then, he was not conscious of rebelling against Rome; he was conscious only of begging Rome to stop the sale

of indulgences, and he wrote humbly to the pope, "I prostrate myself at thy feet with all that I am and possess. Make alive, kill, call, recall, approve, condemn, I will acknowledge thy voice as the voice of Christ speaking in thee."

Still later, when he had protested against other things in addition to indulgences, he wrote, "Before God and all His creatures, I bear testimony that I neither did desire nor do desire to touch or by intrigue undermine the authority of the Roman Church or of your Holiness."

It took prolonged exasperation to make Luther rebel against Rome, and when he finally did, it was with no thought of setting up as a spiritual dictator. That came only when, after starring magnificently in a drama of the first order, he found himself an idle, though pampered, refugee in the Wartburg.

No more clashes with mighty ecclesiastics. No more crowds. No more cheers. Chafing, he recalled that triumphant entry into Worms, with a gorgeous herald riding ahead, mounted guards alongside, a trumpeter on the city wall blaring welcome, the young Emperor and his suite waiting to pass judgment upon a nation's hero. What memories—for a prisoner! Worse, he knew that, yonder in Wittenberg, a usurper named Carlstadt had taken to Luthering on his own. High times there were—smashing of images, raiding of monasteries, marryings of monks and nuns—and Luther not in it! He should never have been shut up in the Wartburg. It was by far too exacting a test of temperament. He came out determined to rule—a spiritual dictator, though among the less competent.

What the world needed, then as now, was a spiritual dictator capable of strengthening religion by introducing an element which largely, then as now, it lacked—

credibility. That element never interested Luther. He could credit anything. However, it must suit him, and his tastes ran to the literally Biblical and especially to the Pauline. Nowhere in his Bible could he discover a triple-crowned Vicegerent of God on earth, or a radiant Queen of Heaven, or a blessed hierarchy of saints, or cardinals, archbishops, and bishops, or monks and nuns, or priests pledged eternally to live single. Nowhere in his Bible could he learn of Purgatory, or of penances, or of pilgrimages, or of holy relics. Therefore, away with them!

In the writings of St. Paul, which, with those of St. John, he prized more than the Synoptic Gospels, he valued most the texts proclaiming salvation by faith alone. Therefore, he was just what a pre-Bryanite Bryan might have been expected to be—a Fundamentalist.

Our liberals think this unfortunate. They point out that no other one man, before him or since, had ever a superb chance like Luther's to rid Christianity of pagan and Jewish accretions and to restore its pre-Pauline simplicity. They remind us that the Christ of the Synoptics made salvation dependent, not upon faith, but upon character; whereas, Luther made it dependent not merely upon faith alone but upon a particular faith, namely, Luther's. They think his particular faith too quaintly medieval, and wish that Erasmus, instead of Luther, had been the architect of Protestant belief—Erasmus, who counseled, "Reduce the articles of faith to the fewest and simplest," and who, in Luther's estimation, was "bad through and through."

Oh, well, Luther was Luther, and, in the hearts of millions, still reigns as spiritual dictator, not to say pope, despite his having been a problem child, a neurotic adolescent, a devil-haunted adult, and never much of a Christian. Last autumn,

enthusiasts all over the world celebrated the four-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of his birth.

Catholics, looking on, wonder a little. The pre-Bryanite Bryan they can understand, but just why Protestants today should acknowledge the spiritual dictatorship of a pre-Brighamite Mormon and pre-Hitlerite Hitler, they do not so readily see. They have had bad popes of their own—quite a number, in fact—and deplore it. Look up a bad pope in the Catholic Encyclopedia. What unsparing, whole-souled denunciation he gets!

Meanwhile, it does not seem to Catholics that Luther scored a triumph altogether fulfilling his intention. He won the North of Europe, but lost the South. Though he led the Protestant Reformation, he initiated thereby a Catholic Reformation, so that the pope still wears his triple crown and in America alone there are more than nineteen million Catholics, one vast church instead of two hundred and twenty-two discordant sects. And to others as well as Catholics, it seems that, of all great careers, Luther's was quite the most outrageously mismanaged.

His marriage to an escaped nun and in

violation of his own monastic vow; his brutality during the Peasants' War and again during the Anabaptist affair; his sanction of bigamy; his anti-Semitism; his quarrels with Swingli and Erasmus, and even with poor faithful Melancthon—these—would you not fancy?—were enough to end any career.

However, they did not end Luther's and, though some of us resent strongly his imposing a thus-far-and-no-further deadline upon religious thought, there he stands—a world figure—his littleness enhancing his greatness, until, instead of saying, "What a gnome this giant was!" we exclaim in sheer wonderment, "What a giant this gnome was!"

Indeed, it is solely through examining his limitations that we come at all to appreciate him. "Afraid of a falling leaf," yet defying pope and emperor alike while convinced that the end would be martyrdom.

Irascible, yet adored by those nearest him. A dull preacher, a crude theologian, and a still worse statesman, yet so influencing fourteen successive generations that there are nearly fifty million Lutherans today.

BLACK BRIARS

BY ALICE MULHERN

I saw their picture in the Luxembourg. I know how they looked, Sister Beatrice, on the morning after the Resurrection. I mean Peter and James and John. They were worried. It showed in their faces as they hurried into what looked like a West wind. It must have been after they found the tomb empty"—Josephine stopped, overcome with shame. With a turn of the head she saw the faces surrounding her in the play-room. They believed her.

They really thought she had seen the picture itself in the Luxembourg. She had lied again. It was not necessary to count the untruths upon her soul. She knew. Thirty-nine girls in the Younger School and Sister Beatrice had heard. Forty lies were forty venial sins.

Why could she not have said she had seen the Apostles on a picture postal card at home before she had come to the convent? But no. That would not have been real enough. She had had to say that she herself had seen the three worried faces, the striding figures as they had bewilderedly rushed against the wind to spread the news of the rolled-back stone. How dreadful that Sister Beatrice and the children had believed! Why could they not have remembered her public confession of a week before, when she had seriously told the Younger School that she was not so interesting as she had pretended to be? No one had told her to confess. It had been simply that she had known that she

could never get another night's sleep in her life until she had explained. She had had to tell the children that though she was the heroine in her stories, the adventures had not happened to her as Josephine. She had made them up.

Josephine remembered the children had looked surprised, but they must have forgotten about it. They had not teased her afterwards. Perhaps it was because Sister Beatrice had turned it into a joke when she said to play leap frog instead of truth. Then with Sister Beatrice counting, they had played and played until the whole school panted in the throat like real frogs.

But that night, after Josephine had said an extra prayer to Mary, Queen of Martyrs, for help in sticking to the truth, Sister Beatrice had gone around the dormitory tucking everyone into bed as if it had been the first night after the Christmas holidays. When it was Josephine's turn, Sister Beatrice had whispered, "Won't you tell me some day, dear child, more about old Mr. Treacy who was shot by the Indians down near Bald Eagle?" That was exciting. Josephine gulped her thanks to Mary, Queen of Martyrs, for Sister Beatrice's request. That was an answer to prayer in the flash of an eye. For the story about Mr. Treacy *was* true. Josephine's grandmother had told it to her. She had picked up the wounded man; had pulled out the arrow; had kept him in her house until he died. Josephine had often slept in the bed old Mr. Treacy had

lain in. It was pleasant to have had a grandmother who was brave.

"Brave." It was the word Josephine needed. As Sister Beatrice continued with the rest of the story of the first Easter morning, Josephine tried to think of a way to redeem herself from lying. Just above Sister Beatrice's head He hung, the Saviour of the world, midway between earth and sky, a great silver crucifix. He had redeemed the sins of the world through His own pain, through scourgings, nails, thorns, a cross. St. Thomas à Kempis had followed Christ's example. By praying and by writing the "Imitatio Christi" he had reincarnated the spirit of the Word. He was a Saint, of course, privileged in God's eyes.

Josephine wondered if God would be angry if she tried to redeem herself by a way that hurt. She could not arrange for a scourging, nails, or a cross, but she knew where there were thorns. She would be careful so that no nun or child should find out what she planned to do. The nuns would be dreadfully angry that a child should try to do what was meant only for Saints. The Younger School would say she was crazy.

Sister Beatrice's story was done. The bell for release to the playground had rung before Josephine knew it was time. She came to with a start. Automatically she took her place in the rank; was up in the fall-nipped rose garden the moment she struck the open air; then out in the high meadow alone among the sunburnt tea-leaves and blowing heather.

Deliberately she pulled down her black thick wool stocking until the whole leg was bare above her shoe. The first lie hurt as she scratched it into the flesh with the stiffest thorn she could find among the rose branches she had carried to the field. So did the second. And the third. But it

made no difference even when the leg bled. Forty scratches were needed to prick her for her sins. Forty deep thrusts for forty lies. It was unfair, Josephine thought, to make the leg suffer for what the tongue had done. It would have been sacrilegious to prick her head. One tiny prick on the tongue, though, had made her know she would not have been able to bear the pain. Then if she pricked her tongue, it might swell up. The nuns would find out what she had done. Josephine shivered at the thought of their anger. Scoldings made her bones feel loose. It was hard to walk afterwards.

Tears came to her eyes as the thorns tore deeper. Once the blood came out frighteningly. After a while it was over. The forty pricks were done. If she lay still for a time the blood would dry. It did. But it hurt to climb over the stile on the way back to the playground. Josephine sat down when she got there. She read instead of talking that evening in the play-room and gave her piece of after-supper candy to another girl. In bed she wondered if the Saints had ever had the temptation to lie. Had they punished the flesh for lies as she had done? They had whipped themselves for evil temptations. Maybe she was a Saint in disguise. She did not think so, though, because she had never seen a vision. Nor were her lies temptations. They came out without urging.

Next day Josephine's problem became acute. Not because of the pricks. They hurt, of course, especially where some of the thorn points had stuck in the flesh. But in a short time she would have fun digging them out with a needle the same as splinters.

It was not the pricks which made her thoughtful. It was what to do about pretending. Certainly God allowed a person to pretend.

II

It was a sunny Sunday, the high meadow tempting. After Rosary Josephine went up there to think. She threw herself down upon the crinkly October grass. Though the lure to pretend came over her, she held it back. No one but herself knew how much of her life was false. It was easy to go on and on pretending. Much too easy. That was the trouble. She needed no audience. But it was hard in composition class to stick to the things that one-by-one happened every day. What if she was a menace to the school? What if Superior decided her influence was bad for the other little girls? Where could she go? Maybe her family would not take her back. Possibly that was why she had been sent to the convent in the first place—her family had uncannily found her out. Josephine thought over that idea. No, she was sure that at home she had not told her adventures to anyone.

She had only talked to Red Indian John, who every afternoon, sunset or no sunset, leaped along the West horizon, tomahawk raised high, braids and feathers flying. He had always come, ever since Josephine could remember, over there far away at the place where the sky met the land. He was always running. Always he sped across the horizon's tip faster than anything but the wind that blew him from behind. Josephine often wished he would stay longer, not streak it across the clouds and out of sight before she had told him more than a sentence. If only he would lie down quietly up there on the skyline, his ear to the ground. Josephine thought he might be interested in the things she made up. He would know they were not true; were told to be surprised about.

It was his time to come. Josephine raised herself by the elbows to watch. Yes, there

he was—doeskin suit, flying braids, tomahawk. A dancing figure that leapt the hills in an instant. In an instant gone. That was all there was to his visit. Unsatisfactory, Josephine thought to herself, as she ran down to join the rank for Benediction. Possibly, a secret was like that, needed an audience to wonder at the mystery. Not that anyone alive or dead would ever know about Red Indian John from her. No one but herself had ever seen him. No one ever would.

But about pretending. How could pretending be lying if a person never talked to anyone else about it? Not even to Red Indian John—because of the grass and the wind. Josephine remembered how mean the reeds had been about King Midas's ears.

Once in the scented chapel she prayed hard. She asked for help to know whether pretending was denied now that she would lie no more. "Dear August Queen of Heaven, Sovereign Mistress of the Angels," so the prayer went curling up to the sky, "please let me pretend." Mary, Queen of Martyrs, heard. The answer came towards the end of Benediction just as Josephine murmured the last response before the Blesseds. "Omne delectamentum in se habentem" came from her lips without effort. For the first time in her life she knew the words without looking at her music sheet. It was a sign.

As she tiptoed down the taper-lighted corridor leading to the great-chaired library to sit in the dark for the fifteen minutes wait before the supper bell rang, Josephine turned into her favorite character. Her straight black hair became golden curls. She was an orphan child, heiress to all the purple countries in geography, treated cruelly by a guardian who never came to see her; who shut her up in a gray park where shrubs grew wild by choice; where

poison ivy like shining snakes curved its way up the spiked walls; where her only friend was an exiled Turk who pretended not to like her the better to deceive the squint-eyed jailer who spied out her every move.

But as she pirouetted down the slippery staircase to reach the refectory in time for supper, she changed rôles. She became the world-famous girl bareback rider. A gipsy had stolen her as a baby, had sold her to a traveling circus. Josephine really thought the word *traveling* was not necessary before *circus*, since all circuses went from town to town. But it made the life exciting. It meant striking camp when the rest of the world was in bed; riding in rickety wagons close to unsafe cages where leopards screamed. It made her think of streaming lights on stormy roads; sweaty smells from the horses as the wind blew over them; wheels that did what they could with the ruts. It meant dressing in a ballet skirt, and it meant not knowing who she was, searching faces in the crowd at each performance for her kin. A life beautifully sad but packed with sudden changes.

Now that she might pretend to her content, that night in bed Josephine wondered what it would be like to be Mrs. Fehrenhauser's little girl. Mrs. Fehrenhauser was the garbage woman who each evening just before supper came to the feed barn to get the slops for the convent pigs. She was a lean tall woman with a family of six lean tall boys and girls. Two of her sons carried the steaming pails of sour milk and hot potato parings up through the high meadow along the hill past the deserted mine shaft, to the path that led to the Fehrenhauser cottage. That was where the pig sties were, too. The children could see their red paint a long way off. The cottage was yellow,

but so hidden among elms and cedars that not much color showed. As soon as autumn came, smoke never kept off curling out of the Fehrenhauser chimney. The Younger School made believe that when the wind was right, they could tell whether it was pine or apple wood that burned upon the garbage woman's hearth. Josephine wondered how tall Mrs. Fehrenhauser managed to bend over far enough to get into the cottage, the doorway was so low, her back so straight, as proud as Superior's.

III

Twice each year the Younger School went by the cottage on picnic walks. But fun as it was to see all the Fehrenhausers, spick and span in their Sunday best lined up to say, "good morning," it was more fun to see the pigs. Sister Beatrice let the rank break to see them. One look at the fat grunting scoured pigs made "as dirty as a pig" sound silly. The convent pigs were white as snow. Clean yellow straw was scattered into such nice piles in the pen that anyone would have liked to lie down. They had no mud-hole either, these pigs. They seemed happy without one. Two bushy maples banded with iron hoops—the children thought the pigs would gnaw them otherwise—cast cool shadows on polished troughs, white-skinned pigs, shining straw.

If it was an early walk, Mrs. Fehrenhauser waited to feed the pigs until the rank came up. The Younger School crowded close to the bars then, as close as Sister Beatrice would allow. The Fehrenhauser boys seemed as strong as their mother when they emptied into the troughs their high-heaped pails. The Younger School did not like the sour smell of the pig food. They held their noses and

jumped up and down making loud squealing pig noises until Sister Beatrice blew sharply on her silver whistle. Then everything but giggles quieted.

The Younger School did not talk to the Fehrenhausers, of course, except to answer their "good morning" and "good bye." It was not allowed. Sister Beatrice and Mrs. Fehrenhauser did whatever talking was done. Sometimes there was a lot after the rank had re-formed when the pigs had done eating. Then the Younger School and the six Fehrenhausers stood stock still, staring at each other, not saying a word. Each Fehrenhauser stood all alone by himself, no matter how little he was. It was as if they did not need each other. Nor anyone else. They did not fidget as forty pairs of eyes looked them over. They were busy looking themselves. When it came time to say "good bye" each Fehrenhauser at a sign from their mother went up to Sister Beatrice to shake hands. Then they stood all in a row until the rank passed on.

Once the pigs were seen the Fehrenhausers were forgotten. The children did not think of them, did not talk about them. What if there were two Fehrenhauser girls of their own age, nine and eleven? Life was too busy at the convent. There was so much to do getting lessons, praying, tending to pets, playing games, listening to stories. It did not occur to them to wonder what the little Fehrenhauser girls were like; what games they played; what they talked about. No one knew them. That ended it.

Not that it ended it for Josephine. She wondered about the whole family. What was it like inside their house? How could that lean tall quick-walking Mrs. Fehrenhauser get herself and her six lean tall children into that tiny cottage all at one time? The convent play-house seemed

larger. The windows certainly were. It had a porch, too. The Fehrenhausers on fine days had to sit outside their stoop on benches. Anyway, a porch would not go with their house. The trees were too close. Josephine hoped the cedars drowned out the pig smell.

Where did the Fehrenhausers sleep? Possibly they had bunks; one right on top of the other all the way around what seemed to be a second room. Eight bunks, if all four walls were used. Seven for the Fehrenhausers, one for a guest. It would be crowded. Not airy either.

Not enough air for Mrs. Fehrenhauser, surely. Josephine used to watch her sniff the air as she strode through the high meadow a few minutes after her two boys had carried the pails up to the pigs. Her lean tall body, swaying easily at the hips as if every bone helped with the striding, easily held high her small hatless head. She looked unafraid of the dark, even when twilight slipped down early. Untired too as she took the long steep hill past the abandoned mine pits where evil might crouch. Josephine thought she must be as brave as her grandmother who had saved old Mr. Treacy from the scalping knife.

Each night Mrs. Fehrenhauser carried in her wide black apron whatever present the nuns had given her for supper: a pile of potatoes fresh from the field, gleaming white from the scullery maid's brush; a slab of beef from the smoke house; a pan of Sister Léocaddie's molasses-scented gingerbread, oven-hot, crisp round the edges.

Josephine used to talk to the farmer, James, about Mrs. Fehrenhauser. He knew more about her than anyone. He had brought her the news when her husband who had worked in the woods for the nuns, had been killed by a falling tree. James thought no one in the world could

do enough for Mrs. Fehrenhauser. It was only right that the nuns knitted wool stockings for her children. She could not have found time for that. She was too busy with the pigs, a woman born for tending them.

She kept her children to the mark, as everyone knew. She was afraid of nothing alive or dead. Let the townsfolk remember where the blueberries they ate came from. Let them remember that when they poked fun at Mrs. Fehrenhauser's hat.

Those big fat blueberries bulging with juice came from the barrens. Josephine shivered when James told this part. For the barrens were thick with rattlesnakes. No other berry picker dared go near them. In the autumn, hunters even in high leather boots and shot guns kept away from the barrens on sunny days. Many had seen nests of rattlers there basking on the rocks.

But Mrs. Fehrenhauser went there whenever she wanted to go. Armed only with a whip she herself had woven out of horsehair James had given her, brave Mrs. Fehrenhauser used to fill her pails in an hour. She did not heed the rattlers as they crawled over her shoes, but let one coil ready to spring—out went her whip. Swish! off went his head.

"She is a fine woman," James used to shout at his two fat daughters when they spoke about Mrs. Fehrenhauser's hat. He was cross when he caught his daughters telling the Younger School how funny the garbage woman looked in church on Sunday mornings. "I'll not stand for it," he used to yell as he chased his daughters indoors to their chores. He made his daughters cross at Christmas and New Year's when he bade one or the other climb the long hill with a turkey for the Fehrenhausers, one chosen from his own flock.

IV

On the evening Josephine had picked for a visit to the yellow cottage to see what it was like, she hid in the high meadow until Mrs. Fehrenhauser strode by. The apron covered a pan of bacon and greens that night. Josephine knew the smell. She could not keep up, of course, with the woman's gigantic strides but she ran softly along keeping as close as she could to her wide shadow. That was near enough not to be afraid when the black openings to the old mine gaped in her face. As the woman put down her pan of supper on the ground before bending low to go into one of the pig houses, Josephine made a dive for the cottage door. She gathered her breath, knocked softly, was let in.

It was beautiful inside, full of pleasant smells, full of red light that came from the crackling firewood, green light that came from a shaded oil lamp on the table. Places were laid on the red and blue cloth, one for the mother, one for each child. The Fehrenhauser children were redder-cheeked than ever. As happy to see her as Josephine was to see them. They gaily crowded round her; touched her black reefer; pulled at the black streamer on her hat. One of the children polished a reefer button that never had shone well. Then Fritz showed Josephine his treasures—even the Fehrenhausers were surprised—a colored egg with its inside blown out, three gold painted walnuts, a pebble that sparkled all over when the lamplight struck it, another one that looked like a pearl when it was sucked.

The greatest treasure came last: a rattlesnake's rattle with ten rattles hooked on. Just to hold the rattle in her hand was worth to Josephine any scolding Sister Beatrice might give for running away. No need to tell where it had come from; who

had pulled it off the rattlesnake's tail. Josephine knew. In her mind's eye she saw the great yellowish-green snake coil, heard both the warning rattle and the swift swish that had severed the head, to leave the body quivering until the sun went down. The rattles rattled as Josephine shook them. The whole thing was pearly in the light, as pearly as the wet pebble. It was smooth to touch, cool. Cool as a bone in the snow. It smelt of heather and oil and fresh sawdust. Her hand warmed it through when she held it tightly but nothing could take away the pearliness. Such a treasure to own.

Josephine had just given it back to Fritz's outstretched hand when the door opened with a roar. There stood Mrs. Fehrenhauser, horsewhip in hand. She must have seen the visitor through the window. She was angry as she swished the whip from right to left. "Get out. Get out, you little sneak," she yelled at Josephine. "You, all of you want me to

lose my job, don't you? Who'll feed you when the sisters throw me out?" Then, dashing over to Josephine, she seized her by the shoulder. "Remember I'll kill you if you tell you've been here, I'll kill you sure. Now get." Her hard shove threw Josephine over the doorsill, up against a cedar. Not that she stayed there long. All she wanted to do was to run. She ran and ran, down the long hill, past the mine shafts, past the hay piles. In the meadow she stumbled, lost her balance, fell.

Suddenly she was not afraid. Fear like a wind passed her by. She was not afraid of a scolding; nor afraid of Mrs. Fehrenhauser's threats. She would never tell anyone where she had been, of course, not because of being killed, nor even because, if she told, Mrs. Fehrenhauser would lose her job.

She just would not tell. It was another secret. She would say she had taken a walk when Sister Beatrice asked why she was late for supper.

THE LIBRARY

Babbitt as Hero

WORK OF ART, by Sinclair Lewis. \$2.50.
5½ x 8½; 452 pp. New York: Doubleday,
Doran & Company.

SINCLAIR LEWIS'S books, it is true, do not grow better as the years go by, but when we think of the careers of most American novelists who have become prominent in the last two decades, we should be grateful that they come so close to the high early standard that the author set for himself. The present volume cannot, indeed, be ranked with any one of that brilliant trio, "Main Street," "Babbitt," and "Arrow-smith," but it is surely superior to either of its two predecessors, "Ann Vickers" or "Dodsworth." In spite of her creator's valiant efforts to portray her sympathetically, there was something insufferably smug about Ann. The truth is that Lewis is never quite at home in the company of liberals, intellectuals, and reformers. He seems usually to feel that he ought to like them, that it is somehow his duty to like them, but at bottom he just doesn't. And for that reason he cannot make them attractive even when he tries. It is for this reason also—apart from conscious intent—that the crooked judge was the most likeable and on the whole the most vivid character in "Ann Vickers." It is for this reason that Babbitt, who is portrayed throughout with conscious derision, is not merely a more memorable but a more amiable character than Ann, who is portrayed throughout with conscious admiration. It is for this reason that the chief impression we retain of Carol Kennecott in Main

Street is merely that of a restless neurotic. And it is for this reason that Lewis's most charming female character, Leora Arrow-smith, is a woman who makes no pretense to intellectual eminence.

In "Work of Art" Lewis reveals more explicitly than he has heretofore done his basic affection for Babbitts. He deals with a Babbitt and an intellectual; he makes them brothers; upon the Babbitt he lavishes his sympathy, upon the intellectual his disdain and derision. No doubt he would reply that this is a complete misinterpretation: what he was trying to do, he would say, was to show that a man superficially a Babbitt, interested only in running hotels, could take in reality toward his work the attitude of an artist, while a man superficially an intellectual, devoted to poetry and novel writing, could treat his work primarily as a money-making racket. Or again, he might say that he was merely trying to show that a good business man is a far more admirable person than a bad artist, and does more to increase the comfort and happiness of mankind. But the last point is perhaps too obvious to need proof, and the fact remains that the Babbitts who read this book will find in it their "Apologia pro Vita Sua."

We first meet the Weagle brothers as schoolboys in a Connecticut village where their parents keep the leading and only hotel, the American House. The head of Ora, the younger, is always in the clouds; he reads some good verses and composes some abominable ones; his heroes are all

literary and he stands at the top of his classes; he is lazy, selfish, mean, unscrupulous, and contemptuous of his brother Myron. Myron is a plodder, practically devoid of cultural interests, who does nearly all the work around the hotel, and finally conceives the ambition to become a great hotel man. He leaves home, gets jobs successively as a bellhop, an assistant cook in a lunch wagon, and a meat cook in a small hotel. He assiduously studies books on cooking, but at length voluntarily quits as cook to take work as a waiter at a fraction of his former salary. From waiter he becomes a night clerk in a cheap disreputable hotel; goes out to St. Louis in the days of the fair to become assistant manager of a temporary jerry-built house, is sent down as assistant manager of a Florida resort place, is appointed manager when the drunkard in charge is found out by the great controller of the whole hotel chain, and finally goes triumphantly to New York.

Up to this point the book is an Horatio Alger story. Myron succeeds by dint of all the Algerian virtues—ambition, pertinacity, honesty, study, hard work; and as a foil Ora puts in an occasional appearance, contemptuous, drunk, broke, borrowing money from Myron which he never repays, seducing women, turning out an occasional fifth-rate novel or short story, supplementing his income by various forms of ghost-writing, plagiarism and disguised blackmail. But at the last moment Lewis retreats violently from the Algerian formula by turning it upside-down. Just as Myron has completed and opened his own Perfect Hotel, the fulfillment of his life-long dream for a Work of Art, he meets disaster through forces outside of his control, while the efforts of the ne'er-do-well Ora are crowned with a Hollywood success.

The merits of this book are the merits of all of Lewis's work. He is never content to coast. With amazing diligence, a diligence even greater than that of his present hero, he must have set himself to learn the hotel business; and to the layman the novel reads as if Lewis himself had spent a lifetime successively as bellhop, waiter, cook, night-clerk, manager. Surely in the intensity of his awareness of his physical environment, down to its minutest detail, Lewis is equalled in America only by Dreiser; and since the death of Arnold Bennett he has no other peer whatever, in this respect, among English-writing novelists.

Unfortunately, what keeps a novel alive, what causes readers to return to a great novel again and again, is not environmental awareness, but emotional intensity and character portrayal; but "Work of Art" has few moments of emotional intensity, and its leading character is not memorable enough. Myron is an extravert, and he is seen mainly from the inside; he has few moments of deep emotional conflict, and few moments when he is aware of himself as an individual human being. His ruling passion is hotels, and as a result the reader becomes vividly aware of hotels, but he does not receive or retain a very vivid picture of Myron. To be sure, one likes Myron well enough; he is generous, kind-hearted, modest, hard-working, and efficient, but he is also, at bottom, dull. If you met him in the flesh you would admire him as a hotel planner and manager, but you would find it difficult to spend an evening in his company, and you would not remember him. He never reads a good book; he has no interest in art (he spends three months in Europe without ever looking at a picture gallery), he has no interest in good music, or in science (except in hotel gadgets),

or even in sports and women. He does look upon first-rate hotels and hotel keeping as ends in themselves, and not merely as means to profits. But the case against the Babbitt, finally, is not that he is selfish or grasping or arrogant or ungenerous to his friends, but that he is commonplace and dull, and that is the case against Myron Weagle. It is not weakened greatly by the fact that his brother, who is a writer, is fifth-rate in his line and as thorough a blackguard as could be encountered in a season's fiction.

But the merits of the book remain. It is, as I have said, a better book than "Ann Vickers," if only because Lewis feels more comfortable among its people than he does among reformers and penologists. The minor figures—such as, for example, the drummer J. Hector Warlock—are drawn with great gusto, the narrative moves rapidly, and there is not a corner of the hotel world from the kitchen to the linen-room that remains unexplored.

HENRY HAZLITT

Grover Cleveland

LETTERS OF GROVER CLEVELAND:
1850-1908, edited by Allan Nevins. \$5.
6¼ x 9¾; 640 pp. Boston: *The Houghton
Mifflin Company*.

PERHAPS no more bitter and unpopular President ever relinquished his office than Grover Cleveland when he left the White House on March 4, 1897. His own Democratic party had repudiated him, and the country had sharply rebuked him by electing William McKinley, who stood for nearly everything which, to Cleveland, meant perfidy to the national welfare. The remaining eleven years of Cleveland's life were mainly lonely ones. Secluded in his Princeton home, he saw the triumph, within his own party, of "the fatal blun-

ders of Bryanism," and he saw one after another of his most trusted former associates, including John G. Carlisle and Richard Olney, succumb to them. But when he died on June 24, 1908, there was genuine regret throughout the country, for it had somehow got to like, honor, and respect him. Since his death his reputation has grown rapidly, so that today he is, by some, put on the same level with Jefferson and Jackson. Robert McElroy began the hymn of praise in 1923 with his two-volume biography, and nine years later Denis Tilden Lynch followed him with "Grover Cleveland: A Man Four-Square." Shortly thereafter, in the winter of 1932, Mr. Nevins published his "Grover Cleveland: A Study in Courage," and he now offers, as a supplement to it, a bulky volume of his subject's letters. Mr. Nevins's two volumes have apparently exhausted the field of Clevelandiana, but no doubt other studies will soon appear, for the Cleveland wave is running high.

Personally, Cleveland was one of the most commonplace of men, as even Mr. Nevins, the most persistent of his worshippers, is forced to admit. He had little more humanity and graciousness in him than a lead pipe. He was a strange combination of Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin, but without the intellectual reach of the former and the worldly charity of the latter. He was always self-righteous and even unctuous. He seemed to have an intimate knowledge of the ways of God with man. On February 25, 1895, he wrote to the gas magnate E. C. Benedict: "I have never been so sure that there is a high and unseen Power that guides and sustains the weak efforts of man. I feel it all the time and somehow I have come to expect that I shall find the path of duty and right, if I honestly and patriotically go on my way. I would be

afraid to allow a bad, low motive to find lodgment in my mind, for I know I should then stumble and go astray." On March 18, 1906, he wrote to Richard Watson Gilder, his favorite literary friend: "God has never failed to clearly make known to me the path of duty."

His intellectual interests were of the narrowest. Outside of the Bible, the Presbyterian hymn-books, Blackstone's "Commentaries," Coke's "Commentaries," and a few other such books he apparently never read anything but government reports and newspapers. European and American literature were mysteries to him throughout his life. Mark Twain adored him and said many fulsome things about him, but there is no evidence that Cleveland read much of him. In March, 1896, the Birmingham Dramatic and Literary Club invited him to attend a celebration of the birthday of Shakespeare the following April 21. He declined the invitation politely and added this: "Everything that tends to keep alive the memory of Shakespeare, and preserves a proper appreciation of his work, challenges my earnest interest and approval; and though I cannot be with you on the occasion you contemplate, I am glad to know that our American people are to be prominently represented in the celebration."

Mr. Nevins is forced to admit that Cleveland was not "a great intellectual force," but he insists that he had "a courageous soul . . . He had a soul that in its simple and unpretending fashion was truly heroic, and to touch his garment is to receive virtue." There is some ground for this view. As mayor of Buffalo, Cleveland did much to clean that city of corruption, and as Governor of the State of New York he gave strong battle to the Tammany grafters, when to do so was a much more hazardous thing, politically,

than it is these days. In his first term as President he worked mightily for Civil Service reform, though it must be remembered that the way was paved for him by Presidents Hayes and Arthur, and he did some good, though not always judicious, work in holding down the pension grabs of the Civil War veterans or their widows. In his second term in the White House he fought valiantly for tariff reform and for "sound" money, and saved the country, for the time being at least, from useless and criminal imperialistic ventures in Samoa, Hawaii, and Cuba. It took courage of a sort to do all these things, and most of the credit for them which has been given to Cleveland is securely his.

But there are other things to consider. Admirable as were his celebrated "silver letter" of February 10, 1891, to E. Ellery Anderson, and his battles for the gold standard, he betrayed a most amazing callousness to the interests of the farmers, who then composed the larger half of the population of the United States. They were no doubt misguided in the belief that the free coinage of silver would really help them, but Cleveland showed them no other way out of their misery, the nature and extent of which he apparently knew nothing about.

His handling of the Pullman strike in the summer of 1894 was disgraceful, and brought the country to the brink of revolution. The facts were as clear then as they are now. The Pullman Company had drastically reduced the wages of its employés on the ground of bad business, though actually the corporation in 1894 held undivided surplus profits of about twenty-five millions. It refused absolutely to discuss the matter of the starvation wages with representatives of the employés, and it held that an increase in their wages would be "a gift of money

to these men." The American Railway Union called a strike, which soon spread into twenty-seven States. There was very little disorder: the leader, Eugene V. Debs, had forbade violence. The strike went on peacefully, and it looked as if the Pullman Company would be defeated. Attorney-General Olney, who had before been a prominent railroad lawyer, became alarmed and "persuaded" the Illinois Federal courts to issue an injunction, not only against violence, of which there was practically none, but also against the strike. The injunction was one of the most indefensible ever issued in the history of our courts.

The local Federal agents, under Olney's influence, then manufactured a case that the transportation of the mails was being obstructed, and asked for Federal troops. Cleveland acceded to their request, and sent Federal troops into Illinois without asking permission of the State authorities. As Governor Altgeld pointed out in two memorable telegrams to the President, this procedure was in violation of every precedent and of the letter and the spirit of the Federal Constitution. Cleveland broke the strike, happy in the belief that he acted in "strict accordance with the Constitution and laws of the United States," with which no competent lawyer would now agree. Of the dangers of the injunction, of the sacredness of States' rights, of the rights of labor to strike he did not say a word.

Shortly thereafter he showed the same thickheadedness in his handling of the boundary dispute between British Guinea and Venezuela. The facts of the case are too well known to need rehearsal. He invoked the Monroe Doctrine against Great Britain, and in his messages to England and to Congress used such violent language that it was only by a miracle that

war was averted. The whole uproar was completely unnecessary. Only a tactless and uninformed man like Cleveland could have brought it about.

Cleveland was a relief, coming after Presidents Grant, Hayes, and Arthur, but he deserves little of the adulation that has recently been heaped upon him. He was an honest executive and had courage of a sort, but he had little intelligence. Government, to him, was purely a matter of honest bookkeeping and of the maintenance of chaste public morals. He fulminated against the Tammany saloon-keepers, racetrack men, and thieving local postmasters, but he was completely blind to the evils of government by injunction and to the problems presented by the growth of monopolies, the franchise grabbers, and the labor unions. He knew almost nothing of the greatness of the country and of its various needs. As has already been noted, he had no understanding of the farmers' perennial plight; and he had no understanding of the misery of the proletariat.

He frequently spoke of the spirit of "historic democracy," but the truth is that he had very little of it himself. Jefferson's "cherishment of the people" was an unknown emotion to him, and so was Jackson's grand and irresponsible delight in the well-being of the under-dog. At bottom, he was a small man. Personally and officially, he always remained the mayor of Buffalo.

Mr. Nevins says that the present volume "contains all of Cleveland's letters that are important to the student of his life or times." It is a useful book and well arranged, though Mr. Nevins's occasional comments are not always of the highest order of intelligence. The index, which takes up only six pages, is far too brief.

CHARLES ANGOFF

"Dripping with Delight"

INTERNAL REVENUE, by Christopher Morley. \$2.50. 5 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 8 $\frac{1}{2}$; 308 pp. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company.

THE author of this remarkable book of essays was born forty-four years ago, and was christened Christopher Darlington Morley. He early took a dislike to his middle name, which he now rarely uses, and during the past few years he has also cast a questioning eye upon his first name. According to "Living Authors," he "likes to be called Kit Morley, and to be thought to resemble Shakespeare's contemporary, Kit Marlowe." This is a laudable but far too modest ambition for Mr. Morley, for Marlowe wrote barely a dozen books, while Mr. Morley has already written more than forty and edited about half as many more. Besides, Mr. Morley achieved the immortality of a collected edition of his works—the swanky Haverford Edition—in 1927, when he was only thirty-seven years old; poor Marlowe had to wait till 233 years after his death before his collected works were issued in one good edition. Obviously, Mr. Morley has a right "to be thought to resemble" someone more nearly like him than the author of "The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus" and "The Jew of Malta." He has a right "to be thought to resemble" no less a person than Ik Marvel, the prolific and stupendous American author of fifty years ago, or even Owen Davis, the glory of our own day.

Mr. Morley's present book, as has already been said, is a collection of essays, his first in five years. His range of interests here, as heretofore, is the whole world, from the mountains of Vermont to the fish of Bermuda, and from West End Avenue, New York City, to Shakespeare. He writes, as always, charmingly, deliciously, and restfully. Reading him, we are, to quote that great thinker, Abbé Dimnet, one of

his admirers, "in the company of a man who loves, really loves, good writing. . . . Few men have such a sense of human silhouette. . . . Few men, too, without any apparent effect, can trace and retrace what goes on in the human mind." But Mr. Morley can not only trace "what goes on in the human mind"; he can also tell you precisely what goes on in the "souls" of streets, avenues, restaurants, etc.

Consider, for example, his glowing chapter on West End Avenue, New York City. It would have done honor to no less a student of life than the late Henry Van Dyke. Mr. Morley loves the avenue, but he is constrained to offer some constructive criticisms. He admits that "Mr. Schwab's château [is] its proudest architectural surprise," but he regrets that "Charley seems to get so little use of his braw mansion. I like to see the homes of our great barons gay with lights and was-sail. . . . When a man builds a French château he should live in it like a French seigneur." Fortunately, Mr. Morley is not merely a carping critic. He sees much on the avenue worthy of his approval. "Certainly," he says, "with so many doctors (their names provide the only sociological data West End Avenue offers to the student) the street must be healthy." Shrewdly he notes, in his charming prose, that there are many vacant apartments and that "at certain times of the day you will see ladies urging their small dogs for an airing. It is a highway for both leases and leashes." He continues his penetrating essay with similar happy results, but in the end he throws up his hands at the "splendor" of it all: "Alas, can it be that West End Avenue, like so many other things, has only the meanings we ourselves bring to it?"

Mr. Morley has traveled far more widely than most of us, and he has seen things. In his charmingly frank way, he confesses

that his travel notes are "so meagre. But when life is most worth living there is little time for taking notes." Nevertheless, he favors us with the few notes he has got. Out of a long experience as a literary traveler he remarks that "everything is unexplored until you adventure it for yourself," but "what a pity the monstrous thrill of seeing things for the first time can only happen once!" Travel, of course, is a wonderful thing. It frees you somewhat from your daily grind, but the legend, "Man, born free, is everywhere in chains," is contrary to the facts. Mr. Morley asks pointedly, "Did you ever see anyone born free—or who even wanted to be free? I never saw one."

It would be a pleasure to go on quoting from Mr. Morley's engaging book, but it would take pages. However, there are some remarks of the charming essayist that it is impossible to resist bringing to the attention of the thoughtful reader. When Mr. Morley was in the West recently, he noted, genial humorist that he is, that the Union Pacific "serves both Salt Lake City and Reno, so it can cater to both kinds of patrons, those who wish many wives, or those who prefer none at all. Is that why the road is one of the few that have always paid dividends? The Disunion Pacific!—The Continental Divide, says the railroad folder, is at Creston, Wyoming; the Domestic Ditto, I suppose, is at Reno." As for the ancient problem of what is a better subject of conversation, history or geography, Mr. Morley says wisely: "It is dangerous to reason about history, which is a chancy topic. Safer to stick to geography." He is equally wise on the subject of money: "It must be fun to be rich, one has often thought, for there are many surprising things that can be done with money." But he reaches a new high of philosophical insight with this miraculous observation:

"Nature, it occurs to me, is the perfect Night Club Hostess. This bright weather, what a complaisant smile she turns upon her clients, crying like Miss Texas Guinan, 'Hello, sucker!'"

An admirer of Mr. Morley's genius, writing recently in the *American Book Collector*, said of his "Pipefuls," "It is dripping with delight." The same may be said of Mr. Morley's present book.

C. A.

A Critique of War-Makers

WAR MEMOIRS OF DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, VOLUMES I (1914-1915) & II (1915-1916). \$4.00 each. 6¼ x 9½; 469 + 449 pp. Boston: *Little, Brown & Company*.

IN THESE volumes a long series of reminiscences and apologies approaches its end. Hindenburg, Ludendorff, the Kaiser, the Crown Prince and Von Bülow have spoken. Foch, Pershing, Poincaré, Clemenceau, Asquith, Grey, House, and Wilson have spoken. The four tomes of David Lloyd George—two published last fall and two to be published next fall—will almost complete the list of books written by the surviving military and diplomatic leaders of the first World War. It is peculiarly fitting that the little Welsh wizard should close the procession at the very end of a diplomatic era. The first half of his contribution went to press when quotations from his later anti-French and pro-German speeches were being used by Herr Hitler in electoral posters to help persuade the German masses of the necessity of promoting "peace" through German re-armament. By the time the third and fourth volumes appear, twenty years after Sarajevo, even the most optimistic of peace-seekers will probably have conceded the inevitability of a new armed conflict between the victors and vanquished of Versailles.

The "post-war" years have passed and a "pre-war" epoch has begun once more. Lloyd George, to be sure, seems unaware of the transition, for he still expresses the hope that his narrative of "four and a half years of destruction and pain" will help to avert another comparable calamity. For this it is now too late—thanks to the collective unteachability of mankind and thanks also to the specific blunders and stupidities of the Allied "statesmen," including Lloyd George, during and since the Paris Peace Conference. The volumes, nevertheless, are of absorbing interest not only to historians but to all who are sufficiently reflective to perceive the implications of the story for the next armed clash between the nations.

Concerning the antecedents of 1914 Lloyd George has little to say that is new. He was then Chancellor of the Exchequer in a Cabinet whose members were kept largely in the dark regarding Britain's diplomatic commitments. They accepted the soothing, half-deceptive assurances of Sir Edward Grey, "a pilot whose hand trembled in a palsy of apprehension, unable to grasp the levers and manipulate them with a firm and clear purpose." They were helpless, amazed and horrified when the avalanche descended upon them. Lloyd George can only opine that "nobody wanted war," with the possible exception of Count Berchtold. Of the schemes and hopes entertained in Paris and St. Petersburg he knew nothing. He has little to add to the history of diplomacy. His story centers around his efforts in the field of war finance and his work as Minister of Munitions in the first Coalition Cabinet established in May, 1915. His second volume closes with his appointment as Premier in the second Coalition Cabinet in December, 1916.

The events and personalities of these

years are here described by a participant-observer who is at once a shrewd practitioner of politics, an able administrator and a civilian critic of strategy. He "proves" that he was "right" on most controversial issues, for he is still the politician. He evaluates his colleagues and collaborators, often cleverly, from the point of view of his own prejudices, for objectivity is no part of the stock-in-trade of his kind. Balfour's genius for moderation and impartiality he gently ridicules. Keynes, whose shafts against his post-war reparations policy still sting, is an "entertaining economist," "bright but shallow." Asquith became "visibly flabbier, tardier and more flaccid under the strain." Of incisive analysis of the whole politico-social context of the war, of ripe reflection about its implications, there is none here, for Lloyd George is nothing of the philosopher. His political theory is a disillusioned Liberalism. But within these limitations he has written an excellent work, unmarred by vainglorious protestings, either personal or patriotic, and characterized by much insight and sound British common sense.

These initial volumes are perhaps most significant as a record of the appalling rigidity and stupidity of the military mind. Wisdom after the event is, of course, easy, and since he was not responsible for policy prior to his Premiership he can criticize freely and often bitterly those who were in authority. But when all allowances have been made, his story of military incompetence remains an impressive and disquieting indictment of bureaucratic muddle-headedness among the war-makers. "As events developed it became increasingly evident to the rawest amateur mind that the military were fumbling badly with their job." The War Office had prepared "not for the next war, but for the last one or the last but one."

The greatest obstacle to Lloyd George's ultimately successful efforts to mobilize the entire industrial resources of the country for war purposes was the passivity and short-sightedness of the War Office officialdom. While the Minister of Munitions struggled desperately to push the output of heavy artillery, shells and machine guns, often in the face of military indifference, the High Command wasted hundreds of thousands of lives in vain efforts to break the German lines by obsolete tactics. Machine guns were viewed with suspicion and tanks with contempt until the bloody logic of battle compelled their use on a large scale. The generals pursued "billy-goat" tactics in "butting away the strength of their armies against unbreakable walls." The Minister groans in retrospect: "What strategy! What generals! What statesmen to tolerate either!"

These revelations should give rise to sober reflections on the part of those who will be cannon-fodder or civilians in the next international combat. As these words are written, German militarism is in process of revival on an unprecedented scale and the general staffs in all the capitals are laying their plans much as they did before 1914. Assuming a continuation of the present French policy of timid negation, Germany within five years will again

be the most efficiently organized and formidable military power on the Continent. If the hoped-for alliances with Fascist Italy and Fascist Japan can be consummated, Hitler's Third Reich can look forward to victory much more confidently than could Wilhelm II. In the coming unpleasantness all who hope to escape becoming victims of the *Hakenkreuz* crusaders will necessarily align themselves, morally or materially, with Germany's enemies. America will of course try neutrality again. But even Americans have an interest in hoping that Germany's neighbors will fight more efficiently in 1938 or 1940 than they did twenty years ago.

Lloyd George is not reassuring on this point. He makes it clear that a sweeping victory of *Kultur* was averted only by German diplomatic blunders and the grace of God. The military mind in democratic states is probably no more nimble or imaginative now than it was during the last conflict. The "outlawry of war" having failed, the time has perhaps come to agitate for the outlawry of professional war-makers—or at least for their reëducation—in order that the next war may be conducted with some degree of skill and safety.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

CORRESPONDENCE

SOME ACHIEVEMENTS OF GLENN FRANK

UNLESS an important figure is heckled, he is suspect. This piece is not about President Roosevelt but about President Glenn Frank of the University of Wisconsin.

For eight years he has been at work on a job which educators here and in Europe have referred to as involving significant mechanisms of liberalism in education and in social relationship.

It might be well if every university president periodically were called to give to the people an account of his stewardship. If President Frank were asked to do this, he could report:

A slow self-conducted re-assessment, at the university, of basic processes of education, and a reconstruction of certain objectives and methods; as

I. The appointment in 1928 of a special committee of twelve faculty members for a reconsideration of the curriculum. The two years' work of this committee resulted in the Fish report, adopted by the faculty and approved by the regents in June, 1930. This report included recommendations:

(1) That no student be dropped, on academic grounds, before the beginning of his junior year.

(2) Of higher standards of scholarship as necessary for promotion into the junior year, thus, in Dr. Frank's words, "serving notice on any loafer that he play fair with the taxpayer's money and make honest use of the opportunity which the State provides."

(3) An increase in independent study for juniors and seniors, freeing them from certain hindering routines; and freedom to students seeking no degree to study what they will, provided that they can handle the work, and that they abstain from extra-curricular activities.

(4) A consideration of courses which may cut quite across existing departmental lines.

Much of the new conditioning of this bulky report represents the application of results worked out in:

II. The Experimental College, which was one method of the general reëxamination of procedure. This college, as its name implies, was intended to function and disappear, and it did so with its report of its findings in 1933. It applied general curriculum and teaching method reconstructions, for the freshman and sophomore students, of whom the college exclusively consisted. Under Dr. Alexander Meikeljohn, the college had as its essential objectives: integration of materials to be studied; informalization of the teaching procedure; and socialization of the students. As Dr. Frank said in commending Dr. Meikeljohn: "In its four years of experiment the college has dramatized and driven home issues respecting the control and method of liberal education with which every American college of liberal arts must sooner or later reckon." And he added: "The setting up and setting aside of experiments, so common in industry, seems difficult to grasp in connection with a university."

III. The establishment in 1928 of the Bureau of Guidance and Records, discouraging unfit—though technically fit—students from entering the university at all. This Bureau has re-made the personnel of the freshman class.

Fully as important as these beginnings at academic revaluation, is the history of the university's liberalism in these eight years. The charge to sift and winnow facts for the truth, cast in copper at the entrance of the main hall, often has been dramatically sustained. In a now famous case the president held:

"The university has the right and the duty to require from the members of its faculties scientific accuracy and intellectual honesty in their handling of facts. In their expression of opinion the university has no right to require from the members of its faculties conformity to any prevailing theories or policies of the State in particular or of society in general, whether the theories in question be political, economic, social or religious . . . A teacher's opinions, however widely they may differ from prevailing policies and beliefs at the moment, cannot be made, with my consent, a subject of university discipline."

When Mrs. Dora Russell had accepted an invitation, sent by a committee of a student group, to speak at the university, this committee later waited on President Frank and quoted to him an interview credited to her in a New York newspaper, in which she was said to have advocated free sex relations.

"May we withdraw our invitation to her?" the committee of students asked, and President Frank replied:

"You know what will be said of me. But if you do not wish to bring her here before a mixed student audience, certainly I do not insist that you do so."

The students withdrew the invitation,

but Dr. Frank, who has always refused to permit censorship of the university publication, the *Daily Cardinal*, did not use the explanation as defense.

One of Dr. Frank's first acts as president was to ask the regents to pass a blanket regulation, wiping out all withdrawals of degrees, honors and distinctions ordered during the war. This was done, and included the restoration of credits and degree denied to Mr. Ernest Meyer, a conscientious objector.

And there has been a series of appointments by President Frank, of famous liberals—Lloyd K. Garrison, as dean of the Law School; E. S. Witte, John Hicks, John M. Gaus, adviser to Governor LaFollette, and C. L. Christensen, as dean of the School of Agriculture.

During the recent drastic drop in income, in all educational institutions, some universities met it by dropping the younger staff members. One university dropped 235 younger teachers. President Frank did not drop a single junior member of the staff. He staggered their work instead. Then he levied salary waivers, of from 12 to 20% against the entire staff—as against, for example, the 15% flat cut levied on all Federal workers at Washington, from janitors to the president. He himself took a salary cut of \$4000—20%.

These things are matters of interest and satisfaction to those concerned with education. And when those who are impatient at the long run and the large way, come and ask for things vivid and colorful and swashbuckling, Dr. Frank listens and says nothing. Sometimes this has been resented, but not by the students. But then other strange trivialities have been resented. The late Dr. Charles Kendall Adams, president of Cornell and Wisconsin Universities, was bitterly blamed because Mrs. Adams engaged a French maid who had

no English. Indeed, one recalls hearing President Frank arraigned because Mrs. Frank has her guests' names announced—and because he wears spats.

The presidency of a university is a right place for Glenn Frank, but H. L. Mencken had another thought. In *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* for June, 1927, Mr. Mencken wrote editorially, declining formally to name the next President of the United States, but observing: "There is surely no lack of men among us who could make intelligent, conscientious and even brilliant Presidents."

He names first Glenn Frank, Litt.D., then Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore and Ohio, Louis D. Brandeis and others, and adds: "Here are six highly intelligent and industrious men, adepts at some difficult art, science or craft, and all of them beyond the slightest whisper of corruption. They have dignity, sense, information, courage. . . . It would be impossible to imagine them concealing their views on this or that public matter, in order to avoid any private disadvantage."

To stand in the great stock pavilion on the day of a convocation, to catch the current between Glenn Frank and his students, is to know more, after all, than could be known by any formal accounting of stewardship. It is in this margin of influence as well as in his factual achievements that his value lies. It was perhaps due to both that, on his last visit to America, H. G. Wells said to a Washington correspondent:

"I am going to Wisconsin to see my friend Glenn Frank, because Wisconsin is a place where education still exists."

Illness prevented his visit, and upon sailing, the *New York Herald Tribune* reported: "His regret upon leaving this country was that he had no opportunity of visiting the University of Wisconsin, which he believed to be one of the few great institutions of learning in the United States."

New York City

ZONA GALE

"THE POLITICS OF GOD"

MR. ERNEST L. MEYER, author of "Glenn Frank: Journalist on Parole" in the February issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, sends in the following prayer which President Frank delivered at the opening session of the Senate of the State of Wisconsin on June 12, 1927. Unfortunately, it came in too late for inclusion in the article.

Almighty God, Lord of all Governments, help us in the opening hours of this legislative session, to realize the sanctity of politics.

Give us the insight and grant us the power to lift the business of Government into an adventure that we may with reverence call the politics of God, because by it we shall seek to fashion the life of the Commonwealth in the likeness of the City of God.

Save us from indulging in catchwords when we should be searching for facts.

Save us from thinking about the next election when we should be thinking of the next generation.

Almighty God, Lord of all Governments, to Whom all hearts are open, from Whom no secrets are hid, may the words of our mouths, the meditations of our hearts, and the intent of our measures be acceptable in Thy sight.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

CATHERINE BAUER's "Modern Housing" will be published in the near future. She has written on housing for various periodicals, including *Fortune* and *the Nation*.

THOMAS BEER's critical biography of Stephen Crane, published in 1923, is still the most authoritative study of its subject. Mr. Beer has also written a half dozen other books.

KAY BOYLE's latest book is "Gentlemen, I Address You Privately." Her other books include "Plagued by the Nightingale" and "The First Lover and Other Stories."

MITCHELL DAWSON is a Chicago lawyer. He has appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Harper's*.

JOHN DOS PASSOS's article in this issue will form part of his next book, "In All Countries," which will be published shortly. Among his other books are "Three Soldiers," "42nd Parallel" and "1919."

THEODORE DREISER's books include "An American Tragedy," "Dawn," "The Titan," "Sister Carrie" and "Jennie Gerhardt." He is one of the editors of the *American Spectator*.

ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT, who interprets Luther from a psychiatric point of view, is a journalist, but was assisted in his analysis of the great reformer by Dr. William C. Barger, a specialist connected with the New York Neurological Institute. Mr. Hartt is the author of "The Man Himself," a modernist's interpretation of Christ. Dur-

ing the controversy over Fundamentalism, he traveled widely reporting "the war in the churches."

MERIDEL LE SUEUR has worked on newspapers all over the country. She is now living in Minnesota.

JOHN R. MACMAHON was born in India in 1875, of American parents. He spent ten weeks in Moscow last summer, studying, among other things, the work of the scientific institutions of the Soviet capital.

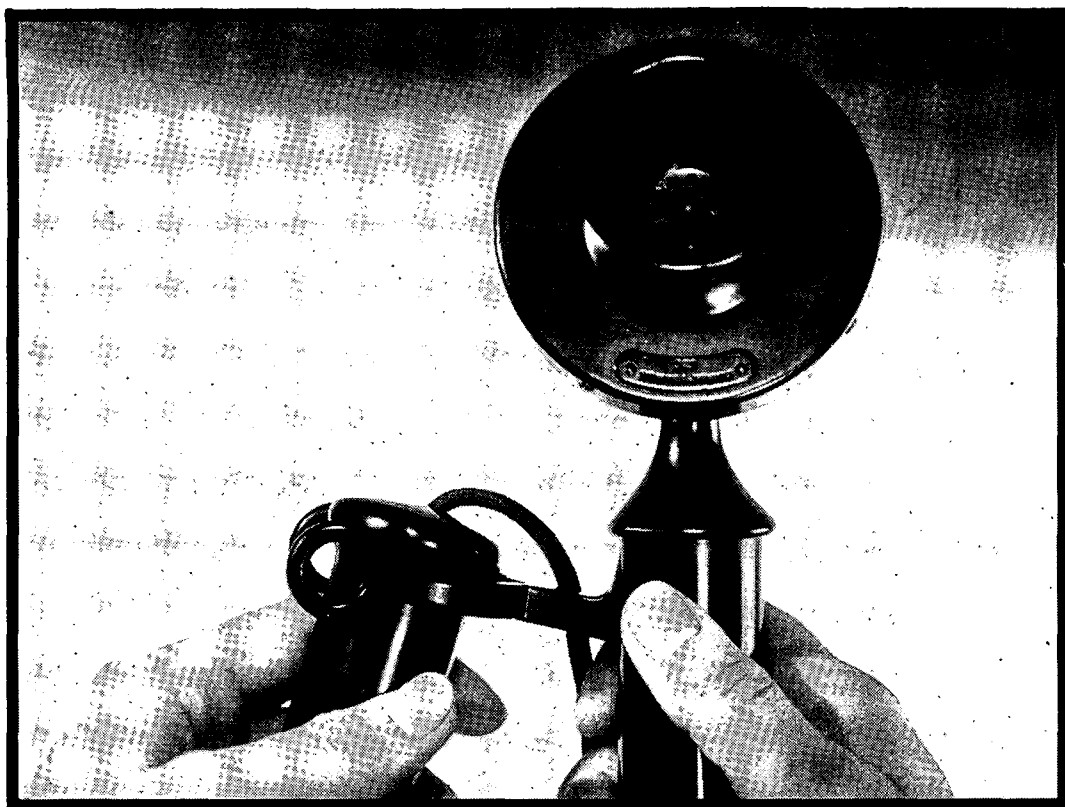
ALICE MULHERN (MRS. ALICE WADE ROBINSON) is managing editor of the *American Girl*. She has been on the staffs of *Harper's Bazaar* and *Fortune*.

JULIUS W. PRATT is professor of American history and chairman of the department of history and government at the University of Buffalo. He has also taught at Duke and Harvard Universities. His specialty is the history of the territorial expansion of the United States.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN is professor of political science at the University of Chicago. He is the author of "American Policy Toward Russia Since 1917."

HELEN SHALET was formerly a newspaper woman in Bridgeport, Conn. She now does free lance work for the New York newspapers.

ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE, PH.D. (Radcliffe), is referee of the Juvenile Court of Cuyahoga County, Ohio. She is the author of "Other People's Daughters."



A Swift Messenger in Time of Need

TO EVERYBODY there comes, suddenly, the great emergency — the occasion when, regardless of all else, the desperate human need stands first and alone.

To find somebody, to carry word to somebody, to get somebody's advice, to bring somebody quickly, to learn somebody's final answer is for the moment the one, all-important purpose.

Have you ever stopped to consider how great a part the telephone plays in the meeting of such emergencies?

Even our daily routine is a succession of lesser emergencies. Satisfactory living in this complicated world consists largely in grasping situations as they arise, one after

another — solving each promptly, finally, and getting on to the next. We dare not be always just a little too late.

It is because of all this that the telephone is so essential and helpful in the daily life of so many people. To millions of homes it brings security, happiness and the opportunity for larger achievement.

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● Write for Booklet F3 . . . a pictorial swing around the largest and most intriguing country on the globe.



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Continued from first advertising section,
page vi.

the following: When did people first begin to wash themselves?; When did pocket handkerchiefs first come into use?; Why do we wash with water?; Why do we drink water?; Why can't we skate on the floor?; Is water ever opaque, or iron transparent?; When did people first find out how to start a fire?; Why do matches light?; Why doesn't water burn?; Why does the stove make a noise when the fire is lighted?; Why does water put out a fire?; Why are starched clothes stiff?; Why does bread have a crust?; Why doesn't tin rust?; and Why do clothes keep us warm? The translation, which is excellent, is by Beatrice Kinkead; and the illustrations in black and white, which leave nothing to be desired, are by N. Lapshin.

TATTOO.

By Albert Parry.

Simon & Schuster

\$3

6 x 9 1/4; 171 pp.

New York

Mr. Parry confines himself to American tattooing, but within his bounds he presents an almost exhaustive treatise, with an historical section, notes on the most eminent living tattoo-masters, and an elaborate bibliography. His illustrations include reproductions in full color of a number of favorite designs, some of them of a voluptuous character. He shows that the taste for being tattooed is by no means confined to sailors. The American masters have many well-known landlubbing clients, and in Europe the patrons of their art include King George of England, King Oscar of Sweden, and Kaiser Wilhelm II. At the end of his book Mr. Parry offers some formulae for the removal of tattooing, but gives warning that the business, which is difficult, should be intrusted to "physicians or surgeons only". One of his chapters was first printed in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for May, 1933.

LAW

THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW. *A Collection of Lunatic Legislation.*

By William Seagle.

The Macaulay Company

\$1.25

4 3/4 x 7 3/8; 158 pp.

New York

Mr. Seagle is a specialist in the imbecilities of American legislators, and his amusing treatises on the subject are familiar to readers of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. Here, in a modest book, he sets down extracts from their masterpieces, arranged under such rubrics as "Crimes Against Public Order, Safety and Convenience", "Patriotism", "Religion", "Schools", "Exhibitions and Amusements", "Hotels" and so on. There is no comment: the laws themselves are sufficient. Accompanying each extract there is an interpretative drawing in line by William Gropper,



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the ideal collaborator for the business. Mr. Seagle adds a brief preface in which he discusses the law-making process in the Republic, and attempts to discover the causes of some of its more fantastic aberrations.

BRANDEIS: *Lawyer and Judge in the Modern State.*
By *Alpheus Thomas Mason.*

The Princeton University Press
\$2 5% x 8%; 203 pp. Princeton, N. J.

This book, says Dr. Mason, who is associate professor of politics at Princeton, "considers chiefly the public-welfare activities, the ideology, and constitutional principles of Mr. Justice Brandeis." He is plainly a great admirer of Brandeis and he agrees with nearly all his ideas, but his discussion is by no means devoid of criticism, and there is nothing offensively belligerent in it. He is particularly happy in pointing out the difference between the fiery social idealism of Brandeis and "the Brahmin detachment that uniquely characterized Mr. Justice Holmes." He thinks that "there is scarcely a phase of the recent economic and social débâcle that he did not foresee. In their effort to deal with it, the Roosevelt administrators have been guided, essentially, by the philosophy and by something of the spirit of Brandeis." There is a table of cases.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

THE INTELLIGENT MAN'S REVIEW OF EUROPE TODAY.

By *G. D. H. Cole & Margaret Cole.* *Alfred A. Knopf*
\$3 5% x 8%; 624 pp. New York

This volume opens with a general survey of Europe, and then devotes separate chapters to each of the European countries. This is followed by a general discussion of the monetary, trade, industrial, and labor problems common to all European countries; then by a section on the politics of Fascism, Communism, and of the European democracies; and finally by a section on international relations. Since 1918 Mr. Cole has been identified with the British Labor Party. Like his previous volume, "A Guide Through World Chaos", the present work is marked by a complete absence of hysteria, an amazing range of research, reliability and impartiality of statement, and intelligence of interpretation. A few errors have crept into the volume: in the table on page 345, for example, a necessary zero has been dropped from all the figures of dollar value of the imports and exports of the principal countries, making those figures appear as one-tenth of what they actually were. The book concludes with an excellent bibliography and a very full and detailed index.

Continued on page xiii



A three-week trip via France-Afloat costs no more than a holiday at home

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xi

MATERNAL MORTALITY IN NEW YORK CITY.

Directed by Ransom S. Hooker.

The Commonwealth Fund

\$2 6½ x 9¼; 290 pp. New York

The Committee on Public Health Relations of the New York Academy of Medicine, under the direction of Dr. Hooker, recently conducted an intensive investigation of all puerperal deaths in New York City in the years 1930-1932, and in the present book they announce their findings. What they report is truly appalling. Two-thirds of all the maternity deaths were preventable. Sixty per cent of the avoidable deaths were "brought about by some incapacity in the attendant," while more than a third "were due to some failure on the part of the patient herself to take advantage of those facilities which are at hand for safeguarding her in the period of gestation and lying-in." What is true of New York City is probably true of the rest of the country. Despite all the advances in obstetrical science the maternal mortality rate in the United States has for years been higher than in almost any other country in the world. Dr. Hooker makes a plea for better training of physicians in the medical schools and for more education among expectant mothers. There are many statistical tables.

FICTION

A NEST OF SIMPLE FOLK.

By Sean O'Faolain.

The Viking Press

\$2.50 5½ x 8¼; 398 pp. New York

This historical novel of the Irish Revolution, covering the period from 1840 to 1916, has a scope and depth that are almost concealed under O'Faolain's extraordinarily smooth, cadenced prose. As in his earlier volume of short stories, "Midsummer Night Madness," events which seem no more than bits of vivid narrative, amorous interludes, picturesque episodes, turn out on closer examination to be political comments, illustrating some of the consequences of English domination of Ireland. The story deals with the career of Leo Foxe-Donnell, with his education at the hands of decayed gentlefolk, with a struggle within the family for possession of the land, with three attacks on the government as Leo leads a raid on the police, aids in a gun-running and takes part in the rising of 1916. Contrasted with his career is that of a spy who betrays him. The final section of the book, presenting the bitter, cunning old man in his silent war with the police, the breaking-up of the spy's family as his son learns of his career, and reaching a climax when the revolution begins, has a sustained, unpretentious power unique in contemporary writing. "A Nest of Simple Folk" is one of the best of contemporary novels.

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Mr. Knopf's New Books



Advance comments on James Cain's novel, *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, are reaching me in unusual numbers. They confirm my own opinion that it is one of the most remarkable first novels I have ever published. Herbert Bayard Swope, once an editor, says: "It leaves me breathless . . . an extraordinary story — extraordinary in the excitement the style engenders, and in its substance. It has every element a novel should have." Judith Anderson, a great actress, says: "It is exciting and moving and true to life." Osgood Perkins, whose acting in "The Front Page" no one who saw it will ever forget, says: "*The Postman Always Rings Twice* is magnificent! It is like lightning." And Arthur Krock, Washington correspondent for the New York Times, writes: "Cain is a true realist, with the conscience and perception that goes with it. Like Zola and Tolstoy, and not like the tongue-in-cheek imitators, delivering their fertilizer because they love its smell, he presents low people as they are and doesn't ask you to think them cute or lovable. Also, he has the most accurate ear for the speech of common Americans of anyone I know."

Cain is well known to MERCURY readers. His sketches and stories (remember "The Baby in the Ice-Box"?) made many of us feel that his talent was unique and powerful. There can't be any doubt about it now. *The Postman Always Rings Twice* is not "pretty" — the story of two people bound together by sex, greed, and murder could hardly be — but it is strong, real, superbly written, and always thrilling. By the time you read this it will be available at all bookshops at \$2.00.



Of G. B. Stern's *Summer's Play* (\$2.50) I need only say that it is a characteristic G. B. Stern novel — debonair, deliciously humorous and satirical, and filled with lovable people, including some charming children. It is the story of the strange fierce warfare which happened at a resort between the old-established residents and the invading race which came every summer. Miss Stern calls the latter "Augs." You'll recognize the type.

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Mr. Knopf's New Books

Another interesting first novel is *Belly Fulla Straw* (\$2.50) by David C. DeJong. This is the story of a Dutch immigrant family in the Middle West, of their life in a strange environment, their rise, their Americanization. Only the father—a splendid character—cannot acclimate himself, cannot sink his individuality beneath the tawdry “success,” vulgarity, and Babbitttry of a small city. His rise is to him a defeat and a tragedy. It is a moving story. Mr. De Jong was himself born in Holland and he knows his people and his scene well.



“Nudism” is spreading. Hitler may have suppressed it in Germany but over here it is becoming increasingly popular. I understand that there will be more nudist camps in the United States this summer than ever before. Advance sales reports on *Adventures in Nakedness* by Julian Strange (\$3.00) show no diminution of interest in nudist books. This one, I think, may do better than any of the others I have published, for it is not too serious a book, but simply a gay and charmingly infectious account of the author’s experiences in twenty nudist centers in Europe. The illustrations—from photographs by the author—are exceptionally fine and there are seventy-four of them.

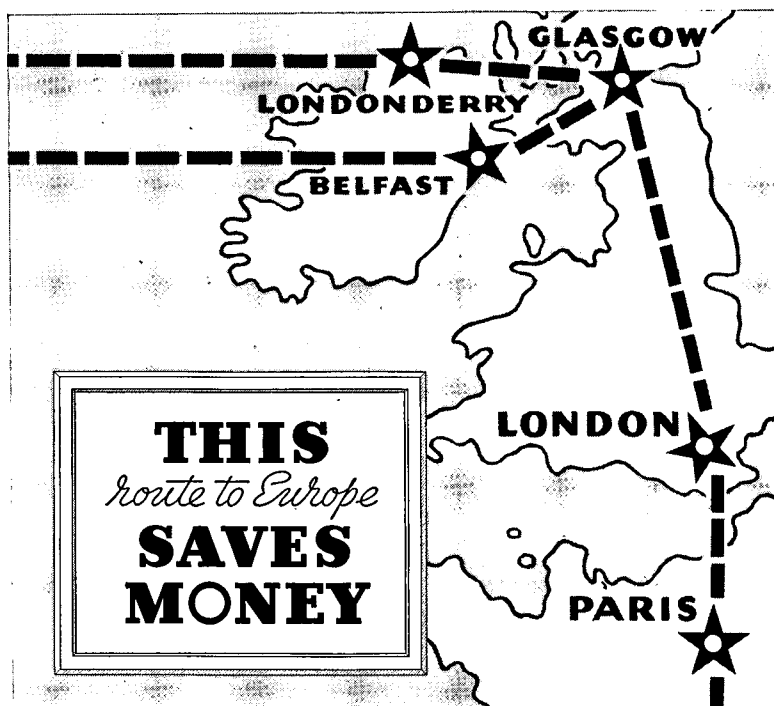


The day will come when Americans will recognize the genius of Edward Thompson, but in the meantime he goes on writing good novels without causing a ripple over here. Thompson is not a young man. But he is so rich in ability and imagination that he will surely go on composing his vivid stories of Englishmen in India, and just as surely will he eventually find an appreciative audience. I am publishing soon his *So A Poor Ghost* (\$2.50). I have no extravagant expectations of a sale for it, but I believe it will impress the few people who will read it, and they will tell their friends.



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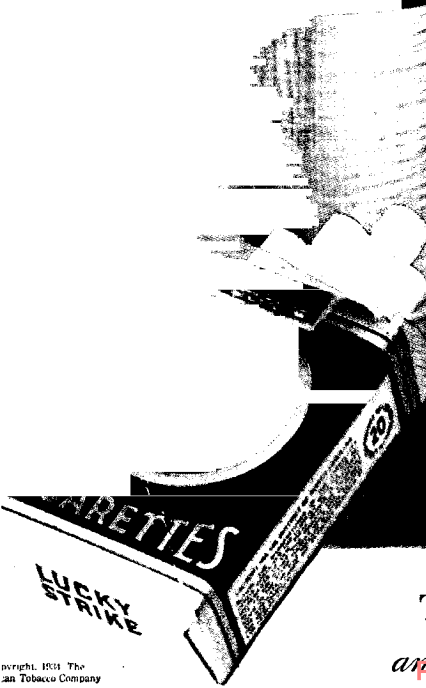
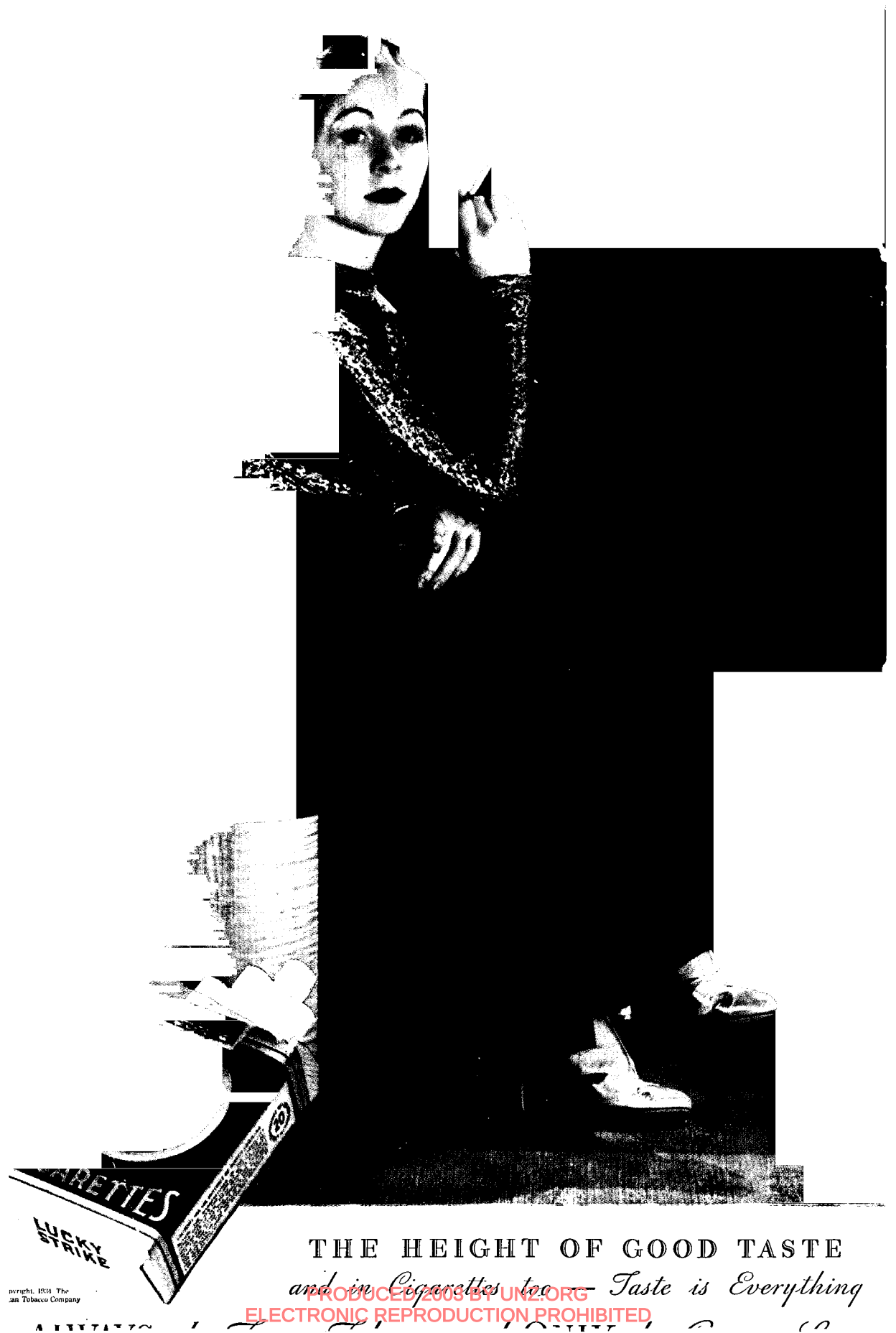
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